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VOL. 3339.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, A MEMOIR.
BY HIS SON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES. — VOL. I.

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(Continued on page 3 of cover.)



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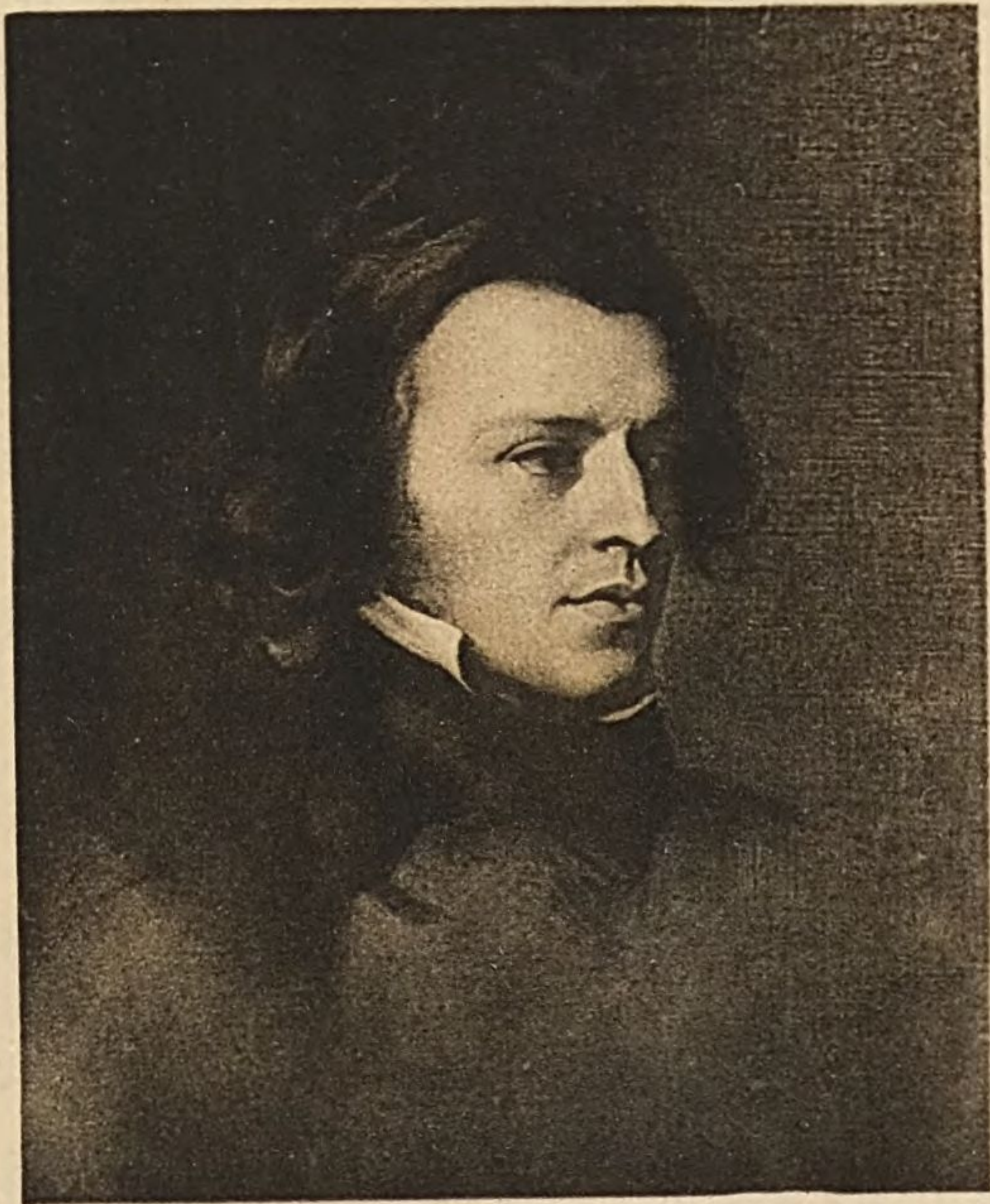
VOL. I.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By Alfred Lord Tennyson,

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Alfred Tennyson.
from the portraits painted by Samuel Laurence.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

A MEMOIR

BY HIS SON.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

WITH PORTRAIT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1899.

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED
BY PERMISSION
TO THE QUEEN.

An Unpublished Version of "To the Queen," 1851.

THE NOBLEST MEN METHINKS ARE BRED
OF OURS THE SAXO-NORMAN RACE;
AND IN THE WORLD THE NOBLEST PLACE,
MADAM, IS YOURS, OUR QUEEN AND HEAD.

YOUR NAME IS BLOWN ON EVERY WIND,
YOUR FLAG THRO' AUSTRAL ICE IS BORNE,
AND GLIMMERS TO THE NORTHERN MORN,
AND FLOATS IN EITHER GOLDEN IND.

I GIVE THIS FAULTY BOOK TO YOU,
FOR, THO' THE FAULTS BE THICK AS DUST
IN VACANT CHAMBERS, I CAN TRUST
YOUR WOMAN'S NATURE KIND AND TRUE.

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P R E F A C E.

Unpublished Sonnet

(Written originally as a preface to "Becket").

Old ghosts whose day was done ere mine began,
If earth be seen from your conjectured heaven,
Ye know that History is half-dream—ay even
The man's life in the letters of the man.
There lies the letter, but it is not he
As he retires into himself and is:
Sender and sent-to go to make up this,
Their offspring of this union. And on me
Frown not, old ghosts, if I be one of those
Who make you utter things you did not say,
And mould you all awry and mar your worth;
For whatsoever knows us truly, knows
That none can truly write his single day,
And none can write it for him upon earth.

“History is half-dream—ay even
The man's life in the letters of the man”;

but besides the letters of my father and of his friends
there are his poems, and in these we must look for the
innermost sanctuary of his being. For my own part, I

feel strongly that no biographer could so truly give him as he gives himself in his own works; but this may be because, having lived my life with him, I see him in every word which he has written; and it is difficult for me so far to detach myself from the home circle as to portray him for others. There is also the impossibility of fathoming a great man's mind; his deeper thoughts are hardly ever revealed. He himself disliked the notion of a long, formal biography, for

“None can truly write his single day,
And none can write it for him upon earth.”

However he wished that, if I deemed it better, the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies.

For those who cared to know about his literary history he wrote “Merlin and the Gleam.” From his boyhood he had felt the magic of Merlin—that spirit of poetry—which bade him know his power and follow throughout his work a pure and high ideal, with a simple and single devotedness and a desire to ennoble the life of the world, and which helped him through doubts and difficulties to “endure as seeing Him who is invisible.”

Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,

And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated the Gleam.

In his youth he sang of the brook flowing through his upland valley, of the "ridgéd wolds" that rose above his home, of the mountain-glen and snowy summits of his early dreams, and of the beings, heroes and fairies, with which his imaginary world was peopled. Then was heard the "croak of the raven," the harsh voice of those who were unsympathetic—

The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd
"Follow the Gleam."

Still the inward voice told him not to be faint-hearted but to follow his ideal. And by the delight in his own romantic fancy, and by the harmonies of nature, "the warble of water," and "cataract music of falling torrents," the inspiration of the poet was renewed. His Eclogues and English Idylls followed, when he sang the songs of country life and the joys and griefs of country folk, which he knew through and through.

Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labour.

By degrees, having learnt somewhat of the real philosophy of life and of humanity from his own experience, he rose to a melody "stronger and statelier." He celebrated the glory of "human love and of human heroism" and of human thought, and began what he had already devised, his Epic of king Arthur, "typifying above all things the life of man," wherein he had intended to represent some of the great religions of the world. He had purposed that this was to be the chief work of his manhood. Yet the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, and the consequent darkening of the whole world for him made him almost fail in this purpose; nor any longer for awhile did he rejoice in the splendour of his spiritual visions, nor in the Gleam that had "waned to a wintry glimmer."

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die.

Here my father united the two Arthurs, the Arthur of the Idylls and the Arthur "the man he held as half divine." He himself had fought with death, and had come out victorious to find "a stronger faith his own," and a hope for himself, for all those in sorrow and for universal humankind, that never forsook him through the future years.

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,

Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world.

* * * * *

I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom;
And so to the land's
Last limit I came.

Up to the end he faced death with the same earnest and unfailing courage that he had always shown, but with an added sense of the awe and the mystery of the Infinite.

I can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam.

That is the reading of the poet's riddle as he gave it to me. He thought that "Merlin and the Gleam" would probably be enough of biography for those friends who urged him to write about himself. However, this has not been their verdict, and I have tried to do what he said that I might do, and have endeavoured to give briefly

something of what people naturally wish to know, something about his birth, homes, school, college, friendships, travels, and the leading events of his life, enough to present the sort of insight into his history and pursuits which one wants, if one desires to make a companion of a man. The picture of his early days has been mainly sketched from what he and my mother have told me. My difficulty in arranging the later chapters has been how to choose, and how to throw aside, from the mass of material.* I have quoted from many manuscripts never meant for the public eye, many of which I have burnt according to his instructions. Among those that I have collected here, the most interesting to me are my father's unpublished poems, letters,—and notes on his own life and work left me for publication after his death, Arthur Hallam's letters, Edward FitzGerald's private MS. notes** (some of which he gave me, and some of which have been lent to me by Mr. Aldis Wright), and the journal of our home life. This last is a simple record of daily something-nothings.

If there appear, in the Reminiscences kindly contributed by his different friends, to be any discrepancies, let it be remembered that the many-sided man has sympathy with many and various minds, and that the poet may be like the magnetic needle, which, though it can be moved from without, yet in itself remains true to the magnetic pole.

According to my father's wish, throughout the memoir my hand will be as seldom seen as may be, and this ac-

* My thanks are due to Professor Henry Sidgwick and Professor Palgrave who have helped me to make my selection from upwards of 40,000 letters.

** Generally signed E. F. G. throughout this work.

counts for the occasionally fragmentary character of my work. The anecdotes and sayings here related have been mostly taken down as soon as spoken, and are hence, I trust, not marred or mended by memory, which, judging from some anecdotes of him recently published, is wont to be a register not wholly accurate. "Fingunt simul creduntque."

Such reviews as I have quoted are chiefly those which have met with my father's approbation as explanatory commentaries. For my own part, I have generally refrained from attempting to pronounce judgment either on his poems or on his personal qualities and characteristics; although more than any living man I have had reason to appreciate his splendid truth and trustfulness, his varied creative imagination, and love of beauty, his rich humour, his strength of purpose, the largeness of his nature, and the wide range of his genius. If I may venture to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is, that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common-sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy—

"Fortezza, ed umilitade, e largo core."

CHRONOLOGY OF THE BOOKS OF POEMS.

1827.—POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS. London: Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers'-Hall-Court; and J. and J. Jackson. Louth: 1827. Published in two sizes.

1829.—TIMBUCTOO. A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1829. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College. 8vo.

1830.—POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, 1830. 12mo.

1832.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street (dated 1833). 12mo.

1833.—THE LOVER'S TALE, privately printed in London.

1842.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1842. 2 vols., 12mo.

1843.—THE SAME. Second edition. London: 1843. 2 vols., 12mo.

1845.—THE SAME. Third edition. London: 1845. 2 vols., 12mo.

1846.—THE SAME. Fourth edition. London: 1846. 2 vols., 12mo.

The three previous editions contained the same poems; to the fourth was added "The Golden Year."

1847.—THE PRINCESS. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1847. 12mo.

1848.—THE SAME. Second edition. London: 1848 (with addition of dedication to Henry Lushington.)

1848.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Fifth edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1848. 12mo. "The Deserted House" added.

1850.—IN MEMORIAM. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1850. 12mo. (Appointed Poet-laureate Nov. 19.)

A second and a third edition appeared in the same year.

1850.—THE PRINCESS. Third edition (altered, with songs added). London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1850. 12mo.

1850.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Sixth edition. London: 1850. 12mo. (*After reading a Life and Letters* included.)

1851.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Seventh edition. London: 1851. 12mo. (*Come not when I am dead, Edwin Morris, The Eagle*, and the dedication *To the Queen* included.)

1851.—THE PRINCESS. Fourth edition. London: 1851. 12mo. *This edition first has the passages describing the Prince's weird seizures.*

1851.—IN MEMORIAM. Fourth edition. London: 1851. 12mo. (*O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me?* added.)

1852.—ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By Alfred Tennyson, Poet-laureate. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1852. 8vo.

1853.—ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Second edition.

1853.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Eighth edition. London: 1853. 12mo. (With an alteration in the *Dream of Fair Women*, and lines *To E. L.* added.)

1853.—THE PRINCESS. Fifth edition. London: 1853. 12mo.

1854.—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, published in the *Examiner*, Dec. 9th, 1854, then printed for the soldiers before Sebastopol, August 1855.

1855.—MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Edward Moxon, 1855. 12mo. New edition, 1856.

1857.—POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrations by D. G. Rossetti, J. E. Millais, and others. Edward Moxon. Royal 8vo.

1859.—IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street, 1859. 12mo.

1861.—THE SAILOR BOY. London: Emily Faithfull & Co., Victoria Press.

1862.—IDYLLS OF THE KING. A new edition. London: 1862. 12mo. (with Dedication to the Memory of the Prince Consort).

1862.—ODE: MAY THE FIRST, 1862, FOR THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. London: Edward Moxon & Co. (published also in *Fraser*, June, 1862).

1863.—WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA. 4 pages. London: Edward Moxon & Co.

1864.—ENOCH ARDEN, ETC. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street, 1864. 12mo.

1865.—SELECTIONS from the works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street, 1865. 16mo.

This was published in Moxon's Miniature Poets, and contains six new poems, viz.: 'The Captain,' 'On a Mourner,' 'Home They Brought Him Slain with Spears,' and three 'Sonnets to a Coquette.'

1867.—THE VICTIM. } Printed by Sir Ivor Guest (Lord Wimborne),
THE WINDOW. } set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1869.—THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Strahan & Co., Publishers, 56 Ludgate Hill, 1870. 12mo. [Issued in Dec. 1869.]

1870.—THE WINDOW, OR THE SONG OF THE WRENS. With music by Arthur Sullivan. London: Strahan, 1871 (Dec. 1870).

1871.—MINIATURE EDITION OF COMPLETE WORKS. London: Strahan & Co.

1871.—THE LAST TOURNAMENT. *Contemporary Review*, December.

1872.—GARETH AND LYNETTE, ETC. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Strahan & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill, 1872. 12mo.

1872.—IMPERIAL LIBRARY EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS. In six volumes. London: Strahan & Co., 1872. Large 8vo. (The Idylls of the King in sequence with Epilogue to the Queen and Section XXXIX of In "Memoriam" added).

1874.—A WELCOME TO THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH. H. S. King & Co.

1874.—THE CABINET EDITION in ten volumes (H. S. King & Co.) contained: *In the Garden at Swainston*, *The Voice and the Peak*, *England and America*.

1875.—The Author's Edition in four volumes. Henry S. King & Co. London 1875.

1875.—QUEEN MARY. A Drama, by Alfred Tennyson. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1875. 12mo.

1876.—QUEEN MARY, produced at the Lyceum Theatre.

1876.—HAROLD. A Drama, by Alfred Tennyson. London: Henry S. King & Co. (dated 1877). 12mo.

1877.—THE COMPLETE WORKS. In seven volumes. (Imperial Library Edition) Henry S. King & Co., London.

1879.—THE LOVER'S TALE. By Alfred Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square, 1879. 12mo.

1879.—THE FALCON, produced at the St. James' Theatre.

1880.—COLLECTED SONNETS. By Charles Tennyson Turner with memorial lines by Alfred Tennyson. Edited (with a short preface) by Hallam Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul. 12mo.

1880.—BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square, 1880. 12mo.

1881.—THE CUP, produced at the Lyceum Theatre.

1882.—THE PROMISE OF MAY, produced at the Globe Theatre.

1884.—THE CUP AND THE FALCON. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet-laureate. London: Macmillan & Co., 1884. 12mo.

1884.—A NEW SINGLE-VOLUME EDITION OF WORKS. Revised by the Author with corrections. Macmillan & Co.

1884.—BECKET. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet-laureate. London: Macmillan & Co., Crown 8vo.

1885.—TIRESIAS, AND OTHER POEMS (including *Once more the Heavenly Power*, published in *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, U. S.A. 1884). By Alfred Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London: Macmillan & Co., 1885. 12mo.

1886.—A MINIATURE EDITION OF COMPLETE WORKS. In ten volumes (revised, with additions by the author). London: Macmillan & Co. (Also a new single-volume Edition, with slight alterations. Macmillan & Co.).

1886.—LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER, ETC. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-laureate. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1886. 12mo.

1887.—CARMEN SAECULARE. An ode in honour of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. *Macmillan's Magazine*, April.

1889.—DEMETER AND OTHER POEMS. Macmillan & Co., London and New York. 12mo. (20,000 copies sold in first week.)

1889.—A NEW AND REVISED SINGLE-VOLUME EDITION OF WORKS (with many additions). Macmillan & Co.

1892.—THE FORESTERS, ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN. London and New York. Macmillan & Co. 12mo. Produced at Daly's Theatre in New York, March 17.

1892.—THE SILENT VOICES. Order of Service in Westminster Abbey, Oct. 12th. Printed for copyright purposes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

1892. Oct. 28th. THE DEATH OF CENONE, AKBAR'S DREAM AND OTHER POEMS. London and New York. Macmillan & Co., 12mo. Also large paper Edition with five steel portraits.

1895.—BECKET, AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE BY HENRY IRVING (revised by Alfred Lord Tennyson). Macmillan & Co.

1894.—THE COMPLETE SINGLE-VOLUME EDITION OF THE WORKS, with last alterations, etc. London: Macmillan & Co.

In Rowe's *Coming of Arthur*, and *Passing of Arthur*; G. C. Macaulay's *Gareth and Lynette*, and *Marriage of Geraint*, and

Geraint and Enid; Ainger's *Tennyson for the Young*; Webb's *Aylmer's Field*; Rowe and Webb's *Selections from Tennyson*; Palgrave's *Golden Treasury Selection of Lyrical Poems*; Dawson's *Princess*; Rolfe's *Enoch Arden, and Selections*, whenever there was any doubtful point in the notes, I referred it to my father: so that in the later editions of these annotated volumes the commentaries may be considered tolerably accurate.

POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY."

My father contributed the following poems to the *Nineteenth Century*: in 1877, "Prefatory Sonnet" (March), and "Montenegro" (May), and "To Victor Hugo" (June), and "Achilles over the Trench" (August); and in March, 1878, he contributed "The Revenge"; in April, 1879, "The Defence of Lucknow, with a Dedictory Poem to Princess Alice"; in May, 1880, "De Profundis"; in November, 1881, "Despair"; in September, 1882, "To Virgil"; in March, 1883, "Frater ave atque vale"; in February, 1892, "On the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale."

ADDITIONS.

1831.—*The Gem*, containing: "No more," "Anacreontics," and "A Fragment."

1831.—*The Englishman's Magazine*, August, containing a Sonnet: "Check every outflash, every ruder sally."

1832.—*The Yorkshire Literary Annual*, containing: "There are three things which fill my heart with sighs."

1832.—*Friendship's Offering*, containing: "Me my own fate to lasting sorrow doometh."

1837.—*The Keepsake*, containing: "St. Agnes' Eve."

1837.—*The Tribute*, containing: "Stanzas" ("Oh! that 'twere possible," afterwards included in "Maud").

1849.—*The Examiner*: "To——, after reading a Life and Letters."

1850.—*Manchester Athenæum Album*: "Here often, when a child, I lay reclined."

1851.—*The Keepsake*: "What time I wasted youthful hours," "Come not, when I am dead."

1851.—Sonnet to W. C. Macready, "Farewell, Macready."

1852.—*The Examiner*: "Britons, guard your own," "Hands all Round," "The third of February, 1852," "How much I love this writer's manly style."

1857.—"Enid and Nimuë; or, The True and the False." Privately printed.

- 1859.—“The War,”—(“There is sound of thunder afar”).
- 1859.—*Once a Week*, July 16: “The Grandmother’s Apology.”
- 1860.—*Macmillan’s Magazine*, January: “Sea-Dreams: an Idyll.”
- 1860.—*Cornhill*, February: “Tithonus.”
- 1861.—*Victoria Regia*: “The Sailor Boy.”
- 1862.—“Lines for the Opening of the International Exhibition.” *Fraser*, June 1862.
- 1863.—*Cornhill*, December: “Experiments of Classic Metres in Quantity.”
- 1868.—*Macmillan’s Magazine*: “Wages.”
- 1868.—*Macmillan’s Magazine*: “Lucretius.”
- 1880.—*St. Nicholas*: “The City Child,” “Minnie and Winnie.”
- 1882.—*Macmillan’s Magazine*: “Charge of the Heavy Brigade.”
- 1885.—*The Times*, April 23: “The Fleet.”
- 1885.—*Macmillan’s Magazine*, November: “Vastness.”
- 1885.—“To H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.” Privately printed.
- 1889.—*New Review*, October: “The Throstle.”
- 1891.—*New Review*, March: A song, “To Sleep.” From *The Foresters*.

George Pitt of Strathfieldsaye = Lady Jane Pitt*

Ralph Tennyson, of Barton = Dorothy Chapman
and of Wrawby, 1672-1735

Jane = Christopher Hildyard
Dorothy = George Clayton of Grimsby

Michael Tennyson, of Preston, York, Stainton = Elizabeth Clayton
and Lincoln, 1721-1796

George Tennyson, M.P., of = Mary Turner, of Caistor,
Bayons Manor, 1750-1835 | 1753-1825

6th Aug., 1805
Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, = Elizabeth Fytche, The Right Hon. Charles Elizabeth = Matthew Rus- Mary = John
M.A., LL.D., of Somersby, of Louth, Tennyson d'Eyncourt, M.P. sell, M.P. of Brance- Bourne of
1778-1831 1781-1865 of Bayons Manor, 1784-1861 peth Castle Dalby

George, May, 1806-1806, born at Tealby
Frederick, June, 1807- Louth = Maria Giuliotti
Charles, July, 1808-1879 Somersby = Louisa Sellwood

ALFRED, Aug. 6th, 1809-1892, Somersby = **EMILY SARAH SELLWOOD**, 1813-1896, daughter of Henry Sellwood, Esq., of Berks.
Mary, Sept., 1810-1884 " " = Alan Ker, Judge of High Court of Jamaica
Emilia, Oct., 1811-1889 " " = Capt. Jesse, R.N.

Edward, Jan., 1813-1890, born at Somersby = 1st Harriet West, 2nd Louisa Maynard
Arthur, May, 1814- " " = Prof. Edmund Law Lushington, D.C.L., of Park House, Maidstone
Septimus, Sept., 1815-1866 " " = 1st Charlotte d. of Dudley Cary Elwes, 2nd Catharine West
Matilda, Sept., 1816- " " =
Cecilia, Oct., 1817- " " =
Horatio, Sept., 1819- " " =

Hallam Tennyson = Audrey Boyle
1852- 1884
Lionel Tennyson = Eleanor Locker
1854-1886

Lionel Hallam Alfred Aubrey Harold Courtenay Alfred Browning Stanley Charles Bruce Locker Michael Sellwood
1889- 1891- 1896- 1878- 1879- 1883-
* Daughter of John Earl Rivers and Catherine daughter of William Lord Morley.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

1809—1827.

THE Tennysons may probably in their origin have been Danes, and they appear to have first settled north of the Humber, in Holderness. The earliest notice of the family that can be found is that in 1343 one John Tension charged certain persons with forcibly taking away his goods and chattels at Paulfleet to the amount of £40. In 1528 John Tennyson of Ryall directs that his body should be buried in the kirk-garthe of All Hallows at Skekelinge. To Margaret his wife he devises one ox-yard of land and half a close called Stockett Croft during her widowhood. Bequests are also made to his several children. One of them named William, who was possibly a Mayor, afterwards leaves to John, his son, his "best mace, and to Paul Church, twenty pence." He desires to be buried in the same kirk-garthe of All Hallows. From these Tennysons, through a Lancelot Tennyson of Preston, and Ralph Tennyson, who raised a troop of horse to support William III., descends Michael of Lincoln, my father's great-grandfather. Michael was remembered by my grandfather, the Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, as taking him into his bed and talking to him about the stars.

Half-way between Horncastle and Spilsby, in a land of quiet villages, large fields, grey hillsides and noble tall-towered churches, on the lower slope of a Lincolnshire wold, the pastoral hamlet of Somersby nestles, embosomed in trees.

Here, on the 6th of August, 1809, was born, in his father's rectory, Alfred Tennyson. He was the fourth of twelve children, eight sons and four daughters, most of them more or less true poets, and of whom all except two have lived to 70 and upward. Dr. Tennyson baptised the boy two days after he was born, following the Prayer-book instruction that people "defer not the Baptism of their children longer than the first or second Sunday next after their birth."

"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and
he would be bound,

There was not his like that year in twenty parishes
round,*

was said of him; nevertheless during his infancy three times after convulsions he was thought to be dead.

In 1892 I visited the old home, and when I returned, told my father that the trees had grown up obscuring the view from the Rectory, and that the house itself looked very desolate. All he answered was, "Poor little place!" He always spoke of it with an affectionate remembrance; of the woodbine that climbed into the bay window of his nursery; of the Gothic vaulted dining-room with stained glass windows, making, as my uncle Charles Turner used to say, "butterfly souls" on the walls; of the beautiful chimney-piece carved and moulded by his father; of the

* See "The Grandmother."

pleasant little drawing-room lined with book-shelves, and furnished with yellow curtains, sofas and chairs, and looking out on the lawn. This lawn was overshadowed on one side by wych-elms, and on the other by larch and sycamore trees. Here, my father said, he made his early song "A spirit haunts the year's last hours." Beyond the path, bounding the greensward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers. Beyond that was

A garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender—

sloping in a gradual descent to the parson's field, at the foot of which flows, by "lawn and lea," the swift, steep-banked brook, where are "brambley wildernesses," and "sweet forget-me-nots," and in which the "long mosses sway." The charm and beauty of this brook,

That loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
And swerves to left and right thro' meadowy curves
That feed the mothers of the flock,*

haunted him through life.

Near Somersby the stream joins another from Holywell, and their confluence may be referred to in the lines:

* "Ode to Memory," which he considered one of the best among his very early and peculiarly concentrated Nature-poems.

By that old bridge, which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry.

"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea" was the poem more especially dedicated to the Somersby stream, and not, as some have supposed, "The Brook," which is designed to be a brook of the imagination.

The orchard on the right of the lawn forms a sunny little spot that awoke in his mind pleasant memories. "How often," he said, "have I risen in the early dawn to see the golden globes lying in the dewy grass among those apple trees." He delighted too to recall the rare richness of the bowery lanes: the ancient Norman cross standing in the churchyard, close to the door of the quaint little church: the wooded hollow of Holywell: the cold springs flowing from under the sandstone rocks: the flowers, the mosses, and the ferns. When there I looked in vain for the words "Byron is dead," which he had carved on a rock when he was fourteen, on hearing of Byron's death (April 1824), "a day when the whole world seemed to be darkened for me."

Like other children, the Tennysons had their imaginative games; they were knights and jousting in mock tournaments, or they were "champions and warriors, defending a field, or a stone-heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow-wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals, to defend him, of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king and trying to overthrow him."*

* Taken from the account which my father gave Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie.

Stories are told too about their boyish pranks in the old red-bricked house with embattled parapet (Baumber's Farm), said to have been built by Vanbrugh, which adjoins the Rectory garden, and is erroneously called by some "The Moated Grange." "At all events, whatever may have happened," my father writes, "The Moated Grange is an imaginary house in the fen; I never so much as dreamed of Baumber's farm* as the abode of Mariana, and the character of Baumber was so ludicrously unlike the Northern Farmer, that it really makes me wonder how anyone can have the face to invent such stories." I think that their childhood, despite the home circumstances which will be presently noticed, could not have been in the main unhappy. Their imaginative natures gave them many sources of amusement. One of these lasted a long time: the writing of tales in letter form, to be put under the vegetable dishes at dinner, and read aloud when it was over. I have heard from my uncles and aunts that my father's tales were very various in theme, some of them humorous and some savagely dramatic; and that they looked to him as their most thrilling story-teller. Among historical events the doings of Wellington and Napoleon were the themes of story and verse. Yet Somersby was so far out of the world that the elder children say they did not hear of the battle of Waterloo at the time. They had however an early memory that "the coach drove through Somersby, the horses decorated with flowers and ribbons, and this might have been in honour of Wellington's great victory."

My aunt Cecilia (Mrs. Lushington) narrates how in

* The localities of my father's subject-poems are wholly imaginary. although he has done for general Mid-Lincolnshire scenery what Virgil did for Mantua.

the winter evenings by the firelight little Alfred would take her on his knee, with Arthur and Matilda leaning against him on either side, the baby Horatio between his legs; and how he would fascinate this group of young hero-worshippers, who listened open-eared and open-mouthed to legends of knights and heroes among untravelled forests rescuing distressed damsels, or on gigantic mountains fighting with dragons, or to his tales about Indians, or demons, or witches. The brothers and sisters would sometimes act one of the old English plays; and the elder members of the family thought that my father, from his dramatic rendering of his parts and his musical voice, would turn out an actor.

When he was seven years old he was asked, "Will you go to sea or to school?" He said, "To school," thinking that school was a kind of paradise; so he was taken to the house of his grandmother at Louth. His mother had been born in that town, being daughter of the vicar, the Rev. Stephen Fytche;* and he was sent to the Grammar School there, then under the Rev. J. Waite, a tempestuous, flogging master of the old stamp. He remembered to his dying day sitting on the stone steps of the school on a cold winter's morning, and crying bitterly after a big lad had brutally cuffed him on the head because he was a new boy. I still have the books which he used

* George Clayton Tennyson of Tealby, clerk, and Elisabeth Fytche of Louth, spinster, were married in Louth Church by license on the 6th August 1805 by Wolley Jolland, Vicar, in the presence of John Fytche and Charles Tennyson. The Fytches were a county family of old descent. The first name on the Fytche pedigree is John Fitch of Fitch Castle in the North, who died in the 25th year of Edward I. His descendant Thomas Fitch was knighted by Charles II. 1679, served the office of High Sheriff in Kent, and was created baronet Sept. 7th, 1688.

there, his *Ovid*, *Delectus*, *Analecta Græca Minora*, and the old *Eton Latin Grammar*, originally put together by Erasmus, Lilly and Colet.

Among the incidents in his school life he would recall that of walking in a procession of boys, decked with ribbons, at the proclamation of the Coronation of George IV., and how the old women said that "The boys made the prettiest part of the show." Later in school-life, he one day stood on a wall and made a political speech to his schoolfellows, but was promptly ordered down by an usher, who asked him whether he wished to be the parish beadle.

Two facts that his grandmother told him at this time impressed him. One was that she had become blind from cataract, and then had a dream that she saw; and, that, although couching for cataract was not common in those days, owing to this dream she had gone to London, and had been operated on successfully. The second was that she remembered having seen a young widow,* dressed in white, on her way to be strangled (her body afterwards to be burnt) for poisoning her husband.

A few years ago the present master of Louth School gave a holiday in my father's honour. The compliment gratified him; yet he said, "How I did hate that school!

* "Women who were found guilty of murdering their husbands, or of the other offences comprised under the terms high or petit treason, were publicly burnt, by a law which was not abolished till 1790. A stake ten or eleven feet high was planted in the ground. An iron ring was fastened near the top, and from it the culprit was hung while the faggots were kindled under her feet. The law enjoined that she should be burnt alive, but in practice the sentence was usually mitigated, and she was strangled before the fire touched her body."

Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. I. p. 506.

The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words, 'sonus desilientis aquæ,' and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows. I wrote an English poem there, for one of the Jacksons; the only line I recollect is 'While bleeding heroes lie along the shore.'” *

In 1820 he left Louth and came home to work under his father.

When twelve years old he wrote the following literary epistle (the earliest of those now remaining) to his aunt Marianne Fytche.

SOMERSBY.

MY DEAR AUNT MARIANNE,

When I was at Louth you used to tell me that you should be obliged to me if I would write to you and give you my remarks on works and authors. I shall now fulfil the promise which I made at that time. Going into the library this morning, I picked up "Sampson Agonistes," on which (as I think it is a play you like) I shall send you my remarks. The first scene is the lamentation of Sampson, which possesses much pathos and sublimity. This passage,

Restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now,

puts me in mind of that in Dante, which Lord Byron has prefixed to his "Corsair," "Nessun maggior dolore, Che ricordarsi del tempo felice, Nella miseria." His complaint of his blindness is particularly beautiful,

* See Professor J. W. Hales' account of Louth School in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1892. See Appendix, p. 281.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
 Dungeon or beggary, or decrepid age!
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
 They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,

* * * * *

Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half,
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created beam, and thou great Word,
 "Let there be light!" and light was over all.—

I think this is beautiful, particularly

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.

After a long lamentation of Sampson, the Chorus enters, saying these words:

This, this is he. Softly awhile;
 Let us not break in upon him:
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly *diffused*.

If you look into Bp. Newton's notes, you will find that he informs you that "This beautiful application of the word 'diffused' is borrowed from the Latin." It has the same meaning as "temere" in one of the Odes of Horace, Book the second,

Sic temere, et rosâ
 Canos odorati capillos.

of which this is a free translation, "Why lie we not at random, under the shade of the plantain (sub platano),

Lord Tennyson. I.

having our hoary head perfumed with rose water?" To an English reader the metre of the Chorus may seem unusual, but the difficulty will vanish, when I inform him that it is taken from the Greek. In line 133 there is this expression, "Chalybean tempered steel." The Chalybes were a nation among the ancients very famous for the making of steel, hence the expression "Chalybean," or peculiar to the Chalybes: in line 147 "the Gates of Azzar;" this probably, as Bp. Newton observes, was to avoid too great an alliteration, which the "Gates of Gaza" would have caused, though (in my opinion) it would have rendered it more beautiful: and (though I do not affirm it as a fact) perhaps Milton gave it that name for the sake of novelty, as all the world knows he was a great pedant. I have not, at present, time to write any more: perhaps I may continue my remarks in another letter to you: but (as I am very volatile and fickle) you must not depend upon me, for I think you do not know anyone who is so fickle as

Your affectionate nephew,

A. TENNYSON.

P.S. Frederick informed me that grandmamma was quite growing dissipated, going out to parties every night. The Russells and grandmamma are to be at Dalby on Tuesday the 23rd, and I also hope to be taken by papa and mamma who are invited. Frederick made mamma promise to write him an account of the visit, but if I go, I shall take the trouble from mamma.

His second earliest letter is a piece of nonsense with which he favoured his sisters' governess.

LA MANCHA.

MY DEAR DULCINEA,

Pursuant to your request and the honour of Knight-errantry, and in conformity to my bump of conscientiousness (which has grown so enormous since my visit to you that I can scarce put on my helmet), I now intend, as far as lies in my power, to fulfil that promise which the lustre of your charms extorted from me. Know then, most adorable mistress of my heart, that the manuscripts which your angelic goodness and perfection were pleased to commend are not with me. If however my memory, assisted by the peerless radiance of your divine favour, avail me aught, I will endeavour to illumine the darkness of my imagination with the recollection of your glorious excellence, till I produce a species of artificial memory unequalled by the *Memoria Technica* of Mr. Grey. Who would not remember when thus requested? It would cause a dead idiot to start afresh to life and intellect. Accept then, soul of my soul, these effusions, in which no Ossianic, Miltonic, Byronic, Milmanic, Moorish, Crabbic, Coleridgic etc. fire is contained.

The first is a review of death:

Why should we weep for those who die? etc.

The second is a comparison:

Je fais naître la lumière
Du sein de l'obscurité. (Rousseau.)

How gaily sinks the gorgeous sun, etc.

And now farewell, my incomparable Dulcinea. In the truest spirit of knight-errantry,

Yours ever, DON QUIXOTE.

As to his earliest attempts at poetry, he wrote the following note for me in 1890:

“According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old, I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was, Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read, I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, ‘I hear a voice that’s speaking in the wind,’ and the words ‘far, far away’ had always a strange charm for me. About ten or eleven Pope’s *Homer’s Iliad* became a favourite of mine and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre, nay even could improvise them, so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular metre very skilfully.”

[I give one example:

Can I forget thee? In the festive hall,
Where wit and beauty reign and minstrelsy,
My heart still fondly shall recur to thee,
Thine image still recall.

Can I forget thee? In the gloomy hour,
When wave on wave tempestuous passions roll,
Thou, loved ideal, still shalt soothe my soul,
And health and peace restore.

Farewell, may choicest blessings round thee wait,
And kindred angels guard thine angel form,
Guide and protect thee in life’s rudest storm,
And every blast of fate!*

* These lines are copied from my grandfather’s scrapbook, a book which with others in his library he bound in leather with his own hands. His sister Mrs. Matthew Russell also dabbled in poetry, and Dr. Tennyson writes to her about some of her compositions in 1825: “You do wrong to confess you are long in making verses, for

The note continues—"My father once said to me, 'Don't write so rhythmically, break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety.'

'Artist first, then Poet,' some writer said of me. I should answer, 'Poeta nascitur non fit;' indeed, 'Poeta nascitur et fit.' I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist.

At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines *à la* Walter Scott,—full of battles, dealing too with sea and mountain scenery,—with Scott's regularity of octo-syllables and his occasional varieties. Though the performance was very likely worth nothing I never felt myself more truly inspired. I wrote as much as seventy lines at one time, and used to go shouting them about the fields in the dark. All these early efforts have been destroyed, only my brother-in-law Edmund Lushington begged for a page or two of the Scott poem. Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a Drama in blank verse, which I have still, and other things. It seems to me, I wrote them all in perfect metre."

These poems made my grandfather say with pardonable pride, "If Alfred die, one of our greatest poets will have gone:" and at another time, "I should not wonder

no one would conceive it from the peculiar ease of the metre. You are not however singular: Gray hammer'd at his verses with great difficulty, and yet they have immortalised his name. Æschylus, the great Greek tragedian, with great difficulty once composed three verses in three days; a poetaster came to Æschylus, and boasted that he had composed three thousand in the same time. 'Your three thousand verses,' said Æschylus, 'will last only for three days, whereas my three verses will last for ever.' Your soliloquy is very beautiful, and so beautiful that I have transcribed it amongst my choice selections."

if Alfred were to revive the greatness of his relative, William Pitt."

His grandmother, the sister of the Reverend Samuel Turner, would assert: "Alfred's poetry all comes from me." My father remembered her reading to him, when a boy, "The Prisoner of Chillon" very tenderly. Sam Turner, on the contrary, smashed the bottom out of his glass of rum and water on the dinner table, as he inveighed against "this new-fangled Byron."

When at his grandfather's desire my father wrote a poem on his grandmother's death, the old gentleman gave him half a guinea with these words, "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you have ever earned by poetry, and take my word for it, the last." He himself was not a great hand at versification. Two lines of his are extant, describing the crest of the Boynes, a goat drinking out of a stream. His younger son had previously made these lines:

On yonder bank a goat is stood,
He seems to sip the silver flood,

which were corrected by the old gentleman as follows,

On yonder bank a goat I spy,
To sip the flood he seems to try.

Owing to a caprice of my great-grandfather's, my grandfather, who was the elder son, was disinherited in favour of his only brother, (Tennyson d'Eyncourt),* and so deprived of a position for which he would seem to have been

* Charles took the name of d'Eyncourt because, according to Burke and other heralds, the Tennysons represent the two branches of the old Norman family of d'Eyncourt.

well fitted. A neighbouring squire, being told by my great-grandfather of his intention, remonstrated, "George, if you do this you'll certainly be damned, you will indeed," but, in spite of the remonstrance and the risk, the estate was left away from the elder son.

As compensation for being disinherited, my grandfather was appointed not only Rector of Somersby and Bag Enderby, but also Incumbent of Benniworth and Vicar of Great Grimsby, for those were the days of pluralists. Not that he could have been a grasping man, for on one occasion a wealthy land-owner (whose heir was a remote relation and poor) announced his intention of leaving all his property to Dr. Tennyson. But this my grandfather felt was unjust, and accordingly took the first opportunity of offending his would-be benefactor in order that he might change his mind. The ruse was successful, as the sequel proved, for the estate devolved upon the rightful heir.

Undoubtedly the disinheritance of my grandfather created a feeling of injustice in his mind which descended to his sons, though my father used to reflect in later years how little this early trial personally affected them and the d'Eyncourt sons; the cousins were always good friends.

My grandfather had no real calling for the ministry of the Church, yet he faithfully strove to do his duty. He was a man of great ability, and considerably in advance of his age in his theological tenets, although in his sermons he could not escape the academic style of his time; for example: "The benevolent genius of Christianity affords the strongest presumption of its verity. The Almighty, so infinitely benevolent, can only wish to ensure the happiness of His creatures in the truths which He communicates, in the laws which He imposes, and in the doctrines which He promulgates. This indeed is so self-

evident that it might be laid down as a rule that if any religion have not a benevolent tendency, this very circumstance is a sufficient refutation of its proceeding from God. What is revealed to us by Christianity but the Redemption of the whole human race by the merits of a crucified Saviour, and the glorious assurance of a future state of existence?"

The Lincolnshire folk among whom he lived were in the early part of this century apt to be uncouth and mannerless. A type of rough independence was my grandfather's coachman, who, blamed for not keeping the harness clean, rushed into the drawing-room, flung the whole harness on the floor and roared out: "Clean it yourself then." It was perhaps the same man, who at the time of the Reform Bill said, "I suppose, Master Awlfred, your aunt Mrs. Bourne will be going up to London before they begin *to kill the quality*."

(This aunt was a rigid Calvinist, who would weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. "Has he not damned," she cried, "most of my friends? But *me, me* He has picked out for eternal salvation, *me* who am no better than my neighbours." One day she said to her nephew, "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you, I think of the words of Holy Scripture—'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'")

Again the Somersby cook was a decided character, and "Master Awlfred" heard her in some rage against her master and mistress exclaim: "If you raäked out Hell with a smaäll-tooth coämb you weän't find their likes," a phrase which long lingered in his memory.

Yet notwithstanding their roughness the poor were fond of the "stern Doctor," as they called him, and would "do anything for him." Here perhaps I should mention

that the sense of his father's unkindness and injustice preyed upon his nerves and his health, and caused him at times to be terribly despondent. More than once Alfred, scared by his father's fits of despondency, went out through the black night, and threw himself on a grave in the churchyard, praying to be beneath the sod himself.*

No doubt the children profited by the dominating force of their father's intellect. A Hebrew and Syriac scholar, he perfected himself in Greek, in order that he might teach his sons. All that they learnt of languages, of the fine arts, of mathematics, and natural science, until they went to Cambridge, was learnt from him. My father said that he himself received a good but not a regular classical education. At anyrate he became an accurate scholar, the author "thoroughly drummed" into him being Horace; whom he disliked in proportion. He would lament, "They use *me* as a lesson-book at schools, and they will call me 'that horrible Tennyson.' It was not till many years after boyhood that I could like Horace. Byron expressed what I felt, 'Then farewell Horace whom I hated so.' Indeed

* In one of his books I have found this unfinished prayer, composed by him, and written in his boyish hand; it begins thus:

"O Lord God Almighty, high above all height, Omniscient and Omnipresent, Whose lifetime is eternity, wilt Thou condescend to behold from the throne of Thy inexpressible Majesty the work of Thine own Hands kneeling before thee? Thou art the God of Heaven and of Earth. Thou hast created the immeasurable sea. Thou hast laid the foundations of the world that it should not be moved for ever. Thou givest and Thou takest life, Thou destroyest and Thou renewest. Blessed be Thy name for ever and ever."

The prayer continues with an appeal for pity to Christ—"Who did leave the right hand of the Father to endure the agonies of the crown of thorns," and "of the Cross."

I was so over-dosed with Horace that I hardly do him justice even now that I am old."

The boys had one great advantage, the run of their father's excellent library. Amongst the authors most read by them were Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Goldsmith, Rabelais, Sir William Jones, Addison, Swift, Defoe, Cervantes, Bunyan and Buffon.

Dr. Tennyson's social powers were famous throughout the country side. The tradition lingered long among old barristers that, as young men, when they came to Spilsby on circuit, they were always anxious to persuade Dr. Tennyson to dine with them because of his geniality and brilliant conversation.

To this sketch of my grandfather, my uncle Arthur adds a few words.

A scene comes before me of Frederick, Charles and Alfred having a regular scrimmage with lesson-books, and of my father suddenly coming round the corner. I didn't wait to see what happened, but bolted; our father's tall form appearing was generally at such moments the signal for a regular "scatter," but, although very severe, he had great tenderness of heart. I can well recollect him by my bedside, almost weeping, when I had a bad paroxysm of croup. Alfred had the same tenderness in spite of his somewhat gruff manner: he was notable among his brothers for strength and independence of character. His was a very gentle nature and I never remember quarrelling with him. He was very kind to us who were younger than he was, and I remember his tremendous excitement when he got hold of Bewick for the first time: how he paced up and down the lawn for hours studying him, and how he kept rushing in to us in the schoolroom to show us some of the marvellous wood-cuts, and to let us have a share in this new pleasure of his. Indeed he was always a great reader; and if he went alone he would take his book with him on his walk. One day in the winter, the snow being deep, he did not hear the Louth mail coming up behind. Suddenly "Ho! ho!" from the coachman roused him. He looked up, and found a horse's nose and eyes over his shoulder, as if reading his

book. Like my father, Alfred had a great head, so that when I put on his hat it came down over my face. He too like my father* had a powerful frame, a splendid physique, and we used to have gymnastics over the large beam in his attic den, which was in the gable looking westward. Alfred and I often took long rambles together, and on one particular afternoon, when we were in the home fields talking of our respective futures, he said most emphatically, "Well, Arthur, I mean to be famous." (From his earliest years he felt that he was a poet, and earnestly trained himself to be worthy of his vocation.) For our less active amusements we carved in wood and moulded with clay, and one of my earliest recollections of Alfred is watching him form with clay a Gothic archway in the bole of an old tree.

In the poem of "Isabel" my father more or less described his mother, who was a "remarkable and saintly woman." "One of the most innocent and tender-hearted ladies I ever saw," wrote Edward FitzGerald. She devoted herself entirely to her husband and her children.

The world hath not another
(Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

She had been among the beauties of the county. When she was almost eighty, a daughter, under cover of her deafness, ventured to mention the number of offers of marriage which had been made to her mother, naming twenty-four. Suddenly, to the amusement of all present, the old lady said emphatically, and quite simply, as for truth's sake, "No, my dear, twenty-five." She had a great

* Dr. Tennyson stood six feet two, and was strong and energetic. Tim Green, the Somersby rat-catcher, a great ally of the young Tennysons, said, "I remember the oud Doctor. What a clip he used to goä betweeän them chooörches o' Somersby an' Enderby!"

sense of humour, which made her room a paradise for the children. They inherited her love of animals* and her pity "for all wounded wings." And my father was even then a keen observer of the habits of birds and beasts and ants and bees; was "wise in winged things, and knew the ways of Nature," of which he had the true poet's love. In later life this led to an earnest study of science.

As a boy he would reel off hundreds of lines such as these:

When winds are east and violets blow,
And slowly stalks the parson crow.

And

The quick-wing'd gnat doth make a boat
Of his old husk wherewith to float
To a new life! all low things range
To higher! but I cannot change.

To the aggravation of the neighbouring gamekeepers he would spring all their traps, and more than one of them threatened that, if they caught "that there young gentleman who was for ever springing the gins," they would duck him in the pond.

He liked to tell of an owl and a monkey of famous memory. Sitting at night by the open window in his own particular little attic (now used as a store-room for apples and lumber), he heard the cry of a young owl and answered it. The owl came nestling up to him, fed out of his hand, and finally took up its permanent abode with

* The boys of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to my grandmother's windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off, or to induce her to buy them.

the family. Sometimes it would perch on my grandmother's head, and was so constantly with her that her pet monkey was made jealous. The monkey was a droll fellow: he would imitate the housemaid scrubbing the floor, and his prime luxury was to singe the hair of his back at a candle. One luckless day he was sitting in a corner of the sill outside the attic window, the owl in the opposite corner. The monkey glared at the owl; the owl watched the monkey with solemn round eyes,—the monkey, advancing and retiring, and gibbering like a little Frenchman all the while. The little Frenchman at last plucked up courage, rushed at his solemn opponent, took him by the leg, and hurled him to the ground. "One of the most comical scenes," my father said, "that I have ever witnessed." The owl was eventually drowned in the well; dying, it is supposed, a Narcissus death of vanity.

"Like Wordsworth on the mountains," said FitzGerald, "Alfred too, when a lad abroad on the wold, sometimes of a night with the shepherd, watched not only the flock on the greensward, but also

the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas":

Two of Alfred's earliest lines were:

The rays of many a rolling central star,
Aye flashing earthwards, have not reach'd us yet.

There is a story current in the family that Frederick, when an Eton schoolboy, was shy of going to a neighbouring dinner-party to which he had been invited. "Fred," said his younger brother, "think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will soon get over all that."

Of the few families in the neighbourhood the Tennysons were most intimate with the Rawnsleys. Mr. Rawnsley, who was Rector of Halton, was appointed by Dr. Tennyson one of the guardians of his children. For his son Drummond my father had a strong friendship which lasted through life, having been first attracted to him by a certain unworldliness of nature.

In the summer-time Dr. and Mrs. Tennyson took their holiday by the seaside, mostly at Mablethorpe. From his boyhood my father had a passion for the sea, and especially for the North Sea in wild weather—

The hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts:
and for the glorious sunsets over the flats—

The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh.

The cottage* to which the family resorted was close under the sea bank, "the long low line of tussocked dunes." "I used to stand on this sand-built ridge," my father said, "and think that it was the spine-bone of the world." From the top of this, the immense sweep of marsh inland* and the whole weird strangeness of the place greatly moved him. On the other side of the bank at low tide there is an immeasurable waste of sand and clay. "Nottingham and Lincoln foälk moästly coom 'ere," one of the Mablethorpe fishermen grumbled, "a vast sight of 'em, soom taime (time), but they saäys it is a mighty dool plaäce

* Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenchéd waters run from sky to sky.

"Ode to Memory."

with a deäl o' sand, becos there isn't naw band nor pier like: but howsoomever, the wind blaws the poor things a bit, an' they weshes their bodies i' the waäves." At night on the shore, when the tide is full, the sound is amazing. All around there is a low murmur of seething foam,

Like armies whispering where great echoes be.

"Nowhere," wrote Drummond Rawnsley, "are the waves in a storm higher than in the North Sea": nowhere have the breakers a more thunderous roar than on this Lincolnshire coast: and sometimes at half-tide the clap of the wave falling on the flat shore can be heard for miles, and is accurately described in "The Last Tournament":

As the crest of some slow-arching wave,
Heard in dead night along that table-shore,
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing.

FitzGerald writes: "I used to say Alfred never should have left old Lincolnshire, where there were not only such good seas, but also such fine Hill and Dale among 'The Wolds,' which he was brought up in, as people in general scarce thought on."

In 1827 my uncle Frederick went from Eton, where he was captain of the school, to Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Poems by Two Brothers*, published by Jackson of Louth, bear the date of this year. My father notes: "The book was issued late in 1826, but *ante-*

dated (as is the fashion of publishers) as coming out in 1827." He continues: "I myself at that time had done far better things than any contained in this volume. When these poems were published Charles was eighteen, I was seventeen."

The brothers were promised the liberal sum of £20, having however to make more than half of this in books out of Jackson's shop. According to the fashion of the day, quotations from various authors were freely interspersed throughout the little volume, and the motto at the beginning was "*Haec nos novimus esse nihil.*" Their preface states, "We have passed the Rubicon and we leave the rest to fate, though its credit may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged 'from the shade' and courted notoriety."

As an outburst of youthful poetic enthusiasm, the book is not wanting in interest and a certain charm, although full of the boyish imitation of other poets. Unlike Swift, who exclaimed on re-reading his early work, "What a genius I had when I wrote that!" my father could hardly tolerate what he called his "early rot." But latterly he said, "Some of it is better than I thought it was!" In consequence of the unearthing of this MS. by Messrs. Jackson it fell to me to publish the second edition, sixty years after the publication of the first, and to endeavour to initial the poems. Yet I cannot be sure of the authorship of each, even though the original manuscript has been in my hands, for the poems are not always copied out by their respective authors. But the initials which I gave, received the sanction and authority of my uncle Frederick, as far as his memory served him. He himself was the author of four of the poems, that had generally been attributed to Charles.

The only contemporary criticism is in the *Literary Chronicle* (May 1827):

This little volume exhibits a pleasing union of kindred tastes, and contains several little pieces of considerable merit.

My uncle Charles would say that, on the afternoon of publication, my father and he hired a carriage with some of the money earned; and driving away fourteen miles, over the wolds and the marsh, to Mablethorpe, their favourite waste sea-shore, "shared their triumph with the winds and waves."

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF BOYHOOD.

(Fragments written at 14 or 15 years of age.)

I showed the following early fragments to the late Master of Balliol and by his advice I publish them. He said, "they are most original, and (as Dr. Johnson said when he had read some of the Chatterton MSS.) it is wonderful how the whelp could have known such things." They were omitted from the *Poems by Two Brothers*, being thought too much out of the common for the public taste.

(*A scene, written at 14.*)

ACT I, SC. I (IN SPAIN).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARLOS (a spirited stripling with a spice of suspicion and a preponderance of pride).

MICHAEL (his old attendant).

Moonlight.

Carl. Hear you the sound of wheels?

Mich.

No, faith, not I.

Lord Tennyson. I.

Carl. Methinks they tarry somewhat. What's the clock?

Mich. Half way toward midnight.

Carl. Why, they should be here.

Mich. 'Tis a clear night, they will be here anon.

Carl. Hist! what was that?

Mich. The night gale in those trees.

Carl. How beautifully looks the moonbeam through
The knotted boughs of this long avenue
Of thick dark oaks, that arch their arms above,
Coeval with the battlemented towers
Of my old ancestors!
I never look upon them but I glow
With an enthusiastic love of them.
Methinks an oak-tree never should be planted
But near the dwelling of some noble race;
For it were almost mockery to hang it
O'er the thatch'd cottage, or the snug brick box
Of some sleek citizen.
Ye proud aristocrats whose lordly shadows,
Chequer'd with moonlight's variation,
Richly and darkly girdle these grey walls,—
I and my son's sons and our offspring, all
Shall perish, and their monuments, with forms
Of the unfading marble carved upon them,
Which speak of us to other centuries,
Shall perish also, but ye still shall flourish
In your high pomp of shade, and make beneath
Ambrosial gloom. Thou dost remember, Michael,
How, when a boy, I joy'd to place me on
The hollow-stemm'd and well-nigh leafless oak
Which towers above the lake that ripples out
In the clear moonshine.

Mich. You were wont to call it
Your throne.

Carl. I was so, Michael.

Mich. You'd sit there
From dawn till sunset looking far away
On the blue mountains, and most joyful when
The wanton wind came singing lustily
Among the moss-grown branches, and threw back
Your floating hair.

Carl. Ha! Ha! Why even then
My Spanish blood ran proudly in my veins.

Mich. Ay, Ay, I warrant you, and when I came
And would have call'd you down to break your
fast,

You would look down and knit your baby brows
Into your father's frown, and beckon me
Away.

Carl. Ha! Ha! 'twas laughable, and yet
It show'd the seeds of innate dignity
That were within me; did it not, good Michael?

Mich. And when your age had somewhat riper grown,
And I was wont to dandle you upon
My knee, and ask you whether you would be
A great man in your time,
You'd weave your waxen fingers in these locks
(They are grey now) and tell me you were great
Already in your birth.

Carl. Ha! by St. James
Mine was no vulgar mind in infancy,
Ev'n then the force of nature and high birth
Had writ nobility upon my brow.
Hark! they are coming.

Extract from a Play also written at 14

(according to an entry made by my grandfather at the beginning of the MS.).

THE DEVIL (speaks)

(going to the timepiece).

Half after midnight! these mute moralisers,
Pointing to the unheeded lapse of hours,
Become a tacit eloquent reproach
Unto the dissipation of this Earth.
There is a clock in Pandemonium,
Hard by the burning throne of my great grandsire,
The slow vibrations of whose pendulum,
With click-clack alternation to and fro,
Sound "Ever, Never" thro' the courts of Hell,
Piercing the wrung ears of the damn'd that writhe
Upon their beds of flame, and whensoever
There may be short cessation of their wails,
Through all that boundless depth of fires is heard
The shrill and solemn warning "Ever, Never":
Then bitterly I trow they turn and toss
And shriek and shout to drown the thrilling noise.
Half after midnight! *(Looking again at the timepiece.)*
Wherefore stand I here?
Methinks my tongue runs twenty knots an hour:
I must unto mine office.

(Exit abruptly.)

After reading the *Bride of Lammermoor* he wrote the following:

THE BRIDAL.

The lamps were bright and gay
On the merry bridal-day,
When the merry bridegroom
Bore the bride away!
A merry, merry bridal,
A merry bridal-day!
And the chapel's vaulted gloom
Was misted with perfume.
"Now, tell me, mother, pray,
Why the bride is white as clay,
Although the merry bridegroom
Bears the bride away,
On a merry, merry bridal,
A merry bridal day?
And why her black eyes burn
With a light so wild and stern?"
"They revel as they may,"
That skinny witch did say,
"For—now the merry bridegroom
Hath borne the bride away—
Her thoughts have found their wings
In the dreaming of past things:
And though girt in glad array,
Yet her own deep soul says nay:
For tho' the merry bridegroom
Hath borne the bride away,
A dark form glances quick
Thro' her worn brain, hot and sick."
And so she said her say—
This was her roundelay—

That tho' the merry bridegroom
Might lead the bride away,
Dim grief did wait upon her,
In glory and in honour.

* * * * *

In the hall, at close of day,
Did the people dance and play,
For now the merry bridegroom
Hath borne the bride away.
He from the dance hath gone
But the revel still goes on.
Then a scream of wild dismay
Thro' the deep hall forced its way
Altho' the merry bridegroom
Hath borne the bride away;
And, staring as in trance,
They were shaken from the dance.—
Then they found him where he lay
Whom the wedded wife did slay
Tho' he a merry bridegroom
Had borne the bride away,
And they saw *her* standing by,
With a laughing crazed eye,
On the bitter, bitter bridal,
The bitter bridal-day.

THE COACH OF DEATH.

(A fragment.)

Far off in the dun, dark occident,
Behind the burning Sun:
Where his gilding ray is never sent,
And his hot steeds never run:

There lies a land of chilling storms,
A region void of light,
A land of thin faces and shadowy forms,
Of vapours, and mist, and night.

There never green thing will gaily spring
In that unwholesome air,
But the ricketty blast runs shrilly and fast
Thro' the bony branches there.

When the shadow of night's eternal wings
Envelopes the gloomy whole,
And the mutter of deep-mouth'd thunderings
Shakes all the starless pole,

Thick sobs and short shrill screams arise
Along the sunless waste,
And the things of past days with their horrible eyes
Look out from the cloudy vast.

And the earth is dry, tho' the pall of the sky
Leave never an inch of blue;
And the moaning wind before it drives
Thick wreaths of cloudy dew.

Whoever walks that bitter ground
His limbs beneath him fail;
His heart throbs thick, his brain reels sick:
His brow is clammy and pale.

But some have hearts that in them burn
With power and promise high,
To draw strange comfort from the earth,
Strange beauties from the sky.

Dark was the night, and loud the roar
Of wind and mingled shower,
When there stood a dark coach at an old Inn door
At the solemn midnight hour.

That Inn was built at the birth of Time:
The walls of lava rose,
Cemented with the burning slime
Which from Asphaltus flows.

No sound of joy, no revelling tones
Of carouse were heard within:
But the rusty sign of a skull and cross-bones
Swung creaking before the Inn.

No taper's light look'd out on the night,
But ever and anon
Strange fiery eyes glared fiercely thro'
The windows of shaven bone.

And the host came forth, and stood alone
And still in the dark doorway:
There was not a tinge on each high cheek bone,
But his face was a yellow gray.

The skin hung lax on his long thin hands;
No jolly host was he;
For his shanks were shrunken to willow wands
And his name was Atrophy!

Dimly the travellers look'd thro' the glooms,
Worn and wan was their gaze, I trow,
As the shrivell'd forms of the shadowy grooms
Yoked the skeleton horses to.

They lifted their eyes to the dead, pale skies,
And above the barkless trees
They saw the green verge of the pleasant earth,
And heard the roar of her seas.

They see the light of their blest firesides,
They hear each household voice:
The whisper'd love of the fair young wives;
And the laugh of their rose-lipp'd boys.

The summer plains with their shining leaves,
The summer hills they see;
The dark vine leaves round the rustling eaves,
And the forests, fair and free.

There came a gaunt man from the dark Inn door,
A dreadnought coat had he:
His bones crack'd loud, as he stept thro' the crowd,
And his boots creak'd heavily.

Before his eyes so grim and calm
The tingling blood grew chill,
As each put a farthing into his palm,
To drive them where he will.

His sockets were eyeless, but in them slept
A red infernal glow;
As the cockroach crept, and the white fly leapt
About his hairless brow.

They mounted slow in their long black cloaks,
The tears bedimm'd their sight:
The grim old coachee strode to the box,
And the guard gasp'd out "All's right."

The leaders bounded, the guard's horn sounded:
Far away thro' the night ran the lengthen'd tones:
As the quick wheels brush'd, and threw up the dust
Of dead men's pulverised bones.

Whose blood in its liveliest course would not pause
At the strife of the shadowy wheels,
The chattering of the fleshless jaws,
And the beat of the horny heels?

Deep dells of snow sunk on each side below
The highway, broad and flat,
As the coach ran on, and the sallow lights shone
Dimly and blurly with simmering fat.

Vast wastes of starless glooms were spread
Around in the chilling air,
And heads without bodies and shapes without heads
Went leaping here and there.

O Coachee, Coachee, what lights approach
With heavenly melodies?
Oh! those are the lights of the Paradise coach,
That so gaily meet their eyes!

With pleasant hymns they soothe the air
Of death, with songs of pride:
With sackbut, and with dulcimer,
With psaltery they ride.

These fear not the mists of unwholesome damps
That through that region rove,

For all wreath'd with green bays were the gorgeous
lamps,
And a bright archangel drove.

They pass'd (an inner spirit fed
Their ever-burning fires,)
With a solemn burst of thrilling light,
And a sound of stringéd lyres.

With a silver sound the wheels went round,
The wheels of burning flame;
Of beryl, and of amethyst
Was the spiritual frame.

Their steeds were strong exceedingly:
And rich was their attire:
Before them flow'd a fiery stream;
They broke the ground with hoofs of fire.

They glitter'd with a steadfast light,
The happy spirits within;
As stars they shone, in raiment white,
And free from taint of sin.

CHAPTER II.

CAMBRIDGE.

1828—1830.

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;
And heard once more in College fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes:
And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about
The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which *he* dwelt.
Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass, and beat the floor;
Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.

On February 20th, 1828, my father and my uncle Charles matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where

their elder brother Frederick was already a distinguished scholar, and had won the University medal for the best Greek ode on the Pyramids.

Of their entrance into Cambridge,—my father told me that they had left the coach and were walking down Trumpington Street in the dusk of the evening, when a proctor addressed him, “What are you doing without your cap and gown, sir, at this time of night?” To which, not being aware of the dignity of the personage who addressed him, he promptly retorted, “I should like to know what business it can be of yours, sir.”

They first occupied rooms at No. 12 Rose Crescent, moving afterwards to No. 57 Trumpington Street, Corpus Buildings. Although they knew but few men when beginning their University career, and were shy and reserved, they soon joined themselves to a set of friends who were all more or less remarkable. At first my father writes to his aunt, Mrs. Russell: “I am sitting owl-like and solitary in my rooms (nothing between me and the stars but a stratum of tiles). The hoof of the steed, the roll of the wheel, the shouts of drunken Gown, and drunken Town come up from below with a sea-like murmur. I wish to Heaven I had Prince Hussain’s fairy carpet to transport me along the deeps of air to your coterie. Nay, I would even take up with his brother Aboul-something’s glass for the mere pleasure of a peep. What a pity it is that the golden days of Faerie are over! What a misery not to be able to consolidate our gossamer dreams into reality . . .! When, my dearest Aunt, may I hope to see you again? I know not how it is, but I feel isolated here in the midst of society. The country is so disgustingly level, the revelry of the place so monotonous, the studies of the University so uninteresting, so much matter of fact.

None but dry-headed, calculating, angular little gentlemen can take much delight in $a + \sqrt{b}$ etc.

I have been seeking "Falkland" here for a long time without success. Those beautiful extracts from it, which you showed me at Tealby, haunt me incessantly; but wishes, I think, like telescopes reversed, seem to set their objects at a greater distance."

"I can tell you nothing of his college days," writes Edward FitzGerald to a friend, "for I did not know him till they were over, tho' I had seen him two or three times before: I remember him well, a sort of Hyperion."

With his poetic nature and warmth of heart, he soon made his way. Fanny Kemble, who used to visit her brother John, said of him when at College, "Alfred Tennyson was our hero, the great hero of our day." Another friend describes him as "Six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearian, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, soft as a child's but of great size and strength. What struck one most about him was the union of strength with refinement." On seeing him first come into the Hall at Trinity, Thompson* said at once, "That man must be a poet." Arthur Hallam "looked up to him as to a great poet and an elder brother."**

Hallam said to Trench in 1832: "Alfred's mind is what it always was, or rather, brighter, and more vigorous. I regret, with you, that you have never had the opportunity of knowing more of him. His nervous temperament and habits of solitude give an appearance of affectation to his manner, which is no interpreter of the man, and

* Afterwards Master of Trinity.

** A. H. Hallam was born on February 1st, 1811.

wears off on further knowledge. Perhaps you would never become very intimate, for certainly your bents of mind are not the same, and at some points they intersect; yet I think you would hardly fail to see much for love, as well as for admiration." Blakesley described Alfred as "Truly one of the mighty of the earth."

The friends among whom he lived were Spedding (author of the *Life of Bacon*), Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Alford (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), Brookfield, Blakesley (afterwards Dean of Lincoln), Thompson, Stephen Spring Rice, Merivale (afterwards Dean of Ely), J. M. Kemble, Heath (Senior Wrangler 1832), Charles Buller, R. Monteith, Tennant, and above all Hallam. Some summers ago my father and I went to see Hallam's rooms, at No. 3, G, New Court, in which with these friends he had spent so many happy hours. Of this band of men Lord Houghton spoke in 1866 at the opening of the New Cambridge Union: "I am inclined to believe that the members of that generation were, for the wealth of their promise, a rare body of men such as this University has seldom contained." They were a genial, high-spirited, poetical* set, full of speculation and of enthusiasm for the great literature of the past, and for the modern schools of thought, and despised rhetoric and sentimentalism. FitzGerald comments thus in one of his unpublished MS. notes:

The German School, with Coleridge, Julius Hare, etc. to expound, came to reform all our notions. I remember that Livy and Jeremy Taylor were the greatest poets next to Shakespeare. I am

* The modern poets in the ascendant among them were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats; but Byron's "comet blaze" was evidently on the wane.

not sure if you were not startled at hearing that Eutropius was the greatest lyric poet except Pindar. You hadn't known he was a poet at all. I remember A. T. quoting Hallam (the great historian) as pronouncing Shakespeare "the greatest man." I thought such dicta rather peremptory for a philosopher. "Well," said A. T., "the man one would wish perhaps to show as a sample of mankind to those in another planet." He used sometimes to quote Milton as the sublimest of all poets, and his two similes, one about the "gunpowder ore," and the other about "the fleet," as the grandest of all similes. He thought that "'Lycidas' was a touchstone of poetic taste." Of Dryden, "I don't know how it is, but Dryden always seems greater than he shows himself to be."

His friends noted that my father had from the first a deep insight into character, and would often turn upon them with a sudden terse criticism when they thought him far away in the clouds. *

FitzGerald remembered that of someone suddenly pronouncing a dogma he said, "That's the swift decision of one who sees only half the truth;"

And of a very different character, somewhat apologetic, "There's a want of central dignity in him."

A few of his Cambridge contemporaries have been drawn in verse by him. **

* "We were looking one day at the portrait of an elderly politician in his bland, family aspect: A. T. (with his eye-glass), 'It looks rather like a retired panther.' So true!" MS. Note, E. F. G.

** Of Brookfield he wrote in 1875 for Lord Lyttelton's preface to "Sermons, by the late Rev. William Henry Brookfield":

Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times.

(It was of him that the late Dr. Thompson wrote: "He was far the most amusing man I ever met, or shall meet. At my age it is

The then well-known Cambridge orator S— was partly described in the poem, “A Character.” He was “a very plausible, parliament-like, self-satisfied speaker at the Union Debating Society.”

Another verse-portrait my father quoted to me, which he remembered with pleasure that Hallam had praised:

(Unpublished.)

Thy soul is like a landskip, friend,
 Steeple, and stream, and forest lawn,
 Most delicately overdrawn
 With the first twilight of the even,
 Clear-edged, and showing every bend
 Of each dark hill against the Heaven,
 Nor wanting many a sombre mound,
 Stately and mild, and all between
 Valleys full of solemn sound,
 And hoary holts on uplands green,
 And somewhat loftier antient heights
 Touch'd with Heaven's latest lights.

Of Blakesley he said, “He ought to be Lord Chancellor, for he is a subtle and powerful reasoner, and an

not likely that I shall ever again see a whole party lying on the floor for purposes of unrestrained laughter, while one of their number is pouring forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters, real and fictitious, one exceeding another in humour and drollery.”)

Of Kemble my father said in a sonnet published in 1830:

My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
 A latter Luther and a soldier priest.

Lord Tennyson. I.

honest man." Blakesley, he observed another time, was honestly indignant at gaining the Chancellor's Medal, which, he asserted, "ought to have gone to young Kennedy."

Later, of James Spedding he remarked, "He was the Pope among us young men—the wisest man I know."

Of Hallam himself, "He would have been known, if he had lived, as a great man but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be*."

Whewell, who was his tutor, he called "the lion-like man," and had for him a great respect. It is reported that Whewell, recognising his genius, tolerated in him certain informalities which he would not have overlooked in other men. Thus, "Mr. Tennyson, what's the compound interest of a penny put out at the Christian era up to the present time?" was Whewell's good-natured call to attention in the Lecture Room while my father was reading Virgil under the desk.

Once, when Whewell had made himself unpopular, a tumult arose among the undergraduates, who lined the street from the Senate House to Trinity Gate and hooted him, shouting "Billy Whistle!" (Whewell's nickname). As he passed between them, Hallam, Spring Rice, and my father, raised a cheer for him. He saw my father and bade him come instantly to his rooms. Whewell began, "I was sorry to see, Mr. Tennyson, that you were at the head of that very disorderly mob outside the Senate

* "And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

These lines I wrote from what Arthur Hallam said after reading of the prominent ridge of bone over the eyes of Michael Angelo: 'Alfred, look over my eyes; surely I have the bar of Michael Angelo!' " A. T.

House." "But," answered my father, "my friends and I were not heading the mob, we were cheering you!" Whereat Whewell said nothing, but smiled grimly to himself with evident pleasure, inviting him to breakfast next morning.

Another Cambridge story about Whewell, but perhaps of later date, my father would tell somewhat in this way. At 12 o'clock one night, horns and trumpets and bugles and drums began to play from all the windows round Trinity New Court, and a man, who had been expelled that day, strummed on a piano which had been set in the middle of the lawn; and there was the fiend's own row. Presently Whewell, who lived in Nevile's Court, next to the New Court, was heard thundering at his door which had been tied with a rope; "τοὺς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν" and at the third charge he broke through, rushed out, found all the windows closed, lights extinguished, dead silence everywhere, only the expelled man standing immovable by the piano under a cold round moon. Whewell strode to the piano, the expelled man ran for his life round and round the colonnades of Nevile's Court; thrice he ran round, Whewell pursuing. At last Whewell caught him. "Do you know who I am, sir?" said Whewell, panting. "Yes," was the answer, "Old Whistle, who made that mistake in his *Dynamics*." Thereupon Whewell, seeing that he was the man who had been expelled, took him by the scruff of the neck, carried him to the great gate, and shot him out like bad rubbish.

As a young man my father's friends have often described him to me as having Johnsonian common-sense and a rare power of expression, very genial, full of enjoyment, full of sensitiveness and full of humour, though with the passionate heart of a poet, and sometimes feeling

the melancholy of life. He passed through "moods of misery unutterable," but he eventually shook them off. He remembered how, when in London almost for the first time, one of these moods came over him, as he realised that "in a few years all its inhabitants would be lying horizontal, stark and stiff in their coffins."

Despite such passages of gloom he worked on at his poems, wrote Latin and Greek odes*, read his classics

* Before he had left Somersby for Cambridge, he had written in Greek hexameters an Homeric book on the Seven against Thebes, and an Ovidian poem about the death of a young girl who had died for love of the Apollo Belvedere.

In his note-book, mixed up with translations of Aristophanes, and of Greek philosophers, and with astronomical diagrams, I find this fragment, mainly of value as showing at what an early date physical science began to penetrate his verse:

The Moon. (Unpublished fragment.)

* * * * *

Deep glens I found, and sunless gulfs,
Set round with many a toppling spire,
And monstrous rocks from craggy snouts
Disploding globes of roaring fire.

Large as a human eye the sun
Drew down the West his feeble lights;
And then a night, all moons, confused
The shadows from the icy heights.

[“A night, all moons,” means that when seen from the airless moon all the principal stars and planets would be very large and bright in the black heavens, and strike the eye there as the moon strikes the eye here.]

and history and natural science*. He also took a lively interest in politics. He was among the young supporters of the Anti-slavery Convention, and advocated the Measure for abolishing subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, while admiring as statesmen Canning, Peel, and the Duke of Wellington. England was in a state of ferment with the hope or dread of the Reform Bill. Farms were fired, ricks were burnt, and "sanguine Lazarus felt a vacant hand Fill" with the rich man's purse. In the poem addressed to Mary Boyle my father tells how he helped to "hand the bucket from the well," and to quench a conflagration in a homestead near Cambridge.

At one of these farm fires he heard a countryman saying, "Now we shall get our taters cheaper." "You fools," said my father, although he largely sympathised with the labourers in their demands, "you are all going the way to make taters dearer." Some undergraduates with over-zeal began to pull down the farmer's house in order to help him to preserve the materials from fire. The poor man held them back, comically but naturally remonstrating, "Leave me, sirs, I pray you, the little property that the fire has spared!"

My father's note-book contains these unpublished lines:

I, loving Freedom for herself,
And much of that which is her form,
Wed to no faction in the state,
A voice before the storm,

* "I kept a tame snake in my rooms. I liked to watch his wonderful sinuosities on the carpet." A. T.

I mourn in spirit when I think
The year, that comes, may come with shame,
Lured by the cuckoo-voice that loves
To babble its own name.

That "deep chord which Hampden smote" pulsed through the life of the young men of the day. These riots of the poorer classes filled my father with an earnest desire to do something to help those who lived in misery among the "warrens of the poor." Indeed from first to last he always preached the onward progress of liberty, while steadily opposed to revolutionary license—

Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they
shout her name.

Asked what politics he held: "I am of the same politics as Shakespeare*, Bacon, and every sane man."

Carlyle's account of Sterling best describes, as far as I can gather, the typical intellectual undergraduate of my father's set: who hated the narrow and ignorant Toryism to be found in country districts: who loathed parties and sects: who revered the great traditions and the great men of past ages, and eagerly sympathised with the misfortunes and disabilities of his fellow-men.

He tells how Sterling, famous already for the brilliance of his talk, had at Cambridge "a wide and rather

* "Some critics," he said to me more than once, "object to Shakespeare's *aristocratic* view of his clowns, because he makes them talk such poor stuff, but they forget that his clowns occasionally speak as real truths as Hamlet, and that sometimes they utter very profound sayings. That is the glory of Shakespeare, he can give you the incongruity of things."

genial circle of comrades." They had among them a society called the "Apostles:" of which my father was an early member. "On stated evenings," Carlyle goes on, "was much logic, and other spiritual fencing, and ingenuous collision—probably of a really superior quality in that kind; for not a few of the then disputants have since proved themselves men of parts, and attained distinction in the intellectual walks of life."

It is of the "Apostles" that Sterling writes to Trench: "Pray let me see you as soon as you reach London, and in the mean time commend me to the brethren, who, I trust, are waxing daily in religion and radicalism."

Arthur Hallam, in a letter to Gladstone, says of Frederick Maurice: "The effects which he has produced on the minds of many at Cambridge by the single creation of that society of 'Apostles' (for the spirit though not the form was created by him) is far greater than I can dare to calculate, and will be felt, both directly and indirectly, in the age that is upon us."

There were regular meetings of the society as distinguished from the almost daily gatherings in one or another man's rooms, at all of which much coffee was drunk, much tobacco smoked. The Apostle who proposed the subject for discussion, generally stood before the mantelpiece, and said his say. Douglas Heath writes that the image he has carried away of my father is of one "sitting in front of the fire, smoking and meditating, and now and then mingling in the conversation." With one short phrase he was wont to sum up the issue of the arguments. Heath continues: "I cannot satisfy myself as to the time when I became an Apostle, or when I made acquaintance with A. T. My belief is that he had already become an honorary member extraordinary. In

the usual course a member had to read essays in regular succession, or give a dinner in default during a certain period, after which he became honorary. But A. T. was, I suppose, bored by this, and the society was content to receive him, his poetry and wisdom unfettered." "Ghosts" was the subject of an essay written by my father for the Society, but he was too shy to deliver it. The preface alone has survived*.

These friends not only debated on politics but read their Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Butler, Hume, Bentham, Descartes and Kant, and discussed such questions as the Origin of Evil, the Derivation of Moral Sentiments, Prayer and the Personality of God**. Among the Cambridge papers I find a remarkable sentence on "Prayer" by Arthur Hallam.

With respect to prayer, you ask how am I to distinguish the operations of God in me from motions in my own heart? Why should you distinguish them or how do you know there is any distinction? Is God less God because He acts by general laws when He deals with the common elements of nature? . . . That fatal mistake which has embarrassed the philosophy of mind with infinite confusion,

* For the prologue of "Ghosts" see Appendix, p. 281.

** Three questions discussed by the Society were: (1) Have Shelley's poems an immoral tendency? Tennyson votes "No." (2) Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the Universe? Tennyson votes "No." (3) Is there any rule of moral action beyond general expediency? Tennyson votes "Aye."

I have a note to my father from Tennant saying: "Last Saturday we had an Apostolic dinner when we had the honour, among other things, of drinking your health. Edmund Lushington and I went away tolerably early; but most of them stayed till past two. John Heath volunteered a song; Kemble got into a passion about nothing but quickly jumped out again; Blakesley was afraid the Proctor might come in; and Thompson poured large quantities of salt upon Douglas Heath's head because he talked nonsense."

the mistake of setting value on a thing's *origin* rather than on its character, of assuming that *composite* must be less excellent than simple, has not been slow to extend its deleterious influence over the field of practical religion.

My father seems to have propounded in some college discussion the theory, that the "development of the human body might possibly be traced from the radiated, vermicular, molluscous and vertebrate organisms." The question of surprise put to him on this proposition was "Do you mean that the human brain is at first like a madre-pore's, then like a worm's, etc.? but this cannot be for they have no brain*."

At this time, with one or two of his more literary friends, he took great interest in the work which Hallam had undertaken, a translation from the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, with notes and prefaces. For this task Hallam, who in 1827 had been in Italy with his parents and had drunk deep of the older Italian literature, says that he was perfecting himself in German and Spanish, and was proposing to plunge into the Florentine historians and the medieval Schoolmen. He writes to my father: "I expect to glean a good deal of knowledge from you concerning metres which may be serviceable, as well for my philosophy in the notes as for my actual handiwork in the text. I purpose to discuss considerably about poetry in general, and about the ethical character of Dante's poetry."

My father said of his friend: "Arthur Hallam could take in the most abstruse ideas with the utmost rapidity and insight, and had a marvellous power of work and thought, and a wide range of knowledge. On one oc-

* Letter from A. H. Hallam. Most of his philosophical and religious letters to my father have been lost.

casion, I remember, he mastered a difficult book of Descartes at a single sitting."

On June 6th, 1829, the announcement was made that my father had won the prize medal for his poem in blank verse on "Timbuctoo*." To win the prize in anything but rhymed heroics was an innovation. My grandfather had desired him to compete, so unwillingly he patched up an old poem on "The Battle of Armageddon," and came out prizeman over Milnes, Hallam and others.

Charles Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews) writes to his brother Christopher Wordsworth, Sept. 4th, 1829 (see *Annals of my Early Life*, C. Wordsworth, 1890):

* From Somersby, after his father's death (1831 probably), he wrote to the printer Metcalfe, who had asked permission to include "Timbuctoo" in a collection of Cambridge Prize Poems:

SOMERSBY.

SIR, As you intend to reprint the Cambridge Prize Poems, it would seem odd to leave mine out, tho' for my own part I had much rather you had not thought of it. Prize Poems (without any exception even in favour of Mr. Milman's "Belvedere") are not properly speaking "Poems" at all, and ought to be forgotten as soon as recited. I could have wished that poor "Timbuctoo" might have been suffered to slide quietly off, with all its errors, into forgetfulness: however as I do not expect to turn you from your purpose of republishing the p^e p^s, I suppose mine must be printed along with them: only for "cones of Pyramids," which is nonsense (p. 10), I will thank you to substitute "peaks of Pyramids."

I am, sir, yours truly,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

(As the poem is now published this is the sole correction. My father would say, "'The Lover's Tale' and 'Timbuctoo' are in no way imitative of any poet, and, as far as I know, nothing of mine after the date of 'Timbuctoo' was imitative. As for being original, nothing can be said which has not been said in some form or another before.")

What do you think of Tennyson's Prize poem ("Timbuctoo")? If such an exercise had been sent up at Oxford, the author would have had a better chance of being rusticated, with the view of his passing a few months at a Lunatic Asylum, than of obtaining the prize. It is certainly a wonderful production; and if it had come out with Lord Byron's name, it would have been thought as fine as anything he ever wrote.

Arthur Hallam writes, Sept. 14th, 1829, to W. E. Gladstone:

I am glad you liked my queer piece about Timbuctoo. I wrote it in a sovereign vein of poetic scorn for anybody's opinion, who did not value Plato and Milton just as much as I did. The natural consequence was that ten people out of twelve laughed or opened large eyes; and the other two set about praising highly, what was plainly addressed to them, not to people in general. So my vanity would fain persuade me, that, like some of my betters, I "fit audience found, tho' few." My friend Tennyson's poem, which got the prize, will be thought by the ten sober persons afore-mentioned twice as absurd as mine; and to say the truth, by striking out his prose argument, the Examiners have done all in their power to verify the concluding words, "All was night." The splendid imaginative power that pervades it will be seen through all hindrances. I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century.

I asked Dean Merivale, last survivor, except Douglas Heath, of that Cambridge set, to give me his recollections. He answered:

Believe me that I have not written a letter for several months, but you will, I am sure, allow me to make this exception to your very kind note. I only wish I could give you any accurate recollection of your honoured father which would be worthy of your acceptance on such an occasion. You have seen, no doubt, the many contemporary diaries of those who rejoice to set down their reminiscences of so great and so loveable a member of their set. . . . May I be excused for recording a recollection of which I was proud—that of being allowed or enjoined by the Vice-Chancellor to declaim his

“Timbuctoo”* in the Senate House in the summer of 1829, which he declined to do from the modesty which too often beset him?

The Dean also enclosed the following letter, written, my father said, “under a horror of publicity” which made him “feel as Cowper did.”

July 29th, 1829.

MY DEAR MERIVALE,

Will you write and tell me whether you can read my poem at Commencement or not, since I must come up to Cambridge if you cannot? I hope you found my letter sufficiently clear relatively to corrections. The Vice-Chancellor observed to me, “We cannot do these things quite so well by proxy as with the person himself, to whom several of my objections might have been stated and answered immediately.” I hope you have somewhat recovered from the shock of your grandmother’s sudden death. I consider it as rather remarkable that on the morning when we were at Hampstead I seemed to myself to have some presentiment of it, and could not shake the idea from my mind, though I could not give utterance to it; you remember my asking you whether either of your grandmothers was dead, and telling you that both mine were.

Believe me, dear Merivale,

Yours most truly, A. TENNYSON.

In 1829 my uncle Charles won a Bell Scholarship by the beauty of his translations. One sentence survived in my father’s memory:

* Matthew Arnold told G. L. Craik that when, as a youth, he first read “Timbuctoo” he prophesied the greatness of Tennyson.

"And the ruddy grape shall droop from the desert thorn."

The brothers Charles and Alfred would humorously describe how *Much Ado about Nothing* was played by their friends in March, 1830. Kemble as Dogberry, Hallam as Verges, Milnes as Beatrice. When Beatrice sat down, her weight was such that she crashed through the couch, and sank on the floor, nothing to be seen but a heap of petticoats, much to the discomfiture of the players and the immeasurable laughter of the spectators. The incident used to remind my father by contrast of Kemble's observation to someone who was playing the part of Falstaff, "Pooh, you should see my sister: she does Falstaff better than any man living." My father, I may add, was famous in some parts of Shakespeare, especially in Malvolio.

In certain College rooms he was often asked to declaim the many ballads which he knew by heart, "Clerke Saunders," "Helen of Kirkconnel," "May Margaret," and others: and also his own poems "The Hesperides," "The Lover's Tale" (written 1827), "The Coach of Death"; and he would improvise verses by the score full of lyrical passion. I quote again from Edward Fitzgerald: "'Oriana' Tennyson used to repeat in a way not to be forgotten at Cambridge tables."

For his exercise he either rowed, or fenced, or took long walks, and would go any distance to see "a bubbling brook." "Somehow," he would say, "water is the element I love best of all the four."

His first volume, *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, was published in 1830 by Effingham Wilson, also the publisher of Robert Browning's *Paracelsus*. Favourable reviews ap-

peared by Sir John Bowring in the *Westminster*, by Leigh Hunt in the *Tatler*, and by Arthur Hallam in the *Englishman's Magazine*.

The *Westminster* article (January 1831) contained this prophetic notice of "The Poet":

If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson be correct, he too is a poet; and many years hence may he read his juvenile description of that character with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work.

Arthur Hallam's enthusiasm was worthy of his true and unselfish friendship, and helped my father through the years of darkness and disparagement that were soon to come.

There is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. . . . The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked. The author imitates no one; we recognise the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Firdusi or Calidasa. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such accuracy of adjustment that the circumstances of the narrative seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused*, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures and the exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and importing a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive to our minds than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart.

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Coleridge*, indeed, for whose prose my father never much cared, but to whose poetry, especially "Kubla Khan," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," he was devoted, was more reserved in his praise about the first two ventures:

I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is.**

"The first 'Mariana' and the 'Arabian Nights' were the two poems that marked the first volume (1830) as something to be thought about." "The affectation" (in the volume), E. F. G. adds, "was not of *the man*; but of the time and society he lived in, and from which he had not yet emerged to his proper and distinct altitude. Two years afterwards he took his ground with 'The

* Arthur Hallam visited Coleridge at Highgate and wrote about him in his poem of "Timbuctoo":

"Methought I saw a face whose every line
Wore the pale cast of thought, a good old man,
Most eloquent, who spake of things divine.
Around him youths were gather'd, who did scan
His countenance so grand and mild, and drank
The sweet sad tears of wisdom."

** Concerning this criticism my father said in 1890: "Coleridge did not know much about my poems, for he confounded Charles and me. From what I have heard he may have read *Glen-river* in 'above the loud Glenriver,' and *tendriltwine* in the line 'mantled with flowering tendriltwine' dactylically; because I had an absurd antipathy to hyphens, and put two words together as one word. If that was the case, he might well have wished that I had more sense of metre. But so I, an old man, who get a poem or poems every day, might cast a casual glance at a book, and seeing something which I could not scan or understand, might possibly decide against the book without further consideration."

Miller's Daughter,' 'Palace of Art,' 'Dream of Fair Women,' etc."

On the appearance of the poems Hallam wrote the following letter to my grandmother:

MY DEAR MADAM,

As I have at last the pleasure of sending to Alfred his long-expected book, I take this opportunity of begging that you will accept from me a copy of some poems which I originally intended to have published in the same volume. To this joint publication, as a sort of seal of our friendship, I had long looked forward with a delight which I believe was no way selfish. But there are reasons which have obliged me to change my intention, and withdraw my own share of the work from the Press. One of these was the growing conviction of the exceeding crudeness of style which characterised all my earlier attempts. . . . I have little reason to apprehend your wasting much time over that book, when I send you along with it such a treasure in your son's poetry. He is a true and thorough poet, if ever there was one; and tho' I fear his book is far too good to be popular, yet I have full faith that he has thrown out sparks that will kindle somewhere, and will vivify young generous hearts in the days that are coming to a clearer perception of what is beautiful and good.

Believe me yours very sincerely,

A. H. HALLAM.

During the summer my father joined Arthur Hallam, and both started off for the Pyrenees, with money for the insurgent allies of Torrijos,—a noble, accomplished, truthful man, worthy to be a leader. He it was who had raised the standard of revolt against the Inquisition and the tyranny of Ferdinand, King of Spain. Alfred and Arthur held a secret meeting with the heads of the conspiracy on the Spanish border, and were not heard of by their friends for some weeks*.

John Frere and James Spedding wrote to my uncle

* No further information upon this business has been preserved.

Charles inquiring about them, and about my grandfather who was also abroad, and he answers:

To John Frere.

SOMERSBY, *July 27th*, 1830.

From Hallam I heard just now: he complains rather of the heat, and says Alfred is delighted with his journey, though regretting the impermanence of his impressions in the hurry of travel. My father has returned from his tour and I am much surprised to see him so well after the neck-break adventures he has encountered. On one occasion, proceeding along in a small carriage over the mountains, he was hurled down a precipice and stunned, but saved himself from certain death by convulsively grasping a pine that grew out of a ledge: while the driver, carriage and horse were dashed to atoms thousands of feet below him. Again, at the Carnival in Rome, a man was stilettoed in his arms, drawing first suspicion and then violence on his person: the excess of which he prevented by exclaiming that he was an Englishman and had not done the deed. Again, he was suddenly seized with giddiness on the verge of a precipice, and only preserved by the presence of mind of a person near him. At another [time] he was near being buried alive.

To James Spedding.

I expect the travellers home every day; I heard twice from Hallam, who mentioned the middle of September as the most probable period of their return, but a dozen counter-resolutions may come athwart their homeward intention even yet for what I know. Hallam's last letter was dated from Caunteretz, Dépt. des Hautes Pyrénées, but from what he there intimated of return about this time, it would be foolish in you to hazard your good things in an epistle directed thither. The said Hallam or one of his fellow-travellers, it should seem, wrote a letter to Tennant with full intention, I guess, of its getting further than Perpignan; but Tennant a short time back informed me that he had received a communication from *les Administrateurs de la Poste*, advertising him of a letter which had taken up its abode at Perpignan on account of its not being paid to the coast. What news it contained "no one dreameth," or whether it was written previous or subsequent to my last receipts from the Continent. Kemble is said

to be at Gibraltar. Trench either on the way thither or arrived, and Hallam expressed some apprehensions on the score of their safety, but I hope with you there is not much fear in the present posture of things. Thank-you for sending Southey my sonnets, thank-you for cheering my heart with the worthy man's good opinion, and thank-you for your letter and address.

Before going further it may be as well to pick up the threads of the story of this Spanish insurrection. Torrijos the leader had hoped to restore such a measure of freedom as the Cortes had secured for Spain, in the Constitution which had been framed after the Peninsular War. This was the Constitution to which Ferdinand had sworn when he returned from his long captivity in Bayonne, but which he speedily renounced, dissolving the Cortes and restoring the Inquisition. In 1820, revolution having followed revolution, the Cortes met again, under protection of part of the army, and the Inquisition was abolished. This state of things did not last. In 1823 Ferdinand was, by help of the Duc d'Angoulême, proclaimed absolute King. Again despotism prevailed. Many Liberals fled to England. Of these Carlyle gives a pathetic description as they were seen, chiefly about Euston Square and the new Church of St. Pancras—"stately tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks," who had acknowledged General Torrijos as their chief. A fiery sympathy had been kindled in the hearts of many of the "Apostles" by this romantic band: some of whom had, after seven years banishment, "got shipping as private passengers in one craft or the other; and, by degrees or at once, arrived all at Gibraltar;—Boyd (Sterling's cousin), one or two young democrats of Regent Street, the fifty picked Spaniards, and Torrijos*."

* Carlyle's *John Sterling*, p. 64 (ed. 1871).

Among the Pyrenean revolutionists met by Arthur Hallam and my father the chief man was one Señor Ojeda, who informed them that he desired "*couper la gorge à tous les curés*," then clapping his hand on his heart murmured "*mais vous connaissez mon cœur*"—"and a pretty black one it is," thought my father.

After the travellers had returned, a report reached Somersby that John Kemble, who had joined the insurgents in the South, had been caught and was to be tried for his life. Away my father posted for miles in the early dawn to try and find someone of authority at Lincoln or elsewhere, who knew the Consul at Cadiz and would help him to save his friend. The report turned out to be untrue and Kemble came back safe and sound.

But on the last night of November, 1831, Torrijos and his gallant companions left Gibraltar in two small vessels; the British Governor, on occasion of the fresh rising of General Mina against Spanish despotism, having intimated that Gibraltar must not shelter rebels against Spain.

They set sail for Malaga, were chased by Spanish guardships, and ran ashore at Fuengirola near Malaga. They barricaded themselves in a farm-house, were surrounded by vastly superior forces and compelled to surrender.

All the fifty-six (Boyd among them) perished by military execution on the Esplanade of Malaga*.

My father returned from the expedition in improved health. From this time forward the lonely Pyrenean

* Carlyle's *John Sterling*, p. 77.

peaks, the mountains with "their streaks of virgin snow," like the Maladetta, mountain "lawns and meadow-ledges midway down," and the "long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine," were a continual source of inspiration; he had written part of "Ænone" in the valley of Caunteretz. His sojourn there was also commemorated one-and-thirty years afterwards in "All along the Valley."

He came home impressed with the "lightheartedness" of the French; but, infinitely preferring the "freer air of England," he writes: "Someone says that nothing strikes a traveller more on returning from the Continent than the look of an English country town. Houses not so big, nor such rows of them as abroad, but each man's house little or big distinct from one another, his own castle, built according to his own means and fancy, and so indicating the Englishman's free individual humour. I am struck on returning from France with the look of good sense in the London people."*

UNPUBLISHED POEM, 1828.

By a Brook.

Townsmen, or of the hamlet, young or old,
Whithersoever you may wander now,
Where'er you roam from, would you waste an hour,
Or sleep thro' one brief dream upon the grass,—
Pause here. The murmurs of the rivulet,
Rippling by cressy isles or bars of sand,
Are pleasant from the early Spring to when,
Full fields of barley shifting tearful lights
On growing spears, by fits the lady ash
With twinkling finger sweeps her yellow keys.

* Quoted from MS. by E. F. G. (date of letter uncertain).

UNPUBLISHED POEMS, WRITTEN (1828—1831) AT
CAMBRIDGE.*Anacaona.*

[My father liked this poem but did not publish it, because the natural history and the rhymes did not satisfy him. He evidently chose words which sounded well, and gave a tropical air to the whole, and he did not then care, as in his later poems, for absolute accuracy.]

1.

A dark Indian maiden,
Warbling in the bloom'd liana,
Stepping lightly flower-laden,
By the crimson-eyed anana,
Wantoning in orange groves
Naked, and dark-limb'd, and gay,
Bathing in the slumbrous coves,
In the cocoa-shadow'd coves,
Of sunbright Xaraguay,
Who was so happy as Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti?

2.

All her loving childhood
Breezes from the palm and canna
Fann'd this queen of the green wildwood,
Lady of the green Savannah:
All day long with laughing eyes,
Dancing by a palmy bay,
In the wooded paradise,
The cedar-wooded paradise
Of still Xaraguay:

None were so happy as Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

3.

In the purple island,
Crown'd with garlands of cinchona,
Lady over wood and highland,
The Indian queen, Anacaona,
Dancing on the blossomy plain
To a woodland melody:
Playing with the scarlet crane,*
The dragon-fly and scarlet crane,
Beneath the papao tree!
Happy happy was Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

4.

The white man's white sail, bringing
To happy Hayti the new-comer,
Over the dark sea-marge springing,
Floated in the silent summer:
Then she brought the guava fruit,
With her maidens to the bay;
She gave them the yuccaroot,
Maizebread and the yuccaroot,
Of sweet Xaraguay:
Happy, happy Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

* Perhaps the scarlet ibis, *guara rubra*, not now known to visit Hayti.

5.

Naked, without fear, moving
To her Areyto's mellow ditty,
Waving a palm branch, wondering, loving,
Carolling "Happy, happy Hayti!"
She gave the white men welcome all,
With her damsels by the bay;
For they were fair-faced and tall,
They were more fair-faced and tall,
Than the men of Xaraguay,
And they smiled on Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

6.

Following her wild carol
She led them down the pleasant places,
For they were kindly in apparel,
Loftily stepping with fair faces.
But never more upon the shore
Dancing at the break of day,
In the deep wood no more,—
By the deep sea no more,—
No more in Xaraguay
Wander'd happy Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

The Lark.

Full light aloft doth the laverock spring
From under the deep, sweet corn,
And chants in the golden wakening
Athwart the bloomy morn.
What aileth thee, O bird divine,
That thou singest with main and with might?
Is thy mad brain drunk with the merry, red wine,
At the very break of light?
It is not good to drink strong wine
Ere the day be well-nigh done;
But thou hast drunk of the merry, sweet wine,
At the rising of the sun.

Some verses of "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere" were handed about at Cambridge among my father's contemporaries. The following unpublished lines were among them, and kept by Edward FitzGerald:

Life of the Life within my blood,
Light of the Light within mine eyes,
The May begins to breathe and bud,
And softly blow the balmy skies;
* * * * *
Bathe with me in the fiery flood,
And mingle kisses, tears, and sighs,
Life of the Life within my blood,
Light of the Light within mine eyes.

Life.

Why suffers human life so soon eclipse?
For I could burst into a psalm of praise,
Seeing the heart so wondrous in her ways,
E'en scorn looks beautiful on human lips!
Would I could pile fresh life on life, and dull
The sharp desire of knowledge still with knowing!
Art, Science, Nature, everything is full,
As my own soul is full, to overflowing—
Millions of forms, and hues, and shades, that give
The difference of all things to the sense,
And all the likeness in the difference.
I thank thee, God, that thou hast made me live:
I reckon not for the sorrow or the strife:
One only joy I know, the joy of life.

To Poesy.

O God, make this age great that we may be
As giants in Thy praise! and raise up Mind,
Whose trumpet-tongued, aerial melody
May blow alarum loud to every wind,
And startle the dull ears of human kind!
Methinks I see the world's renewed youth
A long day's dawn, when Poesy shall bind
Falsehood beneath the altar of great Truth:
The clouds are sunder'd toward the morning-rise;
Slumber not now, gird up thy loins for fight,
And get thee forth to conquer. I, even I,
Am large in hope that these expectant eyes
Shall drink the fulness of thy victory,
Tho' thou art all unconscious of thy Might.

To—.

Thou may'st remember what I said
When thine own spirit was at strife
With thine own spirit. "From the tomb
And charnel-place of purpose dead,
Thro' spiritual dark we come
Into the light of spiritual life."

God walk'd the waters of thy soul,
And still'd them. When from change to change,
Led silently by power divine,
Thy thought did scale a purer range
Of prospect up to self-control,
My joy was only less than thine.

The Hesperides.

[Published and suppressed by my father, and republished by me here
(with accents written by him) in consequence of a talk that I
had with him, in which he regretted that he had done away with
it from among his "Juvenilia."]

Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree. *Comus.*

The North wind fall'n, in the new-starréd night
Zidonian Hanno, wandering beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë,
Past Thymiaterion in calméd bays
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,
Nor melody o' the Libyan Lotus-flute
Blown seaward from the shore; but from a slope
That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,

Beneath a highland leaning down a weight
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedar-shade,
Came voices like the voices in a dream
Continuous; till he reach'd the outer sea:—

SONG OF THE THREE SISTERS.

I.

The Golden Apple, the Golden Apple, the hallow'd fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charmed root.
Round about all is mute,
As the snowfield on the mountain-peaks,
As the sandfield at the mountain-foot.
Crocodiles in briny creeks
Sleep and stir not: all is mute.
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,
We shall lose eternal pleasure,
Worth eternal want of rest.
Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure
Of the wisdom of the West.
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three
(Let it not be preach'd abroad) make an awful mystery:
For the blossom unto threefold music bloweth;
Evermore it is born anew,
And the sap to threefold music floweth,
From the root,
Drawn in the dark,
Up to the fruit,
Creeping under the fragrant bark,
Liquid gold, hóneyswéet thró and thró.

(slow movement)

Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,
 Looking warily
 Every way,
 Guard the apple night and day,
 Lest one from the East come and take it away.

II.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, Watch, watch, ever and
 aye,
 Looking under silver hair with a silver eye.
 Father, twinkle not thy steadfast sight:
 Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die;
 Honour comes with mystery;
 Hoarded wisdom brings delight.
 Number, tell them over, and number
 How many the mystic fruit-tree holds,
 Lest the red-comb'd dragon slumber
 Roll'd together in purple folds.
 Look to him, father, lest he wink, and the golden apple
 be stol'n away,
 For his ancient heart is drunk with overwatchings night
 and day
 Round about the hollow'd fruit-tree curl'd—
 Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the wind without
 stóp, (Anapæst)
 Lest his scaled eyelid drop,
 For he is older than the world.
 If *hé* waken, *wé* waken,
 Rapidly levelling eager eyes.
 If *hé* sleep, *wé* sleep,
 Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.
 If the golden apple be taken

The world will be otherwise.
Five links, a golden chain are we,
Hesper, the Dragon, and Sisters three
Bound about the golden tree.

III.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, Watch, watch, night and
day,
Lest the old wound of the world be healéd,
The glory unsealéd,
The golden apple stol'n away,
And the ancient secret revealéd.
Look from West to East along:
Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is bold and strong.
Wandering waters unto wandering waters call;
Let them clash together, foam and fall.
Out of watchings, out of wiles,
Comes the bliss of secret smiles.
All things are not told to all,
Half-round the mantling night is drawn.
Purple-fringéd with even and dawn
Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hateth morn.

IV.

Every flower and every fruit the redolent breath
Of the warm sea-wind ripeneth,
Arching the billow in his sleep:
But the land-wind wandereth,
Broken by the highland steep,
Two streams upon the violet deep.
For the Western Sun, and the Western Star,
And the low west-wind, breathing afar,

The end of day and beginning of night.
Make the apple Holy and Bright;
Holy and Bright, round and full, bright and blest,
Mellow'd in a land of rest:
Watch it warily day and night;
All good things are in the West.
Till mid-noon the cool East light
Is shut out by the round of the tall hill brow,
But, when the full-faced Sunset yellowly
Stays on the flowering arch of the bough,
The luscious fruitage clustereth mellowly,
Golden-kernell'd, Golden-cored,
Sunset-ripen'd above on the tree.
The world is wasted with fire and sword,
But the Apple of gold hangs over the Sea!
Five links—a Golden chain are we—
Hesper, the Dragon, and Sisters three,
Daughters three,
Bound about,
All round about
The gnarléd bole of the charméd tree.
The Golden Apple, The Golden Apple. The hallow'd fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily.
Watch it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charméd root.

Lasting Sorrow.

(Republished from *Friendship's Offering*—an album published by Smith and Elder, 1832.)

Me my own Fate to lasting sorrow doometh:
Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory:
Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,
In summer still a summer joy resumeth.
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloometh,
Like a lone cypress, thro' the twilight hoary,
From an old garden where no flower bloometh,
One cypress on an inland promontory;
But yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
As round the rolling earth night follows day;
But yet thy lights on my horizon shine
Into my night, when thou art far away;
I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright,
When we two meet there's never perfect light.

Another sonnet, "There are three things which fill my heart with sighs," he contributed (1832) to the *Yorkshire Literary Annual*.

CHAPTER III.

CAMBRIDGE, SOMERSBY AND ARTHUR HALLAM.

1830—31.

To Alfred Tennyson (at Somersby) (unpublished).

Those Gothic windows are before me now,
 Which long have shown dim-lighted in my mind;
 That slope of softest green, the brook below,
 Old musty stalls, and tedded hay behind—
 All have I seen; and simple tho' they be,
 A mighty awe steals with them on my heart,
 For they have grown and lasted as a part
 Of thy dear self, up-building thine and thee:
 From yon tall fir, weathering the April rain,
 Came influence rare, that deepen'd into song,
 Beauty lurk'd for thee in the long grey fields,
 By tufted knolls, and, Alfred, made thee strong!
 Hence are the weapons which thy spirits wield,
 Musical thoughts of unexampled strain. A. H. H.

As Sterling had been deeply moved “by the opinions and feelings which pervaded the age,” and had instituted a crusade against the cold selfishness of the time; so the narrowness and dryness of the ordinary course of study at Cambridge, the lethargy there, and absence of any teaching that grappled with the ideas of the age and stimulated and guided thought on the subjects of deepest human interest, had stirred my father to wrath*. He

* Macaulay had written of the Cambridge of his day: “We see men of four and five-and-twenty, loaded with academical honours and

cried aloud for some "soldier-priest, no sabbath-drawler of old saws," to set the world right. But however gloomy his own view and that of his contemporaries was then as to the present, my father clearly saw the "Day-beam, New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion." Indeed now, as always, he was one of those "on the look-out for every new idea, and for every old idea with a new application, which may tend to meet the growing requirements of society"; one of those who are "like men standing on a watch-tower, to whom others apply and say, not 'What of the night?' but 'What of the morning and of the coming day?*' "

At the request of Aubrey de Vere, he consented that the following denunciatory lines, written in his undergraduate days, should be published among my notes.

Lines on Cambridge of 1830.

Therefore your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued with old kings and queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich carven screens,
Your doctors, and your proctors, and your deans,
Shall not avail you, when the Day-beam sports

rewards—scholarships, fellowships, whole cabinets of medals, whole shelves of prize-books, enter into life with their education still to begin; unacquainted with the first principles of the laws under which they live, unacquainted with the very rudiments of moral and political science." And when Whewell in 1838 was elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy, he began his introductory address by elaborately justifying the innovation of delivering public lectures on the subject committed to his charge.

* Speech of the Duke of Argyll in the House of Lords, Aug. 13th, 1894.

Lord Tennyson, I.

New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion. No!
Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that blow
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant courts
At noon and eve, because your manner sorts
Not with this age wherefrom ye stand apart,
Because the lips of little children preach
Against you, you that do profess to teach
And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart.

In after years a great change came over Cambridge, and he was sorry that he had spoken so bitterly, for he always looked back with affection to those "dawn-golden times" passed with his friends at Trinity. He honoured the University for the way it had adapted itself to modern requirements; and he especially approved of the University Extension movement, for spreading higher education throughout local centres in Great Britain. Every vacation after his marriage University men visited him, so that he kept level with such movements.

What impressed him most, when he went to Cambridge in 1872, was the change in the relations between don and undergraduate. While he was keeping his terms (1828—1831) there was "a great gulf fixed" between the teacher and the taught,* but in 1872 he found a constant personal intercourse and interchange of ideas between them. And, as the "living word" is to each man more than the mere lecture-room exposition, this change, he thought, could not fail to have the best influence on the enlargement of the views, sympathies and aspirations of the generations to come.

A letter from Blakesley indicates an intellectual atti-

* He said to Dr. Butler, "There was a want of love in Cambridge then."

tude somewhat similar to my father's in relation to the prevailing habits of thought in Cambridge and in society at large.

BLACKHEATH, 1830.

DEAR TENNYSON,

The present race of monstrous opinions and feelings which pervade the age require the arm of a strong Iconoclast. A volume of poetry written in a proper spirit, a spirit like that which a vigorous mind induces by the study of Wordsworth and Shelley, would be, at the present juncture, the greatest benefit the world could receive. And more benefit would accrue from it than from all the exertions of the Jeremy Benthamites and Millians, if they were to continue for ever and a day. I have seen Sterling two or three times since I have been in these parts, and had some conversation with him.

Sterling, and all of his class, who have been hawked at by the mousing owls of Cambridge, suffer from the narrow-mindedness of criticism. He saw the abuses of the present system of things, which is upheld by the strong hand of power and custom, and he attacked them accordingly. For this conduct he was dubbed a radical. He soon saw that the reforms proposed by that party were totally inadequate to the end which they proposed: that if carried to their fullest effect they would only remove the symptoms and not the cause of evil; that this cause was the selfish spirit which pervades the whole frame of society at present, and that to counterbalance the effects the cause of them must be removed. This end, he at first probably thought with Shelley, might be effected by lopping off those institutions in which that selfish spirit exhibits itself, without any more effort. He afterwards saw, with Wordsworth, that this was not the true method; but that we must implant another principle with which selfishness cannot co-exist, and trust that this plant as it grows up will absorb the nourishment of the weed, in which case those wickednesses and miseries, which are only the forms in which the latter develops itself, will of their own accord die away, as soon as their principle of vegetation is withered and dried up.

Hallam has gone back to Cambridge. He was not well while he was in London; moreover, he was submitting himself to the influences of the outer world more than (I think) a man of his genius ought to do.

I shall be in Cambridge, God willing (which, considering the

depth of the snow is not quite clear), to-morrow evening. I hope soon to see you there.

Believe me your affectionate friend,

J. W. BLAKESLEY.

On October 4th, 1830, Arthur Hallam wrote from Forest House, Leyton, Essex:

I am sorry, dear Alfred, that I have left your note so long unanswered; but I don't doubt you have found already that to return to one's native land is to throw oneself into the jaws of all kinds of importunate people, from creditors upwards or downwards, who leave one no time for pleasant things. Yet this excuse lies arrantly, I discover upon second thoughts. I am living here in a very pleasant place, an old country mansion, in the depths of the Forest, with cedars in the garden, the seed of which is vouched to have been brought from Lebanon, and a billiard-table within doors, by dint of which I demolish time pretty well. I have been studious too, partly after my fashion, and partly after my father's; i.e. I read six books of Herodotus with him, and I take occasional plunges into David Hartley, and Buhle's *Philosophie Moderne* for my own gratification. I cannot find that my adventures have produced quite the favourable impression on my father's mind that his letter gave me to expect. I don't mean that he blames me at all; but his old notions about the University begin to revive, and he does not seem quite to comprehend, that after helping to revolutionise kingdoms, one is still less inclined than before to trouble one's head about scholarships, degrees and such gear. Sometimes I sigh to be again in the ferment of minds, and stir of events, which is now the portion of other countries. I wish I could be useful; but to be a fly on that great wheel would be something. Spanish affairs, you will have seen by the papers, go on slowly: not therefore, I trust, less surely; but I wish something was done. Sterling has had little direct news for awhile, and Perina never wrote to me. Sterling has been unwell, and is going to be married. I am glad he does not go out of the Apostolic family, for his lady is to be Susan Barton, of whom you may often have heard Blakesley rave. I had a letter from Spedding the other day, full of pleasant scoffs. I found one on my return from Leighton, dated two months ago, and extolling your book above sun, moon and stars: I have written to him, but as he has not answered, he has probably quitted Upfield Lodge. I cannot make out that you have been re-

viewed anywhere, but I have seen no magazines, and a letter from Garden, also of very old date, gives hope of *Blackwood*. Effingham of course I shun, as I would "whipping to death, pressing and hanging." Moxon very civilly sent me two copies of Lamb's Album verses, one for you; the book is weak as water. What think you of Belgium? The opinion of everybody here seems against them; yet I cannot well conceive their present resolution, and increasing unanimity, unless the grounds of their aversion to the Dutch were stronger than it is the fashion to represent them. At all events, now blood has flowed in torrents, all union is rendered impracticable. The chances of a general war in Europe are great; the iniquitous prudence of the Allied Wolves, who struck the Lion down, has guaranteed the possession of Belgium to the Dutch crown, and should the insurgents, as is very likely, declare they never can submit to the government of a Thing who has made war upon them, the inevitable consequence will be that the Prussians will interfere to preserve the sanctity of the guarantee, and the French to maintain the principle, that the allegiance of a people depends on its consent, not on the autocratic transfer of another power. 'Twas a very pretty little revolution in Saxony, and a respectable one at Brunswick. I am surprised you have not heard of Frederick; have you not written to the Hôtel de Lille? You really ought, for he may be in distress, and Templeton has very likely left Paris. I beg your pardon for this stupid note, and rest in expectation of your promised letter, which I hope will explain your intentions for the future, and the details of things as they are at Somersby. Remember me most kindly to your mother and sisters, and tell Charles to write.

Affectionately yours, A. H. H.

It may be as well to say here that all the letters from my father to Arthur Hallam were destroyed by his father after Arthur's death: a great loss, as these particular letters probably revealed his inner self more truly than anything outside his poems.

In February 1831 my father left Cambridge, for my grandfather was somewhat ailing and wished that he should return to help his mother.

On the night of leaving he gave a supper in his

rooms, Corpus Buildings, and after supper he and his friends all danced a quadrille. As he drove away in the coach his last sight in Trumpington Street was "Thompson's handsome face under the light of a street lamp."

After he had gone down, the Cambridge friends forwarded him his *Alfieri*, which one of them had borrowed from him and for which he had been making constant demands, and they also told him of the poet Wordsworth's visit to Trinity. They told how Spedding gave him coffee in his rooms; how Wordsworth was in good talking mood but furiously alarmist, nothing but revolutions, reigns of terror; how he had said he wished that Coleridge had not written the second part of "Christabel" because this required the tale to be finished, and asserted that the conclusion of Part I. "It was a lovely sight to see," was too much laboured: how he defended "Passive Obedience" by quoting Scripture. Upon the whole, although he "said nothing very profound or original," yet the young men enjoyed his talk till one o'clock in the morning: he also was pleased with his hearers.

My father's comment on such criticism about a poet whom he loved was: "How can you expect a great man to say anything 'very profound' when he *knows* it is expected of him?*"

On a Wednesday of this March, shortly after 11 o'clock in the morning, my grandfather was found leaning back in his study chair, having passed away peacefully—

* Wordsworth, according to Milnes, heard Hallam deliver his Declamation in Trinity College Chapel. "It was splendid," he writes, "to see the poet Wordsworth's face kindle as Hallam proceeded with it."

WW

WW

MM

MM

MM

WW

WW

WW

Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass,
 One went, who never hath return'd.
 He will not smile—not speak to me
 Once more.

After Arthur Hallam's death these lines were written in "In Memoriam," referring to my father's affection for his native place with its memories of his father, and to his love for the friend of his youth:

As down the garden-walks I move,
 Two spirits of a diverse love
 Contend for loving masterdom.

My father told me that within a week after his father's death he slept in the dead man's bed, earnestly desiring to see his ghost, but no ghost came. "You see," he said, "ghosts do not generally come to imaginative people." In a letter to his friend John Frere, my uncle Charles describes what happened:

SOMERSBY, *March 23rd*, 1831.

* * * * *

John, a melancholy change has taken place in our house since I saw you last. My poor father, all his life *a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief*, has gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." After an illness of about a month's continuance, he died last Wednesday at eleven o'clock in the day. He suffered little, and after death his countenance, which was strikingly lofty and peaceful, was I trust an image of the condition of his soul, which on earth was daily racked by bitter fancies, and tossed about by strong troubles. We are not certain whether we shall be permitted to remain much longer in this place. We must abide the pleasure of Robinson, the next Incumbent, &c. &c.

If . . . I pay him a rent by which he will be a gainer, I think we are likely to be less under obligations to him than he to us. But as my father's revenues are now sequestrated we are left entirely at the will of my grandfather, who may have a house of his own to put us into.

attached to the places that are near it. Some Mariana, it will be said, lived wretched and alone in a dreary house on the top of the opposite hill. Some Isabel may with more truth be sought nearer yet. The belfry, in which the white owl sat "warming his five wits," will be shown, for sixpence, to such travellers as have lost their own. Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm and poplar, in order to verify the "Ode to Memory" in its minutest particulars. I send down, along with this note, some numbers of the *Tatler*, containing a review of Alfred and Charles by Leigh Hunt. You will be amused with the odd style of his observations, and the frank familiarity with which he calls them by their Christian names, just as if he had supped with them a hundred times. His general remarks are nonsensical enough, but being a poet he has a keen eye for true beauty, and the judgments of his taste are worth having. Charles will be proud of this review because it is the first notice which the Press (our new despot, the Kehama, under whom the world now groans, already nearly almighty and omnipresent, but, alas! as far as ever from all-wise) has deigned to take of his "humble plot of ground." But he has had better suffrages: voices have come to him from the Lakes, and the old man of Highgate has rejoiced over him.* I am looking forward with eagerness to seeing Charles; would that Alfred were with him! but that will not be, and perhaps ought not to be; "the days are awa" that we have seen.

The upshot of the various transactions as to Somersby was, that the new Incumbent was willing that the Tennysons should live on at the Rectory, where they remained till 1837.

Arthur Hallam had been attached to my aunt Emily since 1829. After the first year, when Mr. Hallam thought it desirable that the lovers should be separated for a time, he stayed at Somersby as often as he could spare leisure from his work; and whenever he came, he cheered all with his "bright, angelic spirit and his gentle, chivalrous manner."**

* S. T. Coleridge.

** Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

"I am," wrote Hallam to Trench, "now at Somersby, not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister. An attachment on my part of nearly two years standing and a mutual engagement of one year are, I fervently hope, only the commencement of a union which circumstances may not impair, and the grave itself may not conclude."

My aunt Emily had eyes "with depths on depths," and "a profile like that on a coin," "testa Romana," as an old Italian said of her. All the Tennyson sons and daughters except Frederick had the colouring of Italy or the south of France with dark eyes and hair. This foreign colouring may possibly have been derived from a Huguenot ancestor, a relation of Madame de Maintenon. On the Continent my father was never taken for an Englishman, and even in Ireland in 1848, when he was at Valentia, an Irishman rose up from among the fern and heather, and said, "From France, your honour?" thinking, as he confessed, that he was a Frenchman come to head a revolution.

While Hallam was at Somersby, after the morning's work the Tennysons and he would generally go for long walks together beyond the "bounding hill." Not only was my father fond of walking, but of "putting the stone" and other athletic feats. Mrs. Lloyd of Louth writes: "In proof of his strong muscular power, when showing us a little pet pony on the lawn at Somersby one day he surprised us by taking it up and carrying it." Brookfield remarked: "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town.

Hercules as well as Apollo." FitzGerald notes: "Alfred could hurl the crowbar further than any of the neighbouring clowns, whose humours, as well as those of their betters, knight, squire, landlord and lieutenant, he took quiet note of, like Chaucer himself." Yet as he wandered over the wold, or by the brook, he often seemed to be in dreamland, so that one who often saw him then called him "a mysterious being, seemingly lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others."

In the evening he lived much in his attic den, but now and then came down and listened to the singing and playing of his sisters. He had a love for the simple style of Mozart, and for our own national airs and ballads, and played himself a little on the flute, but only "cared for complicated music as suggesting echoes of winds and waves." The sisters were all very musical, my aunt Mary playing the harp and accompanying the brothers and sisters who sang. FitzGerald speaks of music in College days, and says:

A. T. was not thought to have an ear for music; I remember little of his execution in the line except humming over "the weary pund o' tow," which was more because of the weary moral, I think, than for any music's sake. Carlyle once said, "The man must have music dormant in him, revealing itself in *verse*." I remember A. T.'s speaking of Haydn's "Chaos" which he had heard at some Oratorio. He said, "The violins *spoke* of *light*." Carlyle, who was apt to look on poetry as a waste of talents which ought to be employed in other heroic work, took at once to A. T.: among other signs of the man, remarking his voice, "like the sound of a pine-wood," he said.

In past years many friends of Somersby days have told me of the exceeding consideration and love which my father showed his mother, and how much they were

struck by the young man's tender and deferential manner towards her, and how he might often be found in her room reading aloud, with his flexible voice, Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, and Campbell's patriotic ballads. When Arthur Hallam was with them, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto were the favourite poets: and it was he who taught my aunt Emily Italian, and made her a proficient scholar.

Arthur Hallam to Emily Tennyson.

Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome,
 Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
 Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home:
Hark! on the right, with full piano tone,
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air:
 Hark yet again! like flute tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.

Pass thou the lintel freely; without fear
 Feast on the music. I do better know thee
 Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
 That element whence thou must draw thy life,
An English maiden and an English wife.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR HALLAM.

1831—1833.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

In the spring of 1831 my father was much distressed about the condition of his eyes and feared that he was going to lose his sight, "a sad thing to barter the universal light even for the power of 'Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.'" He took to a milk diet for some months, which apparently "did good." At all events his eyesight was strong enough to allow him to study *Don Quixote* in the original. He also records that one night he "saw the moonlight reflected in a nightingale's eye, as she was singing in the hedgerow."* He adds that her voice vibrated with such passion that he wrote of

* Owing to his extreme short sight he could see objects at a short distance better than anyone: and at a long distance with his eye-glass or spectacles he could see as far as any long-sighted person. At this time he went to see Brodie for his eyes, and began to talk so learnedly

The leaves
That tremble round the nightingale

in "The Gardener's Daughter." Hallam told him at this time that "The nightingale with long and low preamble," in the sonnet which I give, was "worth an estate in Golconda."

Check every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech, speak low, and give up wholly
Thy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy:
This is the place. Thro' yonder poplar alley,
Below, the blue-green river windeth slowly,
But in the middle of the sombre valley,
The crispèd waters whisper musically,
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol,
And all the white-stemm'd pinewood slept above,
When in this valley first I told my love.

My father contributed "Anacreontics," "No More,"* and "A Fragment," to a literary annual *The Gem*; and

about them, that Brodie raised his hand saying: "Wait; remember I *never* see medical students without a fee." His hearing was extraordinarily keen, and this he held to be a compensation for his shortsight: he "could hear the shriek of a bat," which he said was the test of a fine ear.

* "No More" is written out in Arthur Hallam's handwriting in a common-place book belonging to Archdeacon Allen, and is dated by Arthur Hallam 1826. Although my father considered the poem crude, it is remarkable for a boy of seventeen.

Moxon, who had some sparks of poetry in him, and had decided on a new venture, the *Englishman's Magazine*, wished to start with a "flash number," and asked Hallam to persuade my father to forward him a poem which would appear along with contributions from Wordsworth, Southey, and Charles Lamb. Hallam urged him (July 15th, 1831) to send "The Sisters," or "Rosalind," or the "Southern Mariana," and begged him not to disdain a mode of publication which Schiller and Goethe chose for their best compositions. He pointed out that the fugitive pieces might form part of a volume hereafter.

Hallam was at Hastings "listening all day to the song of the larks on the cliffs," and reading *Destiny* and *Inheritance*. He had no answer from Alfred, or any of his brothers, so wrote again:

HASTINGS, *July 26th*, 1831.

I have been expecting for some days an answer to my letter about Moxon; but I shall not delay any longer my reply to your last, and before this is sent off yours may come. I, whose imagination is to yours as Pisgah to Canaan, the point of distant prospect to the place of actual possession, am not without some knowledge and experience of your passion for the past. To this community of feeling between us, I probably owe your inestimable friendship, and those blessed hopes which you have been the indirect occasion of awakening. But what with you is universal and all-powerful, absorbing your whole existence, communicating to you that energy which is so glorious, in me is checked and counteracted by many other impulses, tending to deaden the influence of the senses which were already less vivacious by nature. When I say the senses, I mean those employed in the processes of imagination, viz. sight and hearing. You say pathetically, "Alas for me! I have more of the Beautiful than the Good!" Remember to your comfort that God has given you to see the difference. Many a poet has gone on blindly in his artist pride. I am very glad you have been reading Erskine [of Linlathen]. No books have done me so much good as his, and I always thought you would like them if they came in your

way. His doctrine may not be the truth, but it may contain it still, and this is my own view of the case. You perhaps will be angry when I tell you that I sent your sonnet about the "Sombre Valley" to Moxon*, who is charmed with it, and has printed it off. I confess this is a breach of trust on my part, but I hope for your forgiveness. . .

A. H. H.

The two friends, after a tour taken by Hallam in Devon, Cornwall and Yorkshire, met at Sheffield to talk over literary plans for the future. Hallam wrote that he was "in the humbler station of critic," while "Alfred is brimful of subjects and artist thoughts." The "Apostles" and their little band of Cambridge friends expressed themselves warmly as to Hallam's article on the *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. After his holiday Hallam returned to his reading of law, and enjoyed "the old fellow Blackstone," culling for Alfred poetic words like "foréstal." "The Dream of Fair Women," Hallam was of opinion, should be published soon, for it would establish the poet at once in general reputation. The friends interchanged thoughts on the political state of the world and on Ireland especially, which is "the most volcanic point." They had grave arguments about the Church, and were exercised about the St. Simonians, whose opinions on many points "resembled those of Shelley, although they were much more practical." Miss Austen's novels were read and notes compared. My father preferred *Emma* and *Persuasion*, and Hallam wrote, "*Emma* is my first love, and I intend to be constant. The edge of this constancy will soon be tried, for I am promised the reading of *Pride and Prejudice*."

My father meets Fanny Kemble, whom he holds

* Published in the *Englishman's Magazine* for August.

“supreme in Juliet,” and she speaks of him as having “the grandest head of any man whom she has clapt eyes on.” Adelaide Kemble copies out “The Sisters,” “raving about it at intervals in the most Siddonian tone,” and Fanny has set the ballad to music; “she inclines however to think it too painful, and to wish such things should not be written.” Her “enthusiasm is high” over some of the manuscript poems in the forthcoming 1832 volume, especially “The Lady of Shalott.”

Her own play, *Francis I.*, runs for several nights (March 1832). “It is a remarkable production for seventeen; the language is very pure, free, elegant English and strictly dramatic. There is none of that verbiage which is called mere poetry in it. She must have nourished her childhood with the strong wine of our old drama”; so writes Hallam, who was more conversant with that old drama than any of his Cambridge contemporaries.

The Hunchback is then given, and Hallam writes that “The scene in the second Act, where Fanny Kemble plays fine lady, was excellent, but the tragic parts yet finer: for instance where Clifford comes in as Secretary, and afterwards where she expostulates with Master Walter. Her ‘Clifford, why don’t you speak to me?’ and ‘Clifford, is it you?’ and her ‘Do it,’ with all the accompanying speech, I shall never forget.”

Hallam and my father in their rambles through London, and in their smokes in Hallam’s den at the top of the house in the “long unlovely street,” touched on all imaginable topics. Hallam was busy writing essays on modern authors; and these and my father’s 1832 volume were frequent subjects of discussion. The unsettled condition of the country and the misery of the poorer class weighed upon them. It seemed difficult to young men,

starting in life, to know how to remedy these evils, but they determined not to lose hold of the Real in seeking the Ideal. Hallam writes: "Where the ideas of time and sorrow are not, and sway not the soul with power, there is no true knowledge in Poetry or Philosophy."

On my father's return to Somersby, the correspondence recommenced. Hallam desires the publication of "The Lover's Tale," for there are "magnificent passages in that poem. The present casket, faulty as it is, is yet the only one in which the precious gems contained therein can be preserved." The author thinks it too diffuse and will not publish. Hallam answers that, since his is "the only printed copy of the 'Lover's Tale,' he shall make a fortune by lending it out at five shillings a head." One day he reads "CEnone" to his father, who "seems to like Juno's speech, but is called away in the middle of Venus'," so the friends do not obtain the great man's criticism.

Meanwhile the colloquial critic of *Blackwood*, "Christopher North," had delivered his judgment on *Poems, chiefly Lyrical* in a comically aggressive though not wholly unfriendly article*.

The following two letters were written by Arthur Hallam about this review, and the poems which were to appear in the volume of 1832:

[Undated.]

Professor Wilson has thought fit to have a laugh at you and your critics, amongst whom so humble a thing as myself, has not, as you will perceive, escaped. I suppose one ought to feel very savage at being attacked, but somehow I feel much more amused. He

* For example in the criticism of the song entitled "The Owl," he says, "Alfred is as an owl: all that he wants is to be shot, stuffed and stuck into a glass case, to be made immortal in a museum." (*Blackwood's Mag.* Vol. XXXI.)

means well I take it, and as he has extracted nearly your whole book, and has in his soberer mood spoken in terms as high as I could have used myself of some of your best poems, I think the review will assist rather than hinder the march of your reputation. They little know the while that you despise the false parts of your volume quite as vehemently as your censors can, and with purer zeal, because with better knowledge.

April 10th, 1832.

I don't know that you ought to publish this spring, but I shall never be easy or secure about your MSS until I see them fairly out of your control. The Ballad of "The Sisters" was very popular at Cambridge. Indeed it is very perfect. Monteith showed his ignorance by wishing the murdering lady to have been originally the rival of the seduced lady, which idea was of course scouted by the wiser listeners, that is, all the rest, as substituting a commonplace melodramatic interest for the very poetic interest arising from your conception of the character. All were anxious for the "Palace of Art," etc., and fierce with me for not bringing more. Venables is a great man [at Cambridge], also Dobson. New customs, new topics, new slang phrases have come into vogue since *my* day, which yet was but yesterday. I don't think I could reside again at Cambridge with any pleasure. I should feel like a melancholy Pterodactyl winging his lonely flight among the linnets, eagles, and flying-fishes of our degenerate post-Adamic world. I have seen Gaskell, who is in the ninth heaven of happiness, going to be married the end of May. I have taken to my law again, and a little to my other studies. The [first Reform] Bill is now in the second reading, and will pass by a very small majority. The cholera is certainly abating; the preliminary symptoms have been very widely prevalent; disorders which are cured without difficulty in our rank of life turn to malignant cholera in the poor. Casimir P rier has had it but is recovering. The heroes of July are cutting the throats of physicians and wine merchants, as you will see by the papers.

The report about Macaulay in Tennant's letter has no great foundation; at least he has not seen your book. I think Mac has some poetic taste, and would appreciate you.

Yours affectionately,

A. H. H.

Spedding wrote from Cambridge to Thompson (May 4th, 1832):

Only think of an "Apostolic" dinner next Friday, 11th inst.; present, Hallam, Trench, Kemble, Arthur Buller, Martineau, Pickering, Donne I hope, etc. etc. Only think of Heath's essay on Niebuhr the day after! Only think of the "Palace of Art," of which you may see part of a stanza, horribly misquoted, at what should have been the beginning of this sheet! Only think of all these things, and others which your own fruitful imagination will readily suggest! By the way, are you not tired by this time of the monotony and manufacture of your infernal county? or if you are still wandering on the sea-shore, does not your soul feel very much like

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand
Left on the shore, that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white?

Do you not begin to sigh for apostolic conversation, and your dear lodgings, and River-Gods of "Mighty Michael Angelo," and the massed chestnut boughs that promise soon to put out their leaves?

Charles Merivale also wrote to Thompson that "A daily divan continued to sit throughout the term," and that the "'Palace of Art' was read successively to each man as he came up from the vacation." He continues:

Though the least eminent of the Tennysonian Rhapsodists, I have converted by my readings both my brother and your friend (or enemy?) Richardson to faith in the "Lotos-eaters." They rather scoff at the former [the "Palace of Art"], and ask whether "The abysmal depths of personality" means the *Times* newspaper?

Spedding wrote again to Thompson, June 21st, 1832:

We talk out of the "Palace of Art," and the "Legend of Fair Women." The great Alfred is here [in London], i.e. in Southampton Row, smoking all the day, and we went from this house on a pilgrimage to see him, to wit, two Heaths, my brother and myself,

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and meeting Allen on the way we took him along with us, and when we arrived at the place appointed we found A. T. [Alfred Tennyson], and A. H. H. [Arthur Hallam], and J. M. K. [Kemble], and we made a goodly company, and did as we do at Cambridge, and but that you were not among us, we should have been happy.

And on July 18th, 1832, Spedding writes:

I say, a new volume by A. T. is in preparation, and will, I suppose, be out in Autumn. In the meantime I have no copy of the "Palace of Art," but shall be happy to repeat it to you when you come; no copy of the "Legend of Fair Women," but can repeat about a dozen stanzas which are of the finest; no copy of the conclusion of "Ænone," but one in pencil which none but myself can read.

This July my father and Hallam went for a tour on the Rhine.

Arthur Hallam to Emily Tennyson.

NONNENWERTH, *July 16th*, 1832.

I expect, as far as I can calculate (but a traveller's calculations are always liable to be deranged by unforeseen chances), to be in England by the end of this month, and then I shall go straight to Somersby. I had better tell you something of what Alfred and I have been doing. My last letter, I think, was from Rotterdam.

We resumed our steam-boat last Wednesday morning, and came on slowly up the Rhine; the banks of which are more uniformly ugly and flat as far as Cologne than any country I ever saw of so great an extent. Really, until yesterday, we had seen nothing in the way of scenery that deserved going a mile to see. Cologne is the paradise of painted glass: the splendour of the windows in the churches would have greatly delighted you. The Cathedral is unfinished, and if completed on the original plan, would be the most stupendous and magnificent in the world. The part completed is very beautiful Gothic. Alfred was in great raptures, only complaining he had so little time to study the place. There is a gallery of pictures quite after my own heart, rich, glorious old German pictures, which Alfred accuses me of preferring to Titian and Raffaele. In the Cathedral we saw the tomb and relics of the three kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, the patrons of Cologne and very miraculous persons in their day, ac-

according to sundry legends. The tomb is nearly all of pure massy gold, studded with rich precious stones.

From Cologne we came on to Bonn, which really bears a sort of family-likeness to Cambridge. Here the Rhine begins to be beautiful; and yesterday we took a luxurious climb up the Drachenfels, looked around at the mild vine-spread hillocks, and "river-sundered champaign clothed with corn," ate cherries under the old castle-wall at the top of the crag, then descended to a village below, and were carried over in a boat to the place from which I am writing. And what is that? Ten years ago it was a large convent of Benedictine nuns; now it is a large and comfortable hotel, still retaining the form of the Convent, the Cloisters, cell-like rooms, etc. It stands on an island in the middle of the river; you will understand the size of the isle, when I tell you it is rather larger, according to Alfred, than that of the Lady of Shalott, and the stream is rather more rapid than our old acquaintance that ran down to Camelot. The prospect from the window and gardens is most beautiful, the mountains, as they are called, Drachenfels being one, on one bank of the river, and Rolands-eck towering up on the other, with the hills about Bingen glooming in the distance.

After their return Arthur Hallam writes to Alfred:

1832.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

Thanks for your batch of MSS. The lines to J. S. are perfect. James [Spedding], I am sure, will be most grateful. The "Old Year" is excellent. The "Little Room" is mighty pleasant*.

Remember the maxim of the Persian sage: "εἰ δοιάζεις, ἀπέχου." Your epigram to North is good, but I have scruples whether you should publish it. Perhaps he may like the lines and you the better for them; but "μερμηρίζω." I think the "Lover's Tale" will be liked, as far as I can remember its old shape. Moxon is in ecstasies with the "May Queen"; he says the volume must make a great sen-

* (*Note by my father*).

As soon as this poem was published, I altered the second line to "All books and pictures ranged aright"; yet "Dear room, the apple of my sight" (which was much abused) is not so bad as

"Do go, dear rain, do go away."

A. T.

sation. He and your friends are anxious that it should be out before the storm of politics is abroad. The French Fleet has got the start of you, and I fear Antwerp may be taken before your last revise is ready; but still you may be beforehand with the elections, which is more important. There has been some delay this week, owing to want of types, but the [printer's] devils are full of promise to set up immediately. Moxon has sent me the revises of "The Palace," with the notes; they are, I believe, correct, yet I would know whether you altered "pouring glorious scorn" into "frowning," etc. In the course of next week I shall send you two compositions of my own, the one very trifling, an article of three pages only, in the *Foreign Quarterly*, the other, a pamphlet Moxon has just published for me on Rossetti's *Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale*.* I hope you will like it; yet I have not forgotten that the last time I sent you a publication of mine you did not even deign to read it. When should I have done the like by one of yours? Perhaps you may retort with justice, that this question is like the American's remark in Mrs. Trollope, to an Englishman, who had never read Bryant's poems, "How illiberal you English are! just let me ask you, what you would say to one of us that had never read Milton or Shakespeare, or any of *your* great authors!" Fare thee well, old trump, poems are good things but flesh and blood is better. I only crave a few words.

Ever yours affectionately,

A. H. H.

After staying at Kitlands.

DORKING, *October 10th*, 1832.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

I must snatch a few minutes from the overwhelming mass of law business which is now on my hands, just to talk with you about the first-proof. I had it sent down to me while I was staying at Heath's. The weather was miserably rainy, so, after breakfast, we adjourned to an arbour in the garden, and while Thompson, who was also staying there, furnished cheroots, I furnished proof-sheets. After mature examination, we came, in full conclave, to some decisions, of which

* Among other papers Hallam wrote then were the brief though remarkable memoirs of Petrarch, Burke, and Voltaire, for the *Gallery of Portraits* published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

you shall have the benefit. We think the type very pretty, but are rather sorry the book will not bind up with its predecessor. We admire the Buonaparte sonnet but we strongly urge the substitution of "dreamer" for "madman." The stanzas "All good things" seem to us perfect. The "Lady" [of Shalott] reads charmingly in print: the more I read it, the more I like it. You were, indeed, happily inspired when the idea of that poem first rose in your imagination. We had a long battle with Mr. Heath, a famous lawyer, but no man of letters, about the last stanza in the proof. We flatter ourselves we floored him; to be sure we were three to one, but he fought well. The principal point of attack was "cloud-white"; he said it was absurd to explain a fixed colour as pearl by the most variable hue in the world, that of a cloud. We recovered ourselves with all the grace of practised combatants, and talked learnedly about the context of feeling, and the conformity of the lady's dress to her magical character, till at last our opponent left us in possession of the field, declaring still between his teeth, that, for his part, he thought poetry ought to be sense. In one place a whole line was omitted. Douglas Heath read, "sudden laughters of the Tay" [Jay]; without ever suspecting the misprint. I hear Tennant has written to dissuade you from publishing "Kriemhild," "Tarpeia" [in the "Fair Women"]. Don't be humbugged, they are very good; you may put a note or two if you will, yet Milton did not to "Paradise Lost." Rogers the poet has been staying here, and speaks of you with admiration. Have you written to Moxon? He is anxious to have the rest of the MSS.

Ever your most affectionate

ARTHUR.

My father wrote to Mr. Moxon, in consequence of this letter from Arthur Hallam:

20. Nov. 1832.

DEAR SIR,

After mature consideration, I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume, entitled, "Lover's Tale": it is too full of faults and tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet, to my eye, it spoils the completeness of the book, and is better away; of course whatever expenses may have

been incurred in printing the above must devolve on me solely.

The vol. can end with that piece titled to J. S.

We, who live in this corner of the world, only get our letters twice or thrice a week: which has caused considerable delay: but on receipt of this you may begin to dress the volume for its introduction into the world, as soon as you choose.

Believe me, Sir, yours very truly,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

P.S. The title-page may be simply

POEMS

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

(don't let the printer squire me).

Be so good as to send me five copies.

Among the poems in this volume were "The Lady of Shalott" (so-called from an Italian novelette, "Donna di Scalotta"), "Mariana in the South," "The Miller's Daughter," "Enone," "The Palace of Art," "The Lotos-Eaters," "The Dream of Fair Women," "The May Queen," and "To James Spedding" on the death of his brother Edward. After its publication Arthur Hallam wrote to my father, referring to a review of the book in the *Quarterly* (No. xcvi. 1833):

[Undated.]

Your book continues to sell tolerably and Moxon says the *Quarterly* has done good. Rogers defends you publicly as the most promising genius of the time. Sir Robert Inglis told my father he had heard from unquestionable authority that Alfred Tennyson was an assumed name like Barry Cornwall. I endeavoured to shake his scepticism, I fear without effect. I hear to-day that a question is

put up at the Cambridge Union, "Tennyson or Milton, which the greater poet?"

* * * * *

My father met Milman one day who denies altogether having written the infamous article [in the *Quarterly*]. He says he has made a rule never to cut up any living poet. Once he made an exception in the case of a foreigner, and to his horror when at Florence he found himself invited to meet him at breakfast. Rogers thinks the first volume decidedly superior to the second . . . I don't quite comprehend this.

From Arthur Hallam.

[Undated.]

ὦ μοι, Διογενὲς Πατρόκληις, οἷον εἶπες;

You are very impertinent about my talent of letter-writing; I never said I composed my letters, now at least; formerly I did in some sort, when Plancus was consul, and Gaskell my correspondent and hero of romance. Am I not thereby entitled to say of myself, as Mrs. Langley said of her daughters, "Whatever accomplishment I may possess in that way, it is entirely self-taught"?

That labour, if labour it was, was one of love. It had nothing of the file. I composed a letter as I composed a poem. Heart and mind went into it, and why?—because I couldn't help it. I was full of thoughts so new to me that I was afraid of losing them, and took every way to treasure them: so dear they were too that I could not rest till those I loved were familiar with them.

I have been reading Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics*, and I am so bewildered with similes about groves and violets, and streams of music, and incense and attar of roses, that I hardly know what I write. Bating these little flummeries of style, it is a good book, showing much appreciation of Shakespeare and the human heart *ἐν διὰ δνοῖν*.

I went again to Effingham Wilson's shop to-day; he was bland and submissive, promising to send me the account as soon as he should have time to make it out. I am confident the £11* will be found a mistake. A rumour is current that Mrs. Arkwright has set "Oriana" to music! All the world loves her music, and "Oriana" has a fair chance of becoming as stale as the "Captive Knight." The

* The sum my father received for the 1830 volume.

country is in jeopardy hourly increasing. Yesterday I saw (perhaps) the last king of England go down to open the first assembly of delegates from a sovereign people. It is an unmanageable house. O'Connell raves. Government menaces. Your uncle [C. Tennyson d'Eyncourt] seems to be manœuvring to be chief of the Penultimate Radicals, the Girondists, one might call them from their position, were they not alike destitute of genius and patriotism. But there can be no doubt that, if the Mountain continues unshaken, it must increase, and that more faint-hearted crew to which your uncle belongs will adhere to it. O'Connell's speech is said to have been very effective. He and Sheil on one side; Macaulay and Stanley on the other, there will be some fine spectacles of intellectual combat.

Ever yours affectionately, A. H. H.

My father did not view the political situation so gloomily as did Arthur Hallam. It was the "dead waste and middle of the night" when the news of the passing of the Reform Bill for England and Wales had reached Somersby. This "Firm Bill," as the Lincolnshire people called it, had stirred all hearts; and my father and some of his brothers and sisters at once sallied out into the darkness, and began to ring the church bells madly. The new parson, horrified at hearing his bells rung and not merely rung but furiously clashed without his leave, came rushing into his church, and in the pitch blackness laid hold of the first thing which he could clap hand to, and this happened to be my aunt Cecilia's little dog—which forthwith tried to bite. The Tennysons then disclosed themselves amid much laughter; and the parson, who I suppose was a Tory of the old school, was with difficulty pacified. More than once my father thought of turning this scene into verse as an interesting picture of the times.

The advice as to sensitiveness* which Hallam gave

* Jowett writes to me: "Your father was very sensitive and had an honest hatred of being gossiped about. He called the malignant

my father at this time was wise; since the *Quarterly* review could not but disturb the equanimity of a mind peculiarly liable to be annoyed by captious and unintelligent criticism*. Hallam urged him to find amusement in those hair-splitting critics, "who are the bane of great art," and to assure himself that even these reviews would bring him into notice. His friends were of opinion that even the sneering savage *Quarterly* attack would be innocuous, for the *Review* was known in London to be the organ of a party, both in politics and literature. They cheered him by telling him that his very creative originality and unlikeness to any poet, his uncommon power over varied metres and rare harmonies of sound and sense, needed the creation of a taste for his work before he could be appreciated. "To raise the many," Hallam wrote, "to his own real point of view, the artist must employ his energies, and create energy in others: to descend to their position is less noble, but practicable with ease." However the estimation in which the *Quarterly* was then held throughout the country was given by an old Lincoln-

critics and chatterers 'mosquitoes.' He never felt any pleasure at praise (except from his friends), but he felt a great pain at the injustice of censure. It never occurred to him that a new poet in the days of his youth was sure to provoke dangerous hostilities in the 'genus irritabile vatum,' and in the old-fashioned public."

* More than once the writer in the *Quarterly* wilfully misinterprets the lines and poems. For instance, in "The Miller's Daughter" my father describes the mill-pool, and says:

A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream.

This is explained by the reviewer as the poet "likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the miller's daughter to the plunging of a water-rat."

shire squire, who assured my father that "The *Quarterly* was the next book to God's Bible."

My father's attitude towards his critics is illustrated in the following letter*, written by him to "Christopher North" in reference to a pamphlet by Mr. Lake, which he thought "Christopher North" might be disposed to notice.

SOMERSBY, SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

SIR,

Tho' I *am* "the star of little Britain," I assure you I do not rise or set there very cordially. I prefer vegetating in a very quiet garden where I neither see nor hear anything of the great world of literature—not lighting even upon *Maga* once a year. Nevertheless, in the lack of better things, a composition, misterm'd a Satyre, entitled *Criticism and Taste*, and particularly remarkable for the want of either, was forwarded to me, a day or two ago, by the author—with a note; he thinks I ought to promote the circulation of his book for the good of my own, does he? so then I am to be pioneered—perhaps patronised, by Mr. John Lake. Now, sir, hew me piece-meal, cut me up any way you will, exhaust all your world of fun and fancy upon me, but do not suspect me—tho' I may have done, written, said foolish things, not excepting a silly squib to Christopher North—do not dream that I can, now or ever, own any one grain of sympathy with the ravings of this unhappy coxcomb. I would rather request you, if you do not object to meet me on such dirty ground, to shake hands over the puddle he has made.

* This letter was found in a rag-store in Dundee in September 1895 and forwarded to me by C. M. Falconer.

Five months after it had been printed I saw the critique* from which Mr. L. has drawn his inspiration. I considered it at the time as somewhat too skittish and petulant, tho' it was redeemed to me by a tone of boisterous and picturesque humour such as I love. My gall might have risen a little—that it could never have contained much bitterness the weakness of my epigram ought, I think, to prove; for I trust that you will give me credit for being able to write a better.

I could wish that some of the poems there broken on your critical wheel were deeper than ever plummet sounded. Written as they were before I had attained my nineteenth year they could not but contain as many faults as words. I never wish to see them or hear of them again—much less to find them dragged forward once more on your boards, if you should condescend to divide Mr. L. from his one idea by replying to him. Perhaps you should not use him too harshly—tho' his arrogance deserves reproof; a consideration of the real imbecility of his nature ought to blunt the weapon.

Someone (I think M. in his cups) told a friend of mine that you were the author of an article on me in the *Quarterly*. I do not believe it; for I could not recognise one spark of genius or a single touch of true humour or good feeling. Moreover the man misprints me, which is worse than lying—but now that we have shaken hands (for I trust, we have) I find that you owe me an explanation. Somewhere or other you state “Alfred is a gentleman”—to which I answer with Conrade and Borachio, “Yea, sir, we hope:” you say afterwards, that I have forgotten what was due to myself in that character, because having previously sent you “a copy with a grate-

* The *Blackwood* article by Wilson.

ful superscription" I had publicly disclaimed much relish for your approbation. Now upon mine honour as a gentleman, I did never send or cause to be sent any such presentation-copy, or write, indite, or cause to be written or indited any superscription, grateful or ungrateful, to any Editor of any Review or Magazine whatsoever.

Apologising for having thus far incroached on your valuable time. . . .*

The next decade wrought a marvellous abatement of my father's real fault, which was undoubtedly "the tendency, arising from the fulness of a mind which had not yet learned to master its resources freely, to overcrowd his composition with imagery . . . to which may be added an over-indulgence in the luxuries of the senses, a profusion of splendours, harmonies, perfumes, gorgeous apparel, luscious meats and drinks, and "creature comforts" which rather pall upon the sense, and make the glories of the outward world a little to obscure and overshadow the world within." **

"Alfred continued writing," as Spedding says, "like a crocodile, sideways and onward:" and defines one aspect of the poet's work in this sort of way:

(Unpublished.)

(What Thor, armed with his hammer, said to the Bard
before dinner.)

Wherever evil customs thicken,
Break thro' with the hammer of iron rhyme,
Till priest-craft and king-craft sicken,
But pap-meat-pamper not the time

* The signature of this letter has been cut off.

** Spedding's *Reviews and Discussions*.

With the flock of the thunder-stricken.
If the world caterwaul, lay harder upon her
Till she clapperclaw no longer,
Bang thy stithy stronger and stronger,
Thy rhyme-hammer *shall* have honour.

Yet a poet cannot live his true life without sympathy, and he fancied that England was an unsympathetic atmosphere, and half resolved to live abroad in Jersey, in the south of France, or in Italy. He was so far persuaded that the English people would never care for his poetry, that, had it not been for the intervention of his friends, he declared it not unlikely that after the death of Hallam he would not have continued to write.

Spedding wrote,* as to this second volume: "The reception (of the poems), though far from triumphant, was not inauspicious; for while they gained him many admirers, they were treated, even by those critics whose admiration, like their charity, begins and ends at home, as sufficiently notable to be worth some not unelaborate ridicule. The admiration and the ridicule served alike to bring them into notice . . . The superiority of his second collection of poems lay not so much in the superior workmanship (it contained perhaps fewer that were equally perfect in their kind) as in the general aim and character. If some of the blossom was gone, it was amply repaid by the more certain promise of fruit. Not only was the aim generally larger, the subjects and interest more substantial, and the endeavour more sustained, but the original and distinctive character of the man appeared more plainly. His genius was manifestly shaping a peculiar course for itself, and finding out its proper business; the moral soul

* In 1842.

was beginning more and more to assume its due predominance, not in the way of formal preaching (the proper vehicle of which is prose), but in the shape and colour which his creations unconsciously took, and the feelings which they were made insensibly to suggest."

To his aunt, Mrs. Russell, my father wrote the two following letters:

SOMERSBY.

DEAREST AUNT,

. . . What thinkest thou of the state of affairs in Europe? Burking and cholera have ceased to create much alarm. They are our least evils, but reform and St. Simonism are, and will continue to be, subjects of the highest interest. The future is so dark in the prospect that I am sometimes ready to cry out with the poet:

The empty thrones call out for kings,
But kings are cheap as summer-dust.
The good old time hath taken wings,
And with it taken faith and trust,
And solid hope of better things.

Reform (not the measure, but the instigating spirit of reform, which is likely to subsist among the people long after the measure has past into a law) will bring on the confiscation of Church property, and maybe the downfall of the Church altogether: but the existence of the sect of the St. Simonists* is at once a proof of the immense mass of evil that is extant in the nineteenth century, and

* See an interesting account of Saint-Simon and his followers in Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, Vol. II. pp. 207-215.

Lord Tennyson. I.

a focus which gathers all its rays. This sect is rapidly spreading in France, Germany and Italy, and they have missionaries in London. But I hope and trust that there are hearts as true and pure as steel in old England, that will never brook the sight of Baal in the sanctuary, and St. Simon in the Church of Christ. I should delight in having a line from you or Emma . . .

Believe me,

Ever yours most affectionately,

A. T.

SOMERSBY, *March 10th*, 1833.

MY DEAREST AUNT,

I am much grieved to find that your kind-hearted letter to me has been lying so many days unanswered. I was at Mablethorpe, a bathing-place on our bleak, flat Lincolnshire coast, when it arrived at Somersby, and as there is no species of post between the latter and the former place, I have only just now received it together with some others. I have sent Emma's* picture to 15 Portland Place. I recollect when I first saw it, thinking that it did not do her justice: it wanted her life and vivacity. I would have forwarded this portrait to you long ago, and likewise visited you by the proxy of a letter, but to me as to Dante, "*La diritta via era smarrita*," for I knew not where you were. What astrologer can point out the place of any star that moves perpetually under a cloud?

You have been singing too in your solitude,⁷ and I should like much to hear some of your melodies, but a malicious fatality always seems to thwart me: the ghost of some ex-amateur, jealous of your notes, thrusts himself

* Her daughter, Lady Boyne.

between me and any possible piano you may sit down to. My grandfather had lately a very severe fit of the gout,—Mr. B.* stayed two nights in the house,—but our last accounts are that he is pretty well recovered and rides out, I believe, as usual.

Mary remembers having once met you at Tealby: I wish you knew her better—she is a girl of great feeling and very warm in her attachments to her female friends, and true feeling is all that is really valuable on the windy side of the grave. For myself, I drag on somewhat heavily thro' the ruts of life, sometimes moping to myself like an owl in an ivy-bush, or that *one* sparrow which the Hebrew mentioneth as sitting on the housetop (a passage which used always to make me uncomfortable), and sometimes smoking a pipe with a neighbouring parson and cursing O'Connell for as double-dyed a rascal as ever was dipped in the Styx of political villainy.** Last year, however, Hallam and myself steamed up the Rhine as far as Bingen; we had the pleasure of being moored by a muddy island, full of stagnant dykes, in the river Maas, where we performed quarantine for a week, and saw by night the boats, from the cholera vessels stationed in the river, creeping round to the burial-place of the island with a corpse and a lantern. We at last got so enraged that we pulled down the Dutch colours and reversed them, which put the ancient skipper into such indignation that he swore he would hang us at the yard-arm.

* Mr. B——, the county doctor, would miss out his “h’s,” and say: “Mr. Tennyson, I work ’ard and get up so early that I ’eat my own grate.” He was in the habit of riding about at night with a gig-lamp fastened to each foot, for fear of being run over.

** He softened this opinion when he came to know more about O'Connell.

We returned by Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels. My mother, who, as you know, is one of the most angelick natures on God's earth, always doing good as it were by a sort of intuition, continues in tolerable health, though somewhat harassed with the cares incident to so large a family. She sends the essence of all love to you and yours, and begs me to state how happy it would make her to see you at Somersby: indeed this is a wish in which we all cordially join, tho' for my own part I have very faint hopes that you will gratify it. Many thanks for your present and letter.

Love to Emma and compliments to Gustavus.* I hope for his own peace of mind that he will have as little of the Tennyson about him as possible.

Believe me,

My dearest Aunt,

Ever your most affectionate nephew,
A. T.

During these years the Tennysons seem to have taken turns in going to London. We hear of my uncle Charles seeing his Cambridge friends in town. "Brookfield is melancholy and not fancy-free." "John Kemble is buried in Gothic manuscripts, and will only talk of Runes and Eddas, and of the brave knight Siegfried." Arthur Hallam is "as kind as ever," and Charles rides with him "through the beautiful Norwood country." In March of this year we are told that Arthur Hallam, Alfred and Mary enjoyed their sight-seeing in London together. They visited the Elgin Marbles, the Tower and the Zoological Gardens. They looked through microscopes at "moths' wings, gnats'

* The baby son is the present Lord Boyne.

heads, and at all the lions and tigers which lie perdus in a drop of spring water. My father would say, on looking through the microscope, "Strange that these wonders should draw some men to God and repel others. No more reason in one than in the other."

In July Arthur Hallam wrote to my father who was in Scotland:

July 31st, 1833.

I feel to-night what I own has been too uncommon with me of late, a strong desire to write to you. I do own I feel the want of you at some times more than at others; a sort of yearning for dear old Alfred comes upon me, and that without any particularly apparent reason. I missed you much at Somersby—not for want of additional excitement, I was very happy. I had never been at Somersby before without you. However I hope you are not unpleasantly employed in the land of cakes and broiled fish. I hear that you were charmed with the amiability of the Gardens; I also hear in town that the old Monteiths have been here instead of there. I trust you finished the "Gardener's Daughter," and enriched her with a few additional beauties drawn from the ancient countenance of Monteith's aunt. Have you encountered any Highland girl with "a shower for her dower"? I should like much to hear your adventures, but I daresay it will be difficult to persuade you to write to Vienna, whither I am going on Saturday with tolerable speed. At all events if you have any traveller's tale to tell, do not tell it often enough to get tired of it before we meet. I am going perhaps as far as Buda. I shall present your poetic respects to the Danube and to certain parts of Tyrol. In the parcel which accompanies this you will find a volume of poems by Hartley Coleridge, much of which I think you will agree with me is exquisitely beautiful. Probably Charles and Septimus will like the sonnets more than you will. I desire and peremptorily issue my orders that Emily may not be debarred from full, fair and free reading of that book by any of her brothers.

A. H. H.

My father went with Tennant to London to say farewell to his friend, before he set out abroad. There was

a supper at my father's lodgings, and Tennant writes to Septimus Tennyson:

Moxon and Leigh Hunt were there, and we did not separate till half-past four o'clock: Alfred repeated glorious fragments of the "Gardener's Daughter," which seemed to produce proper effect upon Leigh Hunt. Yesterday we went in a troop to see Rogers' [the poet's] gallery of paintings: superb Titian, very beautiful Raphael Madonna, and in fact all art gems.* There is a fresco by Giotto. In the library we found Charles' volume but *not* Alfred's. There were many proofs of the engravings that will appear in his [Roger's] forthcoming volume.

Hallam sent as a parting present to Emily Tennyson the *Pensées de Pascal*, and *Silvio Pellico*. In August he started with his father for the "Tyrol, and Salzburg." "Never have mountains seemed to him so sublime." He admired "the independence and self-respect of the Tyrolese." Vienna he compared to Paris, but found the city "more uniformly handsome." He visited the Treasure Chamber, where he saw "the largest diamond in the world." The Prater was dismal, "insipid, worse even than the Corso at Milan or the Cascine at Florence." But he revelled in the picture-gallery and wrote about it as follows:

Sept. 6th, 1833.

The gallery is grand and I longed for you: two rooms full of Venetian pictures only; such Giorgiones, Palmas, Bordones, Paul Veroneses! and oh, Alfred, such Titians! by Heaven, that man could paint! I wish you could see his Danaë. Do you just write as perfect a Danaë! Also there are two fine rooms of Rubens, but I

* The Titian, presumably *Noli me tangere*, and the (so-called) Giotto, a fragment with two Apostles' heads, as well as the Madonna, which belonged to the Orleans collection, are now in the National Gallery.

know you are an exclusive, and care little for Rubens, in which you are wrong: although no doubt Titian's imagination and style are more analogous to your own than those of Rubens or of any other school.

A. H. H.

That is the last letter from Arthur Hallam. With his letters I find these MS. lines:

I do but mock me with the questionings,
Dark, dark, yea irrecoverably dark
Is the soul's eye; yet how it strives and battles
Through the impenetrable gloom to fix
That master light, the secret truth of things,
Which is the body of the Infinite God.

A. H. H.

He died at Vienna on Sept. 15th, 1833. When Mr. Hallam returned from his daily walk, he saw Arthur asleep as he supposed upon the couch; a blood-vessel near the brain had suddenly burst: it was not sleep but death.

On October 1st a letter from Arthur Hallam's uncle, Henry Elton, at Clifton, brought the sorrowful news to my father:

At the desire of a most afflicted family, I write to you because they are unequal from the grief into which they have fallen to do it themselves. Your friend, sir, and my much-loved nephew, Arthur Hallam, is no more. It has pleased God to remove him from this, his first scene of existence, to that better world for which he was created. He died at Vienna, on his return from Buda, by apoplexy, and I believe his remains come by sea from Trieste. Mr. Hallam arrived this morning in 3 Princes Buildings. May that Being in whose hands are all the destinies of man, and who has promised to comfort all that mourn, pour the balm of consolation on all the families, who are bowed down by this unexpected dispensation! I have just seen Mr. Hallam, who begs I will tell you that he will

write himself as soon as his heart will let him. Poor Arthur had a slight attack of ague, which he had often had, ordered his fire to be lighted, and talked with as much cheerfulness as usual. He suddenly became insensible, and his spirit departed without pain. On examination it was the general opinion that he could not have lived long. This was also Dr. Holland's opinion. The account I have endeavoured to give you is merely what I have been able to gather, but the family of course are in too great distress to enter into details.

*(Extract of letter from John M. Kemble to
Fanny Kemble. *)*

It is with feelings of inexpressible pain that I announce to you the death of poor Arthur Hallam, who expired suddenly from an attack of apoplexy at Vienna, on the 15th of last month. Though this was always feared by us as likely to occur, the shock has been a bitter one to bear: and most of all so to the Tennysons, whose sister Emily he was to have married. I have not yet had the courage to write to Alfred. This is a loss which will most assuredly be felt by this age, for if ever man was born for great things he was. Never was a more powerful intellect joined to a purer and holier heart; and the whole illuminated with the richest imagination, with the most sparkling yet the kindest wit. One cannot lament for him that he is gone to a far better life, but we weep over his coffin and wonder that we cannot be consoled: the Roman epitaph on two young children *Sibimet ipsis dolorem abstulerunt, suis reliquere* (from themselves they took away pain, to their friends they left it!) is alway present to my mind, and somehow the miserable feeling of loneliness comes over one even though one knows that the dead are happier than the living. His poor father was with him only; they had been travelling together in Hungary and were on their return to England; but there had been nothing whatever to announce the fatal termination of their journey; indeed bating fatigue Arthur had been unusually well.

On December 30th Henry Hallam wrote to my father as follows:

It may remove some anxiety from the minds of yourself and others to know that the mortal part of our dearest Arthur will be

* Given me by Miss Cobbe.

interred at Clevedon on Friday. I leave town to-morrow. My first thought was not to write to you till all was over: but you may have been apprehensive for the safety of the vessel. I did not expect her arrival so soon. Use your own discretion about telling your sister. Mrs. H. is very anxious to hear about her; if not too painful to her, Miss Tennyson will have the kindness to write. Do your utmost, my dear young friend, to support her and yourself. Give as little way to grief as you may. But I feel that my own rather increases with time; yet I find also that both occupation and conversation are very serviceable. I fear the solitary life you both lead in the country is sadly unpropitious. We are now all well, though my boy* is not as vigorous as he should be. God bless you all.

Affectionately yours,
H. H.

In the letters from Arthur Hallam's friends there was a rare unanimity of opinion about his worth. Milnes, writing to his father, says that he had a "very deep respect" for Hallam, and that Thirlwall, in after years, the great Bishop, for whom Hallam and my father had a profound affection, "was actually captivated by him." When at Cambridge with Hallam he had written: "He is the only man here of my own standing before whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything." Alford writes: "Hallam was a man of wonderful mind and knowledge on all subjects, hardly credible at his age. . . . I long ago set him down for the most wonderful person I ever knew. He was of the most tender, affectionate disposition."

So "those whose eyes must long be dim with tears," Henry Hallam says, "brought him home to rest among his kindred and in his own country": and the burial took place on Jan. 3rd, 1834, in the lonely church which overlooks the Bristol Channel.

* Harry Hallam.

On the evening of one of these sad* winter days my father had already noted down in his scrap-book some fragmentary lines, which proved to be the germ of "In Memoriam":

Where is the voice I loved? ah where
Is that dear hand that I would press?
Lo! the broad heavens cold and bare,
The stars that know not my distress!

* * * * *

The vapour labours up the sky,
Uncertain forms are darkly moved!
Larger than human passes by
The shadow of the man I loved,
And clasps his hands, as one that prays!

Later, Henry Hallam writes to my father:

It is my intention to print, for private friends only, a few of those pieces which have already appeared, with some poems and perhaps prose papers that I have in my possession. Several of those printed in 1830, and a certain number that are in manuscript, will be included. It will be necessary to prefix a short memoir. I must rely on his contemporaries and most intimate friends to furnish me with part of my materials; and I should wish to have anything that may be thought most worthy of being mentioned, communicated to me by letter. Perhaps you would do something. I should desire to have the character of his mind, his favourite studies and pursuits, his habits and views delineated. I shall not apply to too many persons; but it has been suggested to me that Spedding will be better able to assist me than anyone else. I do not know whether this is the case, nor do I know Mr. S.'s direction. It is somewhere in Cumberland. I

* Francis Garden had written to Trench, Nov. 26th, 1833: "When in London, I saw a letter from poor Alfred Tennyson. Both himself and his family seemed plunged in the deepest affliction."

shall be most happy if you can give me a better account than the last we have had of your sister; we all unite in kindest love to all.

Most truly yours, HENRY HALLAM.*

To this volume of collected poems and essays, published some time after, Henry Hallam prefixed an introduction, in which he said "Arthur seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from a better world." Arthur's old Eton friend Gladstone wrote: "When much time has elapsed, when most bereavements will be forgotten, he will still be remembered, and his place, I fear, will be felt to be still vacant, singularly as his mind was calculated by its native tendencies to work powerfully and for good, in an age full of import to the nature and destinies of man."

In consequence of her sudden and terrible grief my aunt Emily was ill for many months, and very slowly recovered. "We were waiting for her," writes one of her friends, "in the drawing-room the first day since her loss that she had been able to meet anyone, and she came at last, dressed in deep mourning, a shadow of her former self, but with one white rose in her black hair as her Arthur loved to see her."

"The Two Voices" or "Thoughts of a Suicide" was begun under the cloud of this overwhelming sorrow, which as my father told me, for a while blotted out all joy from his life, and made him long for death, in spite of his feeling that he was in some measure a help and comfort to his sister. But such a first friendship and such a loss helped to reveal himself to himself, while he enshrined his sorrow in his song. Tennant writes: "Alfred although much broken in spirits is yet able to divert

* See Appendix, p. 282, for Letters about Arthur Hallam.

his thoughts from gloomy brooding, and keep his mind in activity."

In the earliest manuscript of "The Two Voices" a fine verse is found which was omitted in the published edition as too dismal (after "under earth").

From when his baby pulses beat
To when his hands in their last heat
Pick at the death-mote in the sheet.

Then in the same manuscript-book come the first written sections of "In Memoriam," in the following order:

Fair ship that from the Italian shore.

(written on a stray sheet)

With trembling fingers did we weave.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave.

This truth came borne with bier and pall.

It draweth near the birth of Christ.

And between "With trembling fingers" and "When Lazarus left his charnel-cave" he has written the first draft of his "Morte d'Arthur."

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THIS PERIOD.

The Statesman.

They wrought a work which Time reveres,
A pure example to the lands,
Further and further reaching hands
For ever into coming years;

They worshipt Freedom for her sake;
We faint unless the wanton ear
Be tickled with the loud "hear, hear,"
To which the slight-built hustings shake;

For where is he, the citizen,
Deep-hearted, moderate, firm, who sees
His path before him? not with these,
Shadows of statesmen, clever men!

Uncertain of ourselves we chase
The clap of hands; we jar like boys:
And in the hurry and the noise
Great spirits grow akin to base.

A sound of words that change to blows!
A sound of blows on armed breasts!
And individual interests
Becoming bands of armed foes!

A noise of hands that disarrange
The social engine! fears that waste
The strength of men, lest overhaste
Should fire the many wheels of change!

Ill fares a people passion-wrought,
A land of many days that cleaves
In two great halves, when each one leaves
The middle road of sober thought!

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the state
Convoys the people's wish, is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free:

He cares, if ancient usage fade,
To shape, to settle, to repair
With seasonable changes fair
And innovation grade by grade:

Or, if the sense of most require
A precedent of larger scope,
Not deals in threats, but works with hope,
And lights at length on his desire:

Knowing those laws are just alone
That contemplate a mighty plan,
The frame, the mind, the soul of man,
Like one that cultivates his own.

He, seeing far an end sublime,
Contends, despising party-rage,
To hold the Spirit of the Age
Against the Spirit of the Time.

1833.

Youth.

I.

Youth, lapsing thro' fair solitudes,
Pour'd by long glades and meadowy mounds,
Crown'd with soft shade her deepening floods
That wash'd her shores with blissful sounds:

Her silver eddies in their play
Drove into lines and studs of light
The image of the sun by day,
The image of the moon by night.

The months, ere they began to rise,
Sent thro' my blood a prophet voice
Before the first white butterflies,
And where the secret streams rejoice.

I heard Spring laugh in hidden rills,
Summer thro' all her sleepy leaves
Murmur'd: a voice ran round the hills
When corny Lammas bound the sheaves:

A voice, when night had crept on high,
To snowy crofts and winding scars,
Rang like a trumpet clear and dry,
And shook the frosty winter stars.

When I was somewhat older grown
These voices did not cease to cry,
Only they took a sweeter tone,
But did not sound so joyfully:

Lower and deeper evermore
They grew, and they began at last
To speak of what had gone before,
And how all things become the past.

Life, to this wind, turn'd all her vanes,
Moan'd in her chimneys and her eaves;
I grieved as woods in dripping rains
Sigh over all their fallen leaves;

Beside my door at morning stood
The tearful spirit of the time;
He moan'd, "I wander from my good!"
He chanted some old doleful rhyme.

So lived I without aim or choice,
Still humming snatches of old song,
Till suddenly a sharper voice
Cried in the future "Come along."

When to this sound my face I turn'd,
Intent to follow on the track,
Again the low sweet voices mourn'd
In distant fields, "Come back, come back."

Confused, and ceasing from my quest,
I loiter'd in the middle way,
So pausing 'twixt the East and West,
I found the Present where I stay:

Now idly in my natal bowers,
Unvext by doubts I cannot solve,
I sit among the scentless flowers
And see and hear the world revolve:

Yet well I know that nothing stays,
And I must traverse yonder plain:
Sooner or later from the haze
The second voice will peal again.

II.

A rumour of a mystery,
A noise of winds that meet and blend,
An energy, an agony,
A labour working to an end.

Now shall I rest or shall I rise?
It is the early morning, Hark!
A voice like many voices cries,
Comes hither throbbing thro' the dark;

Now one faint line of light doth glow,
I follow to the morning sun,
Behind yon hill the trumpets blow,
And there is something greatly done:

The voice cries "Come." Upon the brink
A solitary fortress burns,
And shadows strike and shadows sink,
And Heaven is dark and bright by turns.

"Come" and I come, the wind is strong:
Hush! there floats upward from the gulf
A murmur of heroic song,
A howling of the mountain wolf;

A tempest strikes the craggy walls,
Faint shouts are heard across the glen,
A moan of many waterfalls,
And in the pauses groans of men.

"Come" and I come, no more I sleep:
The thunder cannot make thee dumb;
"Come" and I come, the vale is deep,
My heart is dark, but yet I come.

Up hither have I found my way,
The latest thunder-peal hath peal'd,
Down from the summit sweeps the day
And rushes o'er a boundless field.

Out bursts a rainbow in the sky—
 Away with shadows! On they move!
Beneath those double arches lie
 Fair with green fields the realms of Love.

The whole land glitters after rain,
 Thro' wooded isles the river shines,
The casements sparkle on the plain,
 The towers gleam among the vines;

“Come” and I come, and all comes back
 Which in that early voice was sweet,
Yet am I dizzy in the track,
 A light wind wafts me from my feet.

Warm beats my blood, my spirit thirsts;
 Fast by me flash the cloudy streaks,
And from the golden vapour bursts
 A mountain bright with triple peaks:

With all his groves he bows, he nods,
 The clouds unswathe them from the height,
And there sit figures as of Gods
 Ray'd round with beams of living light.

CHAPTER V.

THE 1832 VOLUME (DATED 1833).

SOLITUDE AND WORK (1833-1835).

Mighty the voices of earth, which are dull'd by the voices that say:
"All of us drift into darkness, wherein we shall all pass away!"
Better to pass then at once than seeing the darkness to stay,
But for a mightier Voice which was born of the Dawn of the Day.

It becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest.

Before following further the thread of the life, I must set down here certain notes upon the 1832 volume by my father and by Edward FitzGerald, omitted from the last chapter, in order not to interrupt the sequence of Arthur Hallam's letters.

FitzGerald writes on "The Lady of Shalott":

Well I remember this poem, read to me, before I knew the author, at Cambridge one night in May, 1832 or 3, and its images passing across my head, as across the magic mirror, while half asleep on the mail coach to London "in the creeping dawn" that followed.*

The key to this tale of magic "symbolism" is of deep human significance, and is to be found in the lines:

* MS. Note, E. F. G.

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadow," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Canon Ainger in his *Tennyson for the Young* quotes the following interpretation, given him by my father:

The new-born love for something, for someone in the wide world from which she has been so long secluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities.

The idea of "Mariana in the South" came to my father as he was travelling between Narbonne and Perpignan*, and foreign critics have found out and have appreciated this representation of southern France.

The first original manuscript verse of "The Miller's Daughter," which he altered both before and after publication, seemed to FitzGerald too good to be lost:

I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my rod and line,
The miller with his mealy face,
And long'd to take his hand in mine.
He look'd so jolly and so good—
While fishing in the milldam-water,
I laugh'd to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

"This poem," FitzGerald writes, "as may be seen, is much altered and enlarged from the first edition of 1832; in some respects, I think, not for the better; losing some-

* See letter from Arthur Hallam on "Mariana in the South" in Appendix, p. 284.

what of the easy character of 'talk across the walnuts and the wine.'” It shows the poet's especial love of setting his human beings in a landscape which is not merely in harmony but in direct sympathy with the subject of the poem. “The mill was no particular mill,” my father writes; “if I thought at all of any mill it was that of Trumpington near Cambridge.”

From the volume of 1832 he omitted several stanzas of “The Palace of Art” because he thought that the poem was too full. “The artist is known by his self-limitation” was a favourite adage of his. He allowed me however to print some of them in my notes, otherwise I should have hesitated to quote without his leave lines that he had excised. He “gave the people of his best,” and he usually wished that his best should remain without various readings, “the chips of the workshop,” as he called them. The love of bibliomaniacs for first editions filled him with horror, for the first editions are obviously in many cases the worst editions; and once he said to me:

“Why do they treasure the rubbish I shot from my
full-finish'd cantos?

νήπιοι οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἤμισυ παντός.”

For himself many passages in Wordsworth and other poets had been entirely spoilt by the modern habit of giving every various reading along with the text. Besides, in his case, very often what is published as the latest edition has been the original version in his first manuscript, so that there is no possibility of really tracing the history of what may seem to be a new word or a new passage. “For instance,” he said, “in ‘Maud’ a line in the first edition was ‘I will bury myself in *my books*, and the

Devil may pipe to his own,' which was afterwards altered to 'I will bury myself *in myself*, etc.': this was highly commended by the critics as an improvement on the *original* reading—but it was actually in the first MS draft of the poem."

In 1890 he wrote the following notes: "Trench said to me, when we were at Trinity together, 'Tennyson, we cannot live in art.'" "‘The Palace of Art’ is the embodiment of my own belief that the Godlike life is with man and for man, that

Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters . . .
That never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts out Love, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in outer darkness."

"When I first conceived the plan of the poem, I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it, but I only finished two sculptures.

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps
With one arm stretch'd out bare, and mock'd and said,
‘Come, cry aloud, he sleeps.’

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

One was Olympias; the floating snake
Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck,
Her perfect lips to taste,

Down from the shoulder moved: she seeming blithe
Declined her head: on every side
The dragon's curves melted, and mingled with
The woman's youthful pride
Of rounded limbs—

The old verse XXVI was

'From shape to shape at first within the womb
The brain is moulded,' she began,
'And thro' all phases of all thought I come
Unto the perfect man.

All nature widens upward. Evermore
The simpler essence lower lies,
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse, more widely wise.'

In the centre of the four quadrangles of the palace is
a tower.

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shudder'd with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles and Moons of Mars,
That mystic field of drifted light
In mid Orion, and the married stars.

The 'Moons of Mars' is the only modern reading here, - all the rest are more than half a century old."

After perusing the "marvellously compressed word-pictures of this poem," FitzGerald appends a personal note to "sat smiling babe in arm."

I remember A. T.* admiring the abstracted look of a Murillo Madonna at Dulwich; the eyes of which are on you, but seem "looking at something beyond, beyond the Actual into Abstraction." This has been noticed of some great men; it is the trance of the Seer: I do not remember seeing it in A. T. himself; great as he was from top to toe, and his eyes dark, powerful and serene.**

He was still afraid of blindness, which his brother Frederick said might accompany the perception of the inward Sublime as in Homer and Milton. The names of Dante and Michael Angelo in (the original form of) this poem remind me that once looking with A. T. at two busts of Dante and Goethe in a shop window in Regent Street, I said, "What is there wanting in Goethe which the other has?" "The Divine!" ***

After visiting Italy some twenty years after this poem was written, he told me he had been prepared for Raffaele but not for Michael Angelo: whose picture at Florence of a Madonna dragging a "ton of a child" over one shoulder almost revolted him at first, but drew him toward itself afterwards, and "would not out of memory." I forget if he saw the Dresden Raffaele,† but he would speak of the *Child* in it as "perhaps finer than the whole composition, in so far as one's eyes are more concentrated on the subject. The child seems to me the furthest reach of human art. His attitude is a man's: his countenance a Jupiter's—perhaps too much so." But when A. T. had a babe of his own, he saw it was not "too much so." "I am afraid of him: babies have an expression of grandeur which children lose, a look of awe and wonder. I used to think the old painters

* FitzGerald generally calls my father A. T.

** FitzGerald afterwards altered his mind and wrote: "I have seen it in *his* (A. T.'s). Some American spoke of the same in Wordsworth. I suppose it may be the same with all *poets*."

*** To me, he said, "The Divine *intensity*," and possibly the same to FitzGerald. H. T.

† He went to Dresden on purpose to see this great picture.

overdid the expression and dignity of their infant Christs, but I see they didn't. This morning * * * lay half-an-hour worshipping the bed-post on which the sunlight flickered (pure nature worship).* 'If,' as old Hallam said, 'one could have the history of a babe's mind!' "

The "Dream of Fair Women" began in the first edition of 1832 with some stanzas about a man sailing in a balloon, but my father did not like the "balloon stanzas" so they were cut out. As Edward FitzGerald said to him, "They make a perfect poem by themselves without affecting the 'dream.' "

As when a man that sails in a balloon,
Down-looking sees the solid shining ground
Stream from beneath him in the broad blue noon,
Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound:

And takes his flags and waves them to the mob,
That shout below, all faces turn'd to where
Glow ruby-like the far-up crimson globe,
Fill'd with a finer air:

So, lifted high, the poet at his will
Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,
Higher thro' secret splendours mounting still,
Self-poised, nor fears to fall,

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.

While I spoke thus, the seedsman, Memory,
Sow'd my deep-furrow'd thought with many a name
Whose glory will not die.

* "Afterwards he took to fetish-worship—the worship of a gilded doll sent him by Lear." A. T.

From the letters of that time I gather that there was a strong current of depreciation of my father in certain literary quarters. However, he kept up his courage, profited by friendly and unfriendly criticism, and in silence, obscurity, and solitude, perfected his art. "First the workman is known for his work, afterwards the work for the workman": but it is "only the concise and perfect work," he thought, "which will last*."

That the volume of 1832 was partially successful (three hundred copies having been sold) is obvious from the fact that Moxon was eager to publish more by him. Later an appreciative article by John Stuart Mill in the *London Review* (July 1835) was a great encouragement. Friendly critics, like G. S. Venables, wrote that his poems had too much concentrated power and thought, were too imaginative and too largely imbued with the "innermost magic," easily to excite popular interest, or to be read at once by those whom he specially wished to influence. Kemble had said, "In Alfred's mind the materials of the greatest works are heaped in an abundance which is almost confusion." Notwithstanding all hostile criticism, he had impressed himself deeply on a limited number of minds. He now began to base his poetry more on the "broad and common interests of the time and of universal humanity," although no doubt it was harder to idealise such themes than those that appealed mostly to the imagination. The great Catholic painters could express what was at the same time ideal and real in the minds of the people: but the modern artist has hardly ever found similar objects of high imagination and intense popular feeling for his art to work upon. If, wrote Venables, in a contemporary letter to my father, an artist

* A. T.

could only now find out where these objects are, he would be *the* artist of modern times. Venables affirmed they were not to be sought in any transient fashions of thought, but in the “convergent tendencies of many opinions” on religion, art and nature,—of which tendencies he and others believed, he said, that my father, with his commanding intellect, and conspicuous moral courage, ought to be the artistic exponent and unifier. My father pondered all that had been said, and—after a period of utter prostration from grief, and many dark fits of blank despondency—his passionate love of truth, of nature, and of humanity, drove him to work again, with a deeper and a fuller insight into the requirements of the age.

His resolve
Upbore him and firm faith—
And beating up thro’ all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul.*

Two pathetic lines of his written at this time are left:

O leave not thou thy son forlorn;
Teach me, great Nature: make me live.

“Perpetual idleness,” he would say, “must be one of the punishments of Hell.” Hundreds of lines were, as he expressed it, “blown up the chimney with his pipe-smoke, or were written down and thrown into the fire, as not being then perfect enough.” “The Brook” in later years was actually rescued from the waste-paper heap.

He lived for the most part at Somersby, and I give a list of his week’s work; which he drew up.

* “Enoch Arden.”

<i>Monday.</i>	History, German.
<i>Tuesday.</i>	Chemistry, German.
<i>Wednesday.</i>	Botany, German.
<i>Thursday.</i>	Electricity, German.
<i>Friday.</i>	Animal Physiology, German.
<i>Saturday.</i>	Mechanics.
<i>Sunday.</i>	Theology.
<i>Next Week.</i>	Italian in the afternoon.
<i>Third Week.</i>	Greek. <i>Evenings.</i> Poetry.

UNPUBLISHED POEM OF THIS PERIOD.

The Mother's Ghost.

Not a whisper stirs the gloom,
 It will be the dawning soon,
 We may glide from room to room,
 In the glimmer of the moon:
 Every heart is lain to rest,
 All the house is fast in sleep,
 Were I not a spirit blest,
 Sisters, I could almost weep!

In that cradle sleeps my child,
 She whose birth brought on my bliss:
 On her forehead undefiled
 I will print an airy kiss:
 See, she dreameth happy dreams,
 Her hands are folded quietly,
 Like to one of us she seems,
 One of us my child will be.

Now and then, when he could save up a little hoard,
 he went to London or to visit his friends in their homes.

From the occasional letters to and from them (1832—35) we can see something of what his life was and the impression which his work was then making.

Brookfield writes from Sheffield:

You and Rob Montgomery are our only brewers now! *A propos* to the latter, Jingling James, his namesake, dined with us last week. And now for a smack of Boswell.

Brookfield. Glass of wine after your fish? *Montgomery.* Thank-you, sir! *B.* Which vegetable, sir? *M.* A potato, if you please! *B.* Another, sir? *M.* That will do, I thank you. *B.* Talking of potatoes, sir, have you read Alfred Tennyson? *M.* Only in the reviews yet, but there are two brothers, aren't there? *B.* Both "rather pretty," but Alfred alone has been extracted at any length in the reviews. *M.* He has very wealthy and luxurious thought and great beauty of expression, and is a *poet*. But there is plenty of room for improvement, and I would have it so. Your trim correct *young* writers seldom turn out well. A young poet should have a great deal which he can afford to throw away as he gets older. Tennyson *can* afford this. But I can say little of one of whom I have seen so little.

I sent him copies of both you and Charles yesterday, and met him in the street this morning. He said he was going out of town, but we would talk about you when he came back and read you. "I read," said he, "twelve of the sonnets last night, which if I had not liked them better than other sonnets I could not have done. There are great outbreaks of poetry in them." Omitting my own interjectional queries, etc., which leave to Jemmy's remarks an over-pompous connectedness which they had not *vivâ voce*, I give you his words as nearly as I remember. They are not important, but we generally wish to know what is said of us, whether trivial or not. At autopsychography I am not good, if I had any idiopsychology to autopsychographise. I am just about as happy as a fish, neither excited by mirth, nor depressed by sadness. The Clerk's* letter awoke me rather this morning; if he be yet with you tell him it had been good service to have done so two months earlier. Writing from Somersby where there is so much to prevent one from thinking of

* Charles Turner.

any place else was certainly a meritorious exertion, and it has brought my pardon. My love to the wretch, and let him know he shall expiate his neglect by silence on my part, until I know whether his address be your house. Which information do thou give me in a day or two; and tell me all about Frederick and Charles. From the former I never could worm a letter yet, but unless you can coax so much of him without, I shall perhaps make one more effort shortly. My kindest regards to all your family.

Ever, dearest Alfred, yours,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

P.S. I wish very much you would make a sonnet for me as Hallam once did. I could not value it more, and should not less, than his. It may be that I could not make a more boring request. But I will incur nine chances of vexing you and thereby myself for the sake of the tenth of getting what I want.

At this time Tennant shot an arrow: "May your success in rhyming vary inversely as the number of letters you write!" and Spedding sent to Somersby his Union speech on Liberty, which had gained renown in the University. The poem "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease" was not, as is often stated, "an edition of this speech versified." My father said to me that he and Spedding freely interchanged their political views, and that therefore it was not unlikely that there should be a similarity of thought and language. He did not think that he had ever read the speech when he wrote the poem.

He wrote to Spedding, begging him to "commend" a book shortly to be published by an old Louth tutor of his, Mr. Dale:

SOMERSBY,

February 9th (1833?).*

MY DEAR JAMES,

I seize upon a halfsheet, the blank half of a printed prospectus of a translation of the "Osman Sultan's cam-

* The letters of this time are often undated.

paigns in Western Asia, from Bayezyd Ildirim to the death of Murad the Fourth (1389—1640), from the German of Joseph von Hammer, by Thomas Aquila Dale,”* indeed mine ancient tutor and paidagogue in times of yore. Which work commend everywhere, for, I think, he is likely to do it well, and the book will contain a map of the countries from Sinope to Tiflis, and from Odana to Bagdad. Which map will be three feet and a half by two and a half, and you will grant that our literature is marvellously deficient in works of Oriental History. And as I said before the man is mine ancient and trusty paidagogue, and moreover a good man, and one that is publishing at a loss, and one that has *not* two cloaks, wherefore it is reasonable that you should commend his book. For your letter I thank you heartily: my thanks have lost half their natural vigour and beauty; however you must recollect that half your epistle was to someone else, indeed you confessed as much in your P.S. Are we not quits then, or in the language of Mrs. Jennings, “Does not one shoulder of mutton drive out another?” You should not have written to me without telling me somewhat that was interesting to myself (always the first consideration!) or that bore some reference to you and yours (always the second!), or lastly, without giving me some news of the great world, for know you not I live so far apart from the bustle of life that news becomes interesting to me? I assure you that we have a spare bed and the bed is not so spare either, but a bed both plump and pulpy, and fit for “your domeship,”** whenever you can come and see us. I express myself very clumsily, but being overawed by the memory of your calm personal dignity and

* Published by William Straker, West Strand, 1835.

** “Domeship” refers to Spedding’s head.

dome, and melted likewise with the recollection of the many intellectual evenings we have spent together in olden days, while we sat smoking (for you know, James, you were ever fond of a pipe),—Speak for me, aposiopesis, or rather do not, for thou art an unhappy figure and born dumb and of no earthly use but to cut the throat of a clause!—

Write to me now and then, lest I perish. Where is Tennant? I have not yet answered him: how shall I direct to him? You inquire after Charles. We see little of him: I believe his spirits are pretty good. Is Brooks at Cambridge? To him I owe a letter, and I mean to pay my debt.

Ever thine, A. T.

From Hon. Stephen Spring Rice.

CAMBRIDGE, *November 27th*, 1833.

DEAR ALFRED,

When I received your note some days back I was at first inclined to think it a pity that so much good abuse should be thrown away. Such a happy facility of assertion combined with such apparent sincerity in the expression deserved a better fate than being uselessly employed on one so steeled to abuse as myself. O king! I hope that you will be sufficiently occupied till the 28th with the "Morte d'Arthur." I send Keightley's *Fairy Legends* and the other books, which it shall be my care to despatch to you to-morrow; Kemble (Anglo-Saxon *Lecturer* to the University) sends you to fill up your leisure hours a folio Saxo-Grammaticus to be jammed into the bowl of your pipe. Matters are going on here much as usual. I have just written by Peacock's desire to Blakesley to tell him to come here and be a lecturer, a summons which there is no doubt he will obey. Sterling is here still, and is to be at the yearly dinner* which takes place among "mankind," and which will come to pass on Monday next. Spedding, Alford, Donne, the two Farishes and Pickering are expected; so much for eating. I have

* The "Apostles'" dinner.

read *Wilhelm Meister* for the first time, with which I find as many faults and beauties as everyone does. What think you of that *γλυκύπικρον* performance? there is another question to burthen your soul with unanswered. If your health is proposed I shall oppose it on the ground of your having been an unworthy member of the Society!! I hope that you will not be able to decipher this scrawl, and so write to ask what it is about. I shall send the books to-morrow; you ought to know when to send for them.

Thine ever,

S. E. SPRING RICE.

From J. M. Kemble.

CAMBRIDGE, *November*, 1833.

DEAREST ALFRED,

I write you a line or two by this parcel to tell you what I know is no news to you, that I love you heartily and wish you were with us. There is little stirring here save that we all look with interest for news from you; I wish you could come and dine with the Apostles on Monday next: I am not sure that Donne and Trench will not be with us. We are all pretty well, etc., looking out for more sprigs of the garden (or the gardener's daughter, for I suppose she was not so imperfect a woman as not to be mother as well as maid and married)? Is there no gardener's granddaughter? "Simeon Stylites" is said by the prophane, that is the mathematicians Spring Rice and Heath, to be not "the watcher on the pillar to the end," but to the n^{th} ; and I think this is an improvement; the more so as it shows your universality off, and marks that you have a touch of mathematics in you: O Alfred! could you only have made the height of the pillar a geometrical progression! Give my affectionate remembrances to Charles and Fred. Write to me, or what is better yet, come to me.

Ever your most affectionate friend,

J. M. KEMBLE.

To J. M. Kemble.

1833.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I hope this will find you at Cambridge. J. Heath wrote to me that the books should have been returned by

Lord Tennyson. I.

the 21st and I received his note on the 21st. I know not what the fine is, and as to applying for any information even on Cambridge subjects to Cambridge men I hold it vanity. They are so smoke-sotted. Shamefully careless was it to have let these books lie for three weeks in Spring Rice's room. Shameful not to have sent the second volume of Keightley, and hateful the purloining of my album, which I *will* have found. If the thief be not Douglas himself, it is that luxurious, eye-glass-wearing, unconscienced fellow S. Rice, whom—fill up the chasm as you choose: if the book be returned, let it be with a blessing. Seriously speaking I am disgusted. I am heartily glad you have got *Beowulf* out. Some thoughts, vague ones, I have, of coming up to Cambridge and attending your lectures next term, always provided they be gratis. Good-bye, dear old Jack.

Thine ever,

A. TENNYSON.

Be so good as to send me the "Morte d'Arthur" again.

P.S. Perhaps you would use your paternal authority with the undergraduate whom you may suspect of being the thief. Douglas himself ought not to pass unreprieved. What a careless set you are!

From R. M. Milnes.

After an "Apostles'" dinner.

CAMBRIDGE, (*not dated*).

TO ALFRED,

I feel I am getting cross, and as I wish to express in simple sincerity my hope that you will not long defer your promised visit to me, as soon as I return to Yorkshire, which will be in about a fort-

night, I shall rock myself on the belief that you will bring or send me something comfortable.

Yours affectionately,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

P.S. I suppose nobody writes to you because you never write to nobody. John Heath and many others were full to the brim of enquiries after you, and if you had heard the cheer that followed the health of A. T., the Poet of the Apostles, at our dinner, if you had!

Milnes wrote to him later about his *Memorials of a tour in Greece* which he was about to publish, and received the following answer:

December 3rd, 1833.

MY DEAR MILNES,

A letter from you was like a message from the land of shadows. It is so long since I have looked upon and conversed with you, that I will not deny but that you had withdrawn a little into the twilight. Yet you do me a wrong in supposing that I have forgotten you. I shall not easily forget you, for you have that about you which one remembers with pleasure. I am rejoiced to hear that you intend to present us with your Grecian impressions. Your gay and airy mind must have caught as many colours from the landskip you moved through as a flying soap-bubble—a comparison truly somewhat irreverent, yet I meant it not as such; though I care not if you take it in an evil sense, for is it not owed to you for your three years' silence to me whom you professed to love and care for? And in the second place, for your expression, "clearing one's mind of Greek thoughts and Greek feelings to make way for something better." It is a sad thing to have a dirty mind full of Greek thoughts and feelings.

What an Augean it must have been before the Greek thoughts got there! To be done with this idle banter, I hope that in your book you have given us much glowing description and little mysticism. I know that you can describe richly and vividly. Give orders to Moxon, and he will take care that the volume is conveyed to me.

Believe me, dear Richard,

Ever thine,

A. T.

Spedding writes to Thompson (1834) about William Wordsworth and Alfred Tennyson:

Wordsworth's eyes are better, but not well, nor ever likely to be. Reading inflames them and so does composing. I believe it was a series of Highland sonnets that brought on the last attack, so much worse than he had before. He read me several, that I had not seen nor heard before, many of them admirably good: also a long, romantic wizard and fairy poem, of the time of Merlin and king Arthur, very pretty but not of the first order:* but I should not have expected anything so good from him which was so much out of his beat. He has not advanced much in his knowledge of Alfred; but he is very modest in his refusal to praise, attributing his want of admiration to a deficiency in himself, whether from the stiffness of old age which cannot accommodate itself to a new style of beauty, or that the compass of his sympathies has been narrowed by flowing too long and strongly in one direction (N.B. He is not answerable for the English that I am writing). But he doubts not that Alfred's style has its own beauty, though he wants the faculty to enter fully into it, alleging as a parallel case the choruses in "Samson Agonistes," the measure of which he has never been able to enjoy, which comes to perhaps as high a compliment as a negative compliment can. He spoke so wisely and graciously that I had half a mind to try him with a poem or two, but that would have been more perhaps than he meant: and indeed it is always so pleasant to hear a distinguished man unaffectedly disclaiming the office of censor, that I

* "The Egyptian Maid, or, The Romance of the Water Lily."

think it fair to take him at his word. I have given a copy of Alfred's second volume to Hartley Coleridge, who, I trust, will make more of it. He had only seen it for a few minutes, and was greatly behind the age, though he admitted that A. T. was undoubtedly a man of genius, and was going to say something sharp about the *Quarterly* in a review of "The Doctor," which he was or is writing for *Blackwood*. I also sent him yesterday a copy of Charles Tennyson, accompanied with one of my most gentlemanly letters.

In June 1834 there was great distress at Somersby among the Tennysons, because the landlord threatened to cut down the wood in Holywell and the Fairy Wood in Enderby, where, under the trees, the finest and earliest snowdrops blow. A hope was uttered that the fairies might haunt the desecrators. The Fairy Wood was left unscathed; and my father completed his poem, the "Sleeping Beauty;" and warmed to his work because there had been a favourable review of him lately published in far-off Calcutta.

In July he visited his friend Heath at Kitlands near Dorking, and thence journeyed with him to Worthing. When they arrived at the little seaside town on a beautiful still night, the sea was calm and golden, and there was a Cuyp-like picture of boys bathing in the glowing sunset, and of grey fishing-boats moored out in the distance. Heath tried to persuade my father to go to Brighton, for he said "The town is worth going to see, and moreover the coast is very fine, an infinitely finer place than Worthing." But my father refused, and insisted on returning to his work. He took Kitlands again by the way and had "lonely walks in dark valleys," and by the side of the streams which rise in Leith Hill. In his note-book on one page there is a map of Kitlands and of the surrounding country: on another there is

an unpublished fragment on mine host of an ancient hostelry!

Mine Host. (Unpublished.)

Yon huddled cloud his motion shifts,
Where, by the tavern in the dale,
The thirsty horseman, nodding, lifts
The creaming horn of corny ale!

This tavern is their chief resort,
For he, whose cellar is his pride,
Gives stouter ale and riper port
Than any in the country-side.

Mine host is fat, and grey, and wise,
He strokes his beard before he speaks;
And when he laughs, his little eyes
Are swallow'd in his pamper'd cheeks.

He brims his beaker to the top,
With jokes you never heard before,
And sometimes with a twinkling drop,
"To those who will not taste it more!"

The following letter reached him at Kitlands from his sister Emily:

SOMERSBY RECTORY, *July 12th*, 1834.

MY DEAREST ALFRED,

I certainly intend to go to Moulsey.* Would to God I could begin the journey immediately but it is not in my power. You will be sorry to hear that I have been considerably worse in health since

* The Hallams' house at the time.

your departure. . . . And once or twice indeed I thought that the chilly hand of death was upon me: however I still exist, tho' reduced again to a great state of weakness. If possible I will journey southwards soon. You know, Alfred, the great desire I have to become acquainted with the Hallam family, particularly with Ellen; she will perhaps be the friend to remove in some degree the horrible feeling of desolation which is ever at my heart. I can no longer continue in this deepening grave of tears . . . depend upon it I will do all in my power to go to Moulsey. What is life to me! if I die (which the Tennysons never do) the effort shall be made. The deep unaffected kindness of the Hallams made us all weep. . . . How long do you think of remaining at Kitlands? It would be pleasant to come while you are there. This however will scarcely be the case considering my journey will commence in about three weeks' time, if by any means I can conjure up resolution. . . . Remember us all to "our Mr. Heath" and his brother, and cannot you intimate to the sister how sorry we were not to have been able to avail ourselves, that is Mary and myself, of her kind invitation? Take care of thyself that thou mayest return with new health and spirits is the ardent wish of

Thy very affectionate sister,

EMILY TENNYSON.

His mother wrote him a letter at the same time:

What kind hearts the Hallams have! I hope poor Emily will be able to go to Moulsey. The pony got out of the stables and she went with one of the servants to catch it (as Harrison had gone to Horncastle), which made her very ill for some hours, but she is now as well as usual. I wish I could have induced her to begin her journey immediately, but she fancies she has something still to do before she can set out. The great lassitude she feels makes her fear she is unequal for such an exertion. I should have liked her so much to be introduced to the Hallams by you; she also considers this as very desirable. Charles is busy at present with his flock whom he is catechising, but I hope he will be able to travel with her in three weeks' time. I have found the books which Mr. Heath mentions. Shall I send them by Mr. Spedding? I have not heard whether or no he is at Tealby. I hope we shall see him. . . . Should you hear of anything likely to suit Arthur let me know. Remember me to all your friends.

His sister Mary adds a line entreating him

to lend an attentive ear to any music that may be sung, whether by way of chants, hymns, or songs, and to ascertain if Miss Heath will give the name of one or two that most affect his musical organs.

She goes on:

We were rather surprised to hear that the quaint creature Fred has set off to quaff companionless a "beaker full of the warm South," but I suppose a hot sun, south wind and cloudless sky (which constitute a humming day) and all of which are my aversion are all the world to him. And now I must bid thee adieu, hoping to see thee return as blithe as blithe can be. Remember me kindly to all at Kitlands.

When my father returned to Somersby, he had not only Emily to comfort, but also his friend Tennant, who consulted him about a great sorrow which had befallen him and craved for sympathy.

From R. J. Tennant (after a visit to Somersby).

LONDON UNIVERSITY, *August 4th*, 1834.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

I cannot delay writing to you, and cannot express my earnest gratitude for your friendship. . . . The sight of Somersby, and *your* kindness have overcome the hard-hearted stubbornness that shut up all my feelings. Forgotten friendships have been revived, and correspondences been renewed that had long since dropped, and home feelings aroused that had slept a long sleep. . . . Your very kind letter serves me every day instead of a companion; the only way in which it is in my power to show gratitude for the repeated and continued kindness I receive from you, is by following your counsel as far as I am able, and keeping my own mind in peace.

* * * * *

Ever your affectionate R. J. TENNANT.

What strikes me much in this early life of my father is not only his wide power of sympathy, but also his

practical good sense, shown especially in the management of home and of family. For example, now that he knew Tennant wanted an interest in life, and was a good scholar, and that his brother Horatio never looked at a book (his time at Louth School being over), it occurred to him that Horatio might be placed at Blackheath under the care of Tennant, then a master in Blackheath School. The proposition was put before Tennant, with a plain statement, that, although Horatio had more than average power, he had grown rusty and his acquirements were less than they ought to be at his age. If he went from the lonely haunts of Somersby to Blackheath, it was hoped that it might be "of advantage to him, for he would see men and he never seemed to care much about boys; but his observations upon the men he had seen had been very just and penetrating." So off to Blackheath by my father's decision Horatio accordingly went.

The elder brother Frederick was just then in the midst of music at Milan. He wrote a few lines urging my father to publish in the spring. But he would not and could not; his health since Hallam's death had been "variable, and his spirits indifferent." The chief change my father had from the monotony of Somersby life was to drive over to Charles at Tealby, "for Lincolnshire, a beautiful village." Their grandfather George Tennyson, who was beginning to show signs of his approaching end, had left the Tennyson estate of Bayons Manor and migrated to a small house on a bare wold, because he wished to see his son Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt installed in the squiredom. "One would have supposed that such a thing," said Frederick, "would have been sufficient to shake the last sands out of his glass." However

he lived on his wold comfortably and peaceably: and there died in 1835.

As for his private occupations, my father was still reading his Racine, Molière, and Victor Hugo among other foreign literature; and had also dipped into Maurice's work *Eustace Conway*, which appears to have been in great disfavour, and into *Arthur Coningsby* by John Sterling, "a dreary book;" "'Tis a pretty piece of work, would 'twere done!" wrote one of the friends. In October 1834, he told Tennant he was busy copying out his "Morte d'Arthur;" then he posted Spedding some of the new poems for his opinion, and Spedding replied as follows:

MIREHOUSE, KESWICK, *September 19th*, 1834.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

Such as it is, this letter will I expect come to you in an independent character, by the good aid of Philip van Artevelde [Henry Taylor], to whom I have a decent excuse for writing. I received by Douglas and John Heath divers of your compositions, albeit too few for my appetite: to wit, "Sir Galahad," which enjoys my unlimited admiration. The virgin knight is as beautiful a spirit as Don Quixote in a more beautiful kind, if that could be. Also "Nature, so far as in her lies," one of those pieces which nobody except yourself can write, and I think the most exquisite of an exquisite race. Of the rest I cannot find words to express what and how great is the glory. I have also the alterations of "Oh that 'twere possible," improvements I must admit, tho' I own I did not think that could have been: "Along this glimmering corridor" I had seen before, tho' not as it stands now: and

Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides.
It *sees itself* from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides—*

It is perfectly true; how on earth did you find it out? Last and

* "Requiescat."

greatest (tho' not most perfect in its kind) I have received "The Thoughts of a Suicide*"; the design is so grand, and the moral, if there is one, so important that I trust you will not spare any elaboration of execution. At all events let me have the rest of it and I will tell you at large what I think; also as many more as you can supply; remembering that double letters or parcels will not distress my circumstances. Since I saw you, I have been cultivating my body to the entire exclusion of my soul, which some say is the better part. I have rolled great stones down mountains, but stirred no hidden principle of thought or deed. I have not done anything good; nor said any good thing. I have written no prose and small verse. Perhaps I was too ambitious, for I endeavoured at nothing lower than Milton's high-learned manner. I sent the small effort to Tennant, but that is no reason I should not send it to you, who will laugh at it less and understand it more. After all it is but a fragment of a simile!

Liker that far significant coach that bears
The windy artist from his central tower
Whither the stars come clustering to suggest
The universal secret, she far off
Swims on Macadam, etc. etc.

The "far significant coach" is the Cambridge Telegraph, exquisitely described by its property of conveying Professor Airy from the Observatory.

I have not forgotten my promise to write to Charles, but alas how many things are sincerely promised which are nevertheless not faithfully performed.

Ever thine, JAMES SPEDDING.

To James Spedding.

1834.

MY DEAR JAMES,

It may be you have waited some time for a reply, but you haven't waited, so say no more. I have been out or you should have heard from me before this, so, I pray you, make not any little lapse of time that may possibly have slid away into the unrecoverable between the

* "The Two Voices."

writing of your letter and the receipt of mine precedent for further delay in answering this, for your letters do my moral and intellectual man much good. I am going to town with Emily to-morrow and I expect a token from you on my return. You ask me what I have been doing: I have written several things since I saw you, some emulative of the “ἡδύ καὶ βραχὺ καὶ μεγαλοπρεπές” * of Alcaeus, others of the “ἐκλογὴ τῶν ὀνομάτων καὶ τῆς συνθέσεως ἀκριβεία” of Simonides, one or two epical, but you can scarcely expect me to write them out for you: for I can scarcely bring myself to write them out for myself, and do you think I love you better than myself? I had thought your Paley had taught you better. By a quaint coincidence I received your letter, directed (I suppose) by Philip Van Artevelde, with Philip himself (not the man but the book), and I wish to tell you that I think him a noble fellow; I close with him in most that he says of modern poetry, tho’ it may be that he does not take sufficiently into consideration the peculiar strength evolved by such writers as Byron and Shelley, who however mistaken they may be, did yet give the world another heart and new pulses, and so are we kept going. Blessed be those that grease the wheels of the old world, insomuch as to move on is better than to stand still. But “Philip is a famous man” and makes me ’shamed of my own faults. *A propos* of faults I have corrected much of my last volume, and if you will send me your copy I would insert my corrections. Heaven knows what Douglas brought you: as for some stanzas about a “Corridor,” ** I know not whether there be such a poem; if there be it is very evident you have it not rightly.

* Dion. Hal. v. 421.

** See page 177, “The little Maid.”

I think on second thoughts tho' much against my will I will write thee out a poem, partly because Charles likes it, partly to give a local habitation on this paper and in your brain-piece to what else flies loosely thro' the wind of my own memory like a Sibyl's leaf. *Voilà!* be merciful.

[*Here is copied out*]

Love thou thy land with love far brought
etc.

It is said one cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear, yet have you made a Miltonian out of the Telegraph. "Cynthius aurem vellit:" your far significant *coach* drew the purse of my mouth like a sow's ear, it was not the wrong sow's ear to lay hold on, for I grinned. Kemble would have said "screamed" but I never scream, I leave that to your vivid men. I daresay you are right about the stanza in "Sir Galahad," who was intended for something of a male counterpart to St. Agnes. I cannot write the "Suicide"* for you, 'tis too long, nor "Morte d'Arthur," which I myself think the best thing I have managed lately, for 'tis likewise too long; nor can I write any more at present, for it is much too late.

Angels guard thee, dear Jimmy,
Ever thine, A. T.

P.S. *Fragment on British Freedom.*

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

* "Two Voices."

Her open eyes desire the truth,
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears!

1835.

From J. M. Heath (the first mention of "In Memoriam").

MY DEAR ALFRED,

I sent Julia, on hearing her fears, a copy of your two companions to "Fair Ship,"* which have been a great delight to her, and she seems to have communicated them to some others. "The Xmas"* is indeed most beautiful, most touching, and the latter portions of the "Fair Ship" speak to *our* hearts indeed. That last verse, is it not the expression of each voiceless thought? But the enjoyment of these will sink deeper yet. I seem sometimes as if I could not take in more than *one* thought at a time, I mean such thoughts as the mind loves to dwell on, and feed upon as it were, etc. etc. etc. I am doubtful how far I am justified in having sent you this, but I could not resist. There are many more people that take an interest in you than you are aware of. Your letter was balm to me, send me more such. I hope we shall see you in the summer.

Your very affectionate friend,

J. M. HEATH.

P.S. Thompson cometh, Spedding then, and if you ask what doeth the Spedding, why marry it is this. He bade me say in answer to all such inquiries that he, the said Spedding, was now waiting till he should grow wiser.

To James Spedding.

SOMERSBY RECTORY,

Feb. 15th, 1835. *Midnight.*

MY DEAR JAMES,

I shall never more have such respect for the lymphatic temperament. A promise has been broken by you, a

* The sections of "In Memoriam" which were first written; see p. 140.

promise generated betwixt two cigars at Gliddon's, corroborated in Holborn, and repeated in the archway of the Ball and Crown. I did write to you and you have thought me "worthy of sacred silence," but let that pass. I have heard much of your wisdom from Thompson and others, and I confess that, despite of your transgression, I have an inclination to come and see you, and if possible to bring you back with me here. Can I hear that men are wise and not look them in the face? I will come to you as Sheba came to Solomon.

She travell'd far from Indian streams,
And he a royal welcome made
In ample chambers overlaid
With Lebanonian cedar-beams.

I forget where I read this, and I do not know whether I shall have a royal welcome; wherefore be no more lymphatic but answer me, for I have sold my medal*, and made money, and would visit you, and if you answer me not I shall—.

Very affectionately thine
As thou usest me, A. TENNYSON.

To James Spedding.

[Undated.]

MY DEAR JAMES,

I am sorry to disappoint myself (and perhaps in some slight measure you also) by postponing my visit. I am going to be from home for some time but not anywhere in your direction. The birds must sing and the furze

* This, the Chancellor's Medal for "Timbuctoo," was given back to him by his cousin Lewis Fytche in 1885.

bloom for you and FitzGerald alone, "*par nobile fratrum.*" I sincerely hope you have not put off anyone else in the expectation of seeing me: tho' I did not state as much in my note, it was only when I first proposed it that I could have come to you. Fortune will perhaps bring me whiter days.

I know not whether you are aware that Charles has become an independent gentleman, living in a big house among chalky wolds at Caistor. His and my great uncle, Sam Turner, to whom he was heir, died some little time ago and left him property, but he complains that it is at present unavailable, talks of debts to be paid etc. etc.

John Heath writes me word that Mill is going to review me in a new Magazine, to be called the *London Review*, and favourably; but it is the last thing I wish for, and I would that you or some other who may be friends of Mill would hint as much to him. *I do not wish to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present*, particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have so corrected (particularly "Ænone") as to make them much less imperfect, which you who are a wise man would own if you had the corrections. I may very possibly send you these some time.

I am in much haste and obliged to conclude, but absent or present,

Believe me

Ever your true friend and admirer,

A. T.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THIS PERIOD (ABOUT 1834).

Whispers.

'Tis not alone the warbling woods,
The starr'd abysses of the sky,
The silent hills, the stormy floods,
The green that fills the eye—
These only do not move the breast;
Like some wise artist, Nature gives,
Thro' all her works, to each that lives
A hint of somewhat unexpressed.
Whate'er I see, where'er I move,
These whispers rise, and fall away,
Something of pain—of bliss—of Love,
But what, were hard to say.

The Little Maid.

Along this glimmering gallery
A child she loved to play;
This chamber she was born in! See,
The cradle where she lay!

The little garden was her pride,
With yellow groundsel grown!
Those holly-thickets only hide
Her grave—a simple stone!

CHAPTER VI.

VISITS TO THE LAKES AND ELSEWHERE.

THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

1836—37.

*To a friend, Mrs. Neville, who had lately lost her husband
(written between 1830 and 1840, unpublished).*

Woman of noble form and noble mind!
Whithersoever thro' the wilderness
Thou bearest from the threshold of thy friends
The sacred sorrows of as pure a heart
As e'er beat time to Nature, take with thee
Our warmest wishes, silent Guardians
But true till Death; and let them go in hope,
Like birds of passage, to return with thee
Some happy Summer morning, when the winds
Are fallen or changed; and, water'd by thy tears,
The two fair lilies growing at thy side
Have slowly prosper'd into stately flowers.

The only Tennyson who, in spite of their grandfather's wish "to make all the brothers parsons*," be-

* Alluded to in a letter from Frederick Tennyson to John Frere, April 18th, 1832. "After this long sit however I ought certainly to have some interesting passages to tongue. The foremost that presents itself is a crotchet of my grandfather's, that we are all to take orders,

came a clergyman, was my uncle Charles. He had been ordained in 1835, and appointed to the curacy of Tealby, the village adjoining Bayons Manor. On May 24th, 1836, he married Louisa Sellwood, my mother's youngest sister.

My mother as a bridesmaid was taken into church by my father. They had rarely been in each other's company since their first meeting in 1830, when the Sellwoods had driven over one spring day from Horncastle, to call at Somersby Rectory. Arthur Hallam was then staying with the Tennysons; and asked Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Holy Well Wood. At a turn of the path they came upon my father, who, at sight of the slender, beautiful girl of seventeen in her simple grey dress, moving "like a light across those woodland ways," suddenly said to her: "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" Now, as a bridesmaid, she seemed to him even lovelier:

"O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!"
And all at once a pleasant truth I learn'd,
For, while the tender service made thee weep,
I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,
And prest thy hand, and knew the press return'd.

My uncle Arthur says: "It was then I first saw your mother, and she read to me Milton's 'Comus,' which I had not known before and which I have loved ever since."

My uncle Charles and his bride left for their honey-

myself especially, which puts me into a demisemijoram and causes me to lose time. In order to fill up this note I must add that I expect to be ordained in June, without much reason, for hitherto I have made no kind of preparation, and a pretty parson I shall make I'm thinking . . ."

moon on the Rhine, a tour which was alluded to in "In Memoriam," section XCVIII.:

You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That City.

To *that* city my father would never go, and he gave me a most emphatic "no" when I once proposed a tour there with him.

Under the will of Sam Turner of Caistor, my uncle assumed the name of Turner, settling with his wife at the vicarage of Grasby near Caistor

The painful parting from Somersby took place in 1837. The patron, Mr. Burton, and the Incumbent had allowed the Tennysons to continue in the Rectory thus long. My grandmother had understood that her father-in-law would leave her the estate of Usselby, not far from the old home; but this was not to be. Not that my grandmother was destitute; she had her jointure; and my uncle Frederick had been left a property at Grimsby, and all his brothers and sisters had their small "portions." Under these circumstances the family decided that it was best for them to leave the county and live nearer London. My uncle Frederick was in Corfu, and remained there as long as his cousin George d'Eyncourt, who was secretary to Lord Nurgent*, kept his appointment. Afterwards he

* High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

went to Italy and lived near Florence on the Fiesole Road, in a villa planned by Michael Angelo. There, so report ran, "in a large hall, Frederick Tennyson (who was a great lover of music) used to sit in the midst of his forty fiddlers." Thus, his two elder brothers being away, on my father devolved the care of the family and of choosing a new home. The task was by no means easy. The mother "ruled by right of love," but knew nothing of the world. First of all a career had to be found for Horatio, the youngest brother, who wanted to be a soldier. The mother would not hear of this, and he was sent off to try his fortune in Tasmania. High Beech in Epping Forest was the home eventually selected; and there the Tennysons lived till 1840, when they went to Tunbridge Wells. Thence they moved in 1841 to Boxley near Maidstone.

Mrs. Procter (Barry Cornwall's wife) once said to me:

I have known three great poets, Wordsworth, Browning and your father, and when they chose they could be more prosaic and practical than anybody on earth.

My father certainly proved his practical turn at this time in furnishing High Beech, for they say that he "did not even forget the kitchen utensils: and that throughout the furniture was pretty and inexpensive." The house and park were pleasant enough. There was a pond in the park on which in winter my father might be seen skating, sailing about on the ice in his long blue cloak.

He liked the nearness of London, whither he resorted to see his friends Spedding, FitzGerald, Heath, Kemble, Tennant and others: but he writes that he could not often stay in town even for a night, his mother being in such a nervous state that he did not like to leave her. "The

light of London flaring like a dreary dawn" was an especial admiration of his, during the evening journeys between London and High Beech. When he could leave home he would often visit in Lincolnshire, and stay both at his brother's vicarage and at the Sellwoods' in Horn-castle. My mother and he were then quasi-engaged but were not able to marry owing to want of funds. They were not married until 1850, when his poems brought him a competency.

The study at High Beech, where he worked at his 1842 volume, was not the top attic, according to his usual preference, but a large room over the dining-room, with a bay window, red curtains, and a Clytie on a pedestal in the corner.

The "faithful Fitz*" writes that as early as 1835, when he met my father in the Lake Country, at the Speddings' (Mirehouse, by Bassenthwaite Lake), he saw what was to be part of this 1842 volume, the "Morte d'Arthur," "The Day-Dream," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Dora," and "The Gardener's Daughter." They were read out of a MS. "in a little red book to him and Spedding of a night, 'when all the house was mute.'" FitzGerald continues:

Spedding's father and mother were both alive; and his father, who was of a practical turn, and had seen enough of poets in Shelley and Coleridge (perhaps in Wordsworth also), whom he remembered about the Lakes, rather resented our making so serious a business of verse-making, though he was so wise and charitable as to tolerate everything and everybody, except poetry and poets. He was jealous of his son James applying his great talents, which might have been turned to public and practical use, to such nonsense.

* Edward FitzGerald.

My father read them a great deal of Wordsworth, "the dear old fellow," as he called him. "The Yews of Borrowdale," "The Simplon Pass," the sonnet beginning "Two Voices," "The Solitary Reaper," "Peele Castle," the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," "The Fountain," were among his favourites. FitzGerald notes again:

I remember A. T. saying he remembered the time when he could see nothing in "Michael" which he now read us with admiration; though he thought Wordsworth often clumsy and diffuse. There was no end of "This Thorn" in the piece that bears the name: "such hammering to set a scene for so small a drama."

My father also read Keats and Milton: saying that "Lycidas" was "a test of any reader's poetic instinct," and that "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all (tho' his blank verse lacked originality in movement), and that there is something magic and of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything which he wrote." Then, perhaps in his weaker moments, he used to think Shakespeare greater in his sonnets than in his plays. "But he soon returned to the thought which is indeed the thought of all the world. He would have seemed to me to be reverting for a moment to the great sorrow of his own mind; and in that peculiar phase of mind he found the sonnets a deeper expression of the never-to-be-forgotten love which he felt, more than any of the many moods of many minds which appear among Shakespeare's dramas*."

The three friends went to Ambleside together, but Spedding was obliged to leave FitzGerald and my father there, and go home on business. FitzGerald says:

* Jowett.

Alfred Tennyson staid with me at Ambleside. I will say no more than that the more I see of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humours and grumpinesses were so droll that I was always laughing. I must, however, say further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own.

He adds a note about a row on Windermere with my father:

Resting on our oars one calm day on Windermere, whither we had gone for a week from dear Spedding's (Mirehouse), at the end of May 1835, resting on our oars, and looking into the lake quite unruffled and clear, Alfred quoted from the lines he had lately read us from the MS of "Morte d'Arthur" about the lonely lady of the lake and Excalibur—

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

"Not bad that, Fitz, is it?" *

This kind of remark he would make when reading his own or others' poetry when he came to lines that he particularly admired, from no vanity but from a pure feeling of artistic pleasure. "The Lord of Burleigh" was also read from MS. and Fitz writes: "I remember the author doubting if it were not too familiar, with its

'Let us see these handsome houses,'

etc. for public taste. 'But a sister,' A. T. said, 'had liked it'; we never got it out of our heads from the first hearing; and now is there a greater favourite where English is spoken?" My father and FitzGerald then had a con-

* E. F. G., MS. Note.

test as to who could invent the weakest Wordsworthian line imaginable. Although FitzGerald claimed this line, my father declared that he had composed it—

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

While my father was in the Lake Country he fell in with Hartley Coleridge, who discussed Pindar with him, calling Pindar "The Newmarket poet." "Hartley was wonderfully eloquent," my father said, "and I suspect resembled his father in that respect. I liked Hartley, 'Massa' Hartley. I remember that on one occasion Hartley was asked to dine with the family of a stiff Presbyterian clergyman, residing in the Lake district. The party sat a long time in the drawing-room waiting for dinner. Nobody talked. At last Hartley could stand it no longer, he jumped up from the sofa, kissed the clergyman's daughter, and bolted out of the house. He was very eccentric, a sun-faced little man. He once went a walking-tour with some friends. They suddenly missed him, and could not find him anywhere, and did not see him again for six weeks, when he emerged from some inn. He was a loveable little fellow."

*Sonnet to Alfred Tennyson, after meeting him
for the first time.*

Long have I known thee as thou art in song,
And long enjoyed the perfume that exhales
From thy pure soul, and odour sweet entails
And permanence on thoughts that float along
The stream of life, to join the passive throng
Of shades and echoes that are Memory's being;
Hearing, we hear not, and we see not, seeing,
If Passion, Fancy, Faith, move not among

The never-present moments of reflection.
Long have I viewed thee in the crystal sphere
Of verse, that like the Beryl makes appear
Visions of hope, begot of recollection.
Knowing thee now, a real earth-treading man,
Not less I love thee and no more I can.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Of this visit Spedding wrote to Thomson:

Alfred left us about a week since, homeward bound, but meaning to touch at Brookfield's on his way. The weather has been much finer since he went; certainly, while he was here, our northern sun did not display himself to advantage. Nevertheless I think he took in more pleasure and inspiration than anyone would have supposed who did not know his almost personal dislike of the present, whatever it may be. Hartley Coleridge is mightily taken with him; and after the fourth bottom of gin, deliberately thanked Heaven (under me, I believe, or me under Heaven, I forget which) for having brought them acquainted. Said Hartley was busy with an article on "Macbeth," to appear (the vegetable spirits permitting) in the next *Blackwood*. He confessed to a creed touching Destiny which was new to me; denying Free-Will (if I understood him right) in toto; but at the same time maintaining that man is solely and entirely answerable for whatever evil he does, not merely that he is to suffer for it but that he is *answerable* for it, which I do not. I could not get Alfred to Rydal Mount, he would and would not* (sulky one), although Wordsworth was hospitably minded towards him; and would have been more so, had the state of his household permitted, which I am sorry to say is full of sickness. . . . Alfred despises the Citation and Exam. of W. Shakespeare. **

* He said that he did not wish to "obtrude himself on the great man at Rydal."

** This refers to Landor's Essay so named.

From Edward FitzGerald.

(After the visit at the Speddings', Mirehouse.)

LONDON, *July 2nd*, 1835.

DEAR TENNYSON,

I suppose you have heard of the death of James Spedding's sister-in-law: for my part I only came to know of it a day or two ago: having till then lived out of communication with anyone who was likely to know of such things. After leaving you at Ambleside, I stayed a fortnight at Manchester, and then went to Warwick, where I lived a king for a month. Warwickshire is a noble shire: and the Spring being so late, I had the benefit of it through most of the month of June. I sometimes wished for you, for I think you would have liked it well. . . . I have heard you sometimes say that you are bound by the want of such and such a sum, and I vow to the Lord that I could not have a greater pleasure than transferring it to you on such occasions; I should not dare to say such a thing to a small man: but you are not a small man assuredly: and even if you do not make use of my offer, you will not be offended but put it to the right account. It is very difficult to persuade people in this world that one can part with a bank-note without a pang. It is one of the most simple things I have ever done to talk thus to you, I believe: but here is an end; and be charitable to me. Edgeworth* is . . . a wonderful man, but I shall be very serious with him lest he should wean you from indulging in quaint and wonderful imaginations, and screw you up too tightly to moral purpose. If this sentence is unintelligible to you, I will console you with one that is as clear as daylight. Your muse has penetrated into France: there has been a review of your poems in a paper called the *Voleur*, in which you are called—guess what!—"Jeune Enthousiaste de l'école gracieuse de *Thomas Moore*"—this I think will make you laugh and is worth postage. Now I have told you all that I have in my head: it is fortunate that the sheet of paper is just spacious enough for my outpourings. The "Morte d'Arthur" has been much in my mouth: audibly: round Warwick.

I am yours very truly, E. FITZGERALD.

* Half-brother of Maria Edgeworth, "the "Little Frank" of the *Parents' Assistant*.

P.S. When I was at Manchester, I bought a small *Dante* for myself: and, liking it well, the same for you: for I had never seen the edition before, and I dare say you have not. It is small but very clearly printed: with little explanations at the foot of each page, very welcome to me: the proper price was ten shillings but I only gave three.

Leigh Hunt writes:

4 UPPER CHEYNE ROAD, CHELSEA. 1835.

The *Prince Arthur** which I should have brought with me, I will send to-morrow or next day by a messenger; and the rest shall reach you as quickly as may be. Meanwhile may I venture to hope that my two non-appearances will not hinder me from having another invitation some day, or yourself from coming to see me? Carlyle expresses the pleasure he should have in meeting you here some evening . . . Shall I hope to see you at Carlyle's lecture on Monday?

From R. M. Milnes.

Your brief was infallibly pleasant. I shall wait for you in December. If you like, we will have "Freezeton" [Fryston] all to ourselves and you may smoke while I play the organ. Now be a good boy and do as you're told. Lord Northampton is getting up a charity book of poetry for the destitute family of a man of letters, born in the dead-letter office, and he earnestly prays you to contribute not your mite but your might to it. I have half promised you will give him something pretty considerable, for the fault of the book will be that the contributions are not as great in dimension as in name. He has got original things of Wordsworth, Southey, Miss Baillie, R. M. M. etc. I will love you more and more therefore if you will send some jewels directed to the Marquis of Northampton, Castle Ashby, Northampton, as soon as convenient. Your "St. Agnes"** looks funny between Lord Londonderry and

* This copy of *Malory* I have still in my possession, a small book for the pocket, published 1816, by Walker and Edwards, and much used by my father.

** "St. Agnes," published in the *Keepsake* (1837), pp. 247-48, edited by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

Lord W. Lennox, God her aid! I like Brookfield's sonnet eminently

Yours affectionately,

R. M. MILNES.

P.S. You know your contribution will be at your disposal to do what you like with when the book is sold, i.e. in a year or so.

*To R. M. Milnes.**

December, 1836.

DEAR RICHARD,

As I live eight miles from my post-town and only correspond therewith about once a week, you must not wonder if this reaches you somewhat late. Your former brief I received, though some six days behind time, and stamped with the postmarks of every little market-town in the country, but I did not think it demanded an immediate answer, hence my silence.

That you had promised the Marquis I would write for him something exceeding the average length of "Annual compositions;" that you had promised him I would write at all: I took this for one of those elegant fictions with which you amuse your aunts of evenings, before you get into the small hours when dreams are true. Three summers back, provoked by the incivility of editors, I swore an oath that I would never again have to do with their vapid books, and I brake it in the sweet face of Heaven when I wrote for Lady What's-her-name Wortley. But then her sister wrote to Brookfield and said she (Lady W.) was beautiful, so I could not help it. But whether the Marquis be beautiful or not, I don't much mind; if he be, let him give God thanks and make no boast. To write for people with prefixes to their names is to milk he-goats;

* Quoted in Wemyss Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton*.

there is neither honour nor profit. Up to this moment I have not even seen *The Keepsake*: not that I care to see it, for the want of civility decided me not to break mine oath again for man nor woman, and how should such a modest man as I see my small name in collocation with the great ones of Southey, Wordsworth, R. M. M., etc., and not feel myself a barndoor fowl among peacocks? Good-bye.

Believe me always thine,
A. T.

Milnes was angry at the refusal, and my father answered him banteringly again:

Jan. 10th, 1837.*

Why what in the name of all the powers, my dear Richard, makes you run me down in this fashion? Now is my nose out of joint, now is my tail not only curled so tight as to lift me off my hind legs like Alfred Crowquill's poodle, but fairly between them. Many sticks are broken about me. I am the ass in Homer. I am blown. What has so jaundiced your good-natured eyes as to make them mistake harmless banter for *insolent irony*: harsh terms applicable only to —— who big as he is, sits to all posterity astride upon the nipple of literary dandyism, and “takes her milk for gall?” “Insolent irony” and “piscatory vanity,” as if you had been writing to St. Anthony, who converted the soft souls of salmon; but may St. Anthony's fire consume all misapprehension, the spleen-born mother of five-fold more evil on our turnip-spheroid than is malice aforethought.

Had I been writing to a nervous, morbidly-irritable

* Quoted in Wemyss Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton*.

man, down in the world, stark-spoiled with the staggers of a mis-managed imagination and quite opprest by fortune and by the reviews, it is possible that I might have halted to find expressions more suitable to his case; but that you, who seem at least to take the world as it comes, to doff it, and let it pass, that you, a man every way prosperous and talented, should have taken pet at my unhappy badinage made me lay down my pipe and stare at the fire for ten minutes, till the stranger fluttered up the chimney! You wish that I had never written that passage. So do I, since it seems to have given such offence. Perhaps you likewise found a stumbling-block in the expression "vapid books," as the angry inversion of four commas seems to intimate. But are not *Annals* vapid? Or could I *possibly* mean that what you or Trench or De Vere chose to write therein must be vapid? I thought you knew me better than even to insinuate these things. Had I spoken the same things to you laughingly in my chair, and with my own emphasis, you would have seen what they really meant, but coming to read them peradventure in a fit of indigestion, or with a slight matutinal headache after your Apostolic symposium you subject them to such misinterpretation as, if I had not sworn to be true friend to you till my latest death-ruckle, would have gone far to make me indignant. But least said soonest mended; which comes with peculiar grace from me after all this verbiage. You judge me rightly in supposing that I would not be backward in doing a really charitable deed. I will either bring or send you something for your *Annual*. It is very problematical whether I shall be able to come and see you as I proposed, so do not return earlier from your tour on my account; and if I come, I should only be able to stop a few days, for, as I

and all my people are going to leave this place very shortly never to return, I have much upon my hands. But whether I see you or no.

Believe me always thine affectionately,

A. TENNYSON.

I have spoken with Charles. He has promised to contribute to your *Annual*.* Frederick will, I daresay, follow his example. See now whether I am not doing my best for you, and whether you had any occasion to threaten me with that black "Anacaona"** and her cocoa-shod coves of niggers. I cannot have her strolling about the land in this way. It is neither good for her reputation nor mine. When is Lord Northampton's book to be published, and how long may I wait before I send anything by way of contribution?

"O that 'twere possible," afterwards the foundation of "Maud," was sent to Lord Northampton. FitzGerald also notes that in this year my father wrote a poem on the Queen's accession, "of which the burden was 'Here's a health to the Queen of the Isles.'" One stanza I have heard my father repeat:

(*Unpublished.*)

That the voice of a satisfied people may keep
A sound in her ears like the sound of the deep,
Like the sound of the deep when the winds are asleep;
Here's a health to the Queen of the Isles.

A fragment of a poem about Mablethorpe he wrote then, and gave in 1850 to the *Manchester Athenæum Album*:

* *The Tribute.*

** p. 85.

Mablethorpe.

Here often when a child I lay reclined:
I took delight in this fair strand and free;
Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind,
And here the Grecian ships all seem'd to be.
And here again I come, and only find
The drain-cut level of the marshy lea,
Gray sand-banks, and pale sunsets, dreary wind,
Dim shores, dense rains, and heavy-clouded sea.

The following sonnet was also preserved, which he wrote at the end of 1837 or the beginning of 1838.

Sonnet. (Unpublished.)

To thee with whom my true affections dwell,
That I was harsh to thee, let no one know;
It were, O Heaven, a stranger tale to tell
Than if the vine had borne the bitter sloe.
Tho' I was harsh, my nature is not so:
A momentary cloud upon me fell:
My coldness was mistimed like summer-snow,
Cold words I spoke, yet loved thee warm and well.
Was I so harsh? Ah dear, it could not be.
Seem'd I so cold? what madness moved my blood
To make me thus belie my constant heart
That watch't with love thine earliest infancy,
Slow-ripening to the grace of womanhood,
Thro' every change that made thee what thou art?

It was in the latter part of 1837 or the beginning of 1838 that he appears to have first become known in America. Professor Rolfe, who has kindly interested himself in the matter, writes to me that R. W. Emerson

somehow made acquaintance with the 1830 and 1832 volumes about that time and delighted in lending them to his friends.

Emerson suggested a reprint of the volumes, and Longfellow, brother of the poet, showed Prof. Rolfe a letter from Messrs. C. C. Little & Co. of Boston addressed to the poet and dated April 27th, 1838, stating that they intended to publish the reprint; but for some reason this plan was not carried out.

During some months of 1837 my father was deeply immersed in Pringle's *Travels*, and Lyell's *Geology*: and from Pringle he got the image of the hungry lion used in his simile in "Locksley Hall:"

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying
fire.

He received the following letter from Leigh Hunt, dated July 31st:

MY DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your kind letter. It delights me to think you should find anything to like in my verses, especially "Paganini." I always fancy that if ever I write anything worthy of the name of poetry, it is when I write about music. Your communication alas! came too late for the book in question; but the editor shall know of it, and will doubtless be gratified that you have written. I wish to send you a copy of the first number of the new series of a magazine [the *Monthly Repository*] of which I myself have become editor; but have not the face to put you to the expense of receiving it at such a distance. Will you drop me a *word* to say whether I can forward it to any intermediate place of communication, and will you at the same time look into your desk and see if you can oblige me *with a few verses and your name to them*, for my new adventure? You will see in some verses of mine, in the number I speak of,

that I have taken a liberty with said name, in speaking of a fair and no unworthy imitator of yours, a Miss Barrett,* who really has sparks of the "faculty divine," but what I say, as you will easily believe, has all due respect and admiration at the bottom of it; as indeed every one knows who knows anything about you, or about what I say of you. Therefore do not hesitate to send me a Sibylline leaf if you can, and be sure I ask it for your honour and glory as well as my own advantage. I want my magazine to be such a magazine as was never seen before, every article worth something, though *I* say it that shouldn't, and I believe you know my gallant wish to be a sort of Robin Hood of an editor, with not a man in my company that does not beat his leader. A sonnet—a fragment—anything will be welcome, most especially if you put your name to it; and therefore for the sake of poetry and my love of it, again I say, *oblige me if you can*; and also send instantly because time begins to press.

Ever truly yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S. The magazine shall come away the instant I hear from you where to send it.

In the following extract from an unpublished letter of Leigh Hunt's to S. C. Hall an interesting criticism is given of my father and his brothers Frederick and Charles:

I do not know the birth, parentage and education of Tennyson. I am pretty sure however that he is not long come from Trinity College, Cambridge, and I believe him to be nephew of Tennyson d'Eyncourt, the member for Lambeth, and son of a clergyman (the last however I know still more dimly than the rest). He has a brother (Charles) whom you ought to know, if you do not know him already.

I will send you his vol. of Sonnets to-morrow, together with the only vol. which I have at home (I find) of Alfred's. If it is not the one you want, I will see who has got the other. Charles is not equal to Alfred, but still partakes of the genuine faculty. He has a graceful luxury but combining less of the spiritual with it, which, I

* Afterwards Mrs. Barrett Browning.

suppose, is the reason why he has become clergyman! I was fearful of what he would come to by certain misgivings in his poetry and a want of the active poetic faith.

There is also another brother, perhaps less inspired than Charles and who has only put forth a sonnet or so in public, Frederick, but still partaking of the right vein; and I think I have heard there are two of the sisters poetical! Here is a nest of nightingales for you! * * *

The materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him [Alfred], and we trust will not find any too weak corner in the sensitiveness of his nature to oppress him with their very exuberance.

Mr. Gladstone, as is well-known, was Arthur Hallam's school friend, and on this account my father had a romantic desire to see him; and so called upon him about this time. I wrote to Mr. Gladstone for some details of their early intercourse and he kindly replied:

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *October, 1829.*

MY DEAR HALLAM,

I am afraid that I shall have to adjourn any attempt to record my intercourse with your father until after my resignation of my present office, and even then I fear it might have to compete with the demands of my unfinished work.

I do not think that at any time during the last forty years I have ever found myself able when in office to give continuous thoughts on any subject outside public affairs. I will however allow myself the pleasure of referring to the first occasion on which I saw him. It was about the year 1837, when he called on me in Carlton Gardens. This was an unexpected honour, for I had no other tie with him than having been in earlier life the friend of his friend, to whom he afterwards erected so splendid a literary monument. I cannot now remember particulars, but I still retain the liveliest impression of both the freedom and kindness with which he conversed with me during a long interview.

I am greatly pleased to hear that you have undertaken the "Life,"

—doubtless an arduous task, but one to which your titles are multiple as well as clear.

Believe me most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The years spent in strenuous labour and self-education, and his engagement to Emily Sellwood, had again braced my father for the struggle of life. The current of his mind no longer ran constantly in the channel of mournful memories and melancholy forebodings. During this autumn of 1838 he sought out “fresh woods and pastures new” in Torquay, where he wrote his “Audley Court.” His friends had not yet grasped the change in the tenor of his thoughts and still tried to cheer him. “Go and live at Cambridge,” said Venables. “You might perceive, if you had any doubt about it, when you were last there how great a pleasure it was to us all to see you, and how little trouble to provide for you. Now you would be more at home there than you were then after so long an absence, and you can get books innumerable, and smoke and talk, or not talk; and make poetry and commit it to surer records than the leaves of which so many are lost. Do not continue to be so *careless of fame, and of influence.*” Or again he advised my father to go and work in Prague, where he would receive new impressions and a new stimulus to the imagination.

“I almost wonder that you with *your love of music and tobacco* do not go and live in some such place.”

Yet my father paid heed to none of these invitations, but went his own way. He had abundant materials now for publication. He had made friends in London, and when he published again he would start as a well-known man, with the certainty that he could not be overlooked and that by many he would be appreciated. He was on

the whole happy in his life, and looked forward to still better days.

Hope, a poising eagle, burnt
Above the unrisen morrow.

He must earn a livelihood on which to marry. He would arrange his material and give as perfect a volume as he could to the world. "I felt certain of one point then," he said: "if I meant to make any mark at all, it must be by shortness, for the men before me had been so diffuse, and most of the big things except 'King Arthur' had been done." Another fact also began to dawn upon him, that if he never published again, even that which he had published "would be taken out of its napkin and would be given to him who had published ten volumes."

CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO EMILY SELLWOOD.

[These extracts, that follow chronological order, are made from a series of letters from my father to my mother extending over three years. I have not felt able to include the many passages which would show the intensity of feeling expressed in these letters, but have burnt the correspondence according to my father's directions.]

1838—1840.

1838. I saw from the high road thro' Hagworth-ingham the tops of the elms on the lawn at Somersby beginning to kindle into green. Do you remember sitting with me there on the iron garden chair one day when I had just come from London? It was earlier in the year than now. I have no reason for asking except that the morning three years back seems fresh and pleasant; and you were in a silk pelisse, and I think I read some book with you.

I dare not tell how high I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will find it even in the Gospel of Christ.

1839. "The stern daughter of the Voice of God," unclothed with the warmth of the feelings, is as impotent to convert as the old Stoicism.

Wells. The light of this world is too full of refractions for men ever to see one another in their true positions. The world is better than it is called, but wrong and foolish. The whole framework seems wrong, which in the end shall be found right.

Bitterness of any sort becomes not the sons of Adam, still less pride, for they are in that talk of theirs for the most part but as children babbling in the market-place.

High Beech. I have been at this place (High Beech in Epping Forest) all the year, with nothing but that muddy pond in prospect, and those two little sharp-barking dogs.

Perhaps I am coming to the Lincolnshire coast, but I scarcely know. The journey is so expensive and I am so poor.

The far future has been my world always.

I shall never see the Eternal City, nor that dome, the wonder of the world; I do not think I would live there if I could, and I have no money for touring.

Mablethorpe. I am not so able as in old years to commune *alone* with Nature. I am housed at Mr. Wildman's, an old friend of mine in these parts: he and his wife are two perfectly honest Methodists. When I came, I asked her after news, and she replied: "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know, that Christ died for *all* men." And I said to her: "That is old news, and good news, and new news;" wherewith the good woman seemed satisfied. I was half-yesterday reading anecdotes of Methodist ministers, and liking to read them too . . . and of the teaching of Christ, that purest light of God.

That made me count the less of the sorrows when I caught a glimpse of the sorrowless Eternity.

A good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and the good in all change; lovely in her youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart.

London. There is no one here but John Kemble with whom I dined twice; he is full of burning indignation against the Russian policy and what he calls the moral barbarism of France: likewise he is striving against what he calls the "mechanic influence of the age and its tendency to crush and overpower the spiritual in man," and indeed what matters it how much man knows and does if he keep not a reverential looking upward? He is only the subtlest beast in the field.

We must bear or we must die. It is easier perhaps to die, but infinitely less noble. The immortality of man disdains and rejects the thought, the immortality of man to which the cycles and the æons are as hours and as days.

“Why has God created souls knowing they would sin and suffer?” a question unanswerable. Man is greater than all animals because he is capable of moral good and evil, tho’ perhaps dogs and elephants, and some of the higher mammalia have a little of this capability. God might have made me a beast; but He thought good to give me power, to set Good and Evil before me that I might shape my own path. The happiness, resulting from this power well exercised, must in the end exceed the mere physical happiness of breathing, eating, and sleeping like an ox. Can we say that God prefers higher happiness in some to a labour happiness in all? It is a hard thing that if I sin and fail I should be sacrificed to the bliss of the Saints. Yet what reasonable creature, if he could have been asked beforehand, would not have said, “Give me the metaphysical power; let me be the lord of my decisions; leave physical quietude and dull pleasure to lower lives.” All souls methinks would have answered thus, and so had men suffered by their own choice, as now by the necessity of being born what they are, but there is no answer to these questions except in a great *hope* of universal good: and even then one might ask, why has God made one to suffer more than another, why is it not meted equally to all? Let us be silent, for we know nothing of these things, and we trust there is One who knows all. God cannot be cruel. If he were, the heart

could only find relief in the wildest blasphemies, which would cease to be blasphemies. God must be all powerful, else the soul could never deem Him worthy of her highest worship. Let us leave it therefore to God, as to the wisest. Who knows whether revelation be not itself a veil to hide the glory of that Love which we could not look upon without marring our sight, and our onward progress? If it were proclaimed as a truth "No man shall perish: all shall live, after a certain time shall have gone by, in bliss with God;" such a truth might tell well with one or two lofty spirits, but would be the hindrance of the world.

High Beech, July 10th. What a thunderstorm we had the other night! I wonder whether it was so bad at H—. It lasted the whole night and part of the previous afternoon. Lewis Fytche, who was with us then, was looking out of my window about half-past 11 o'clock, and saw a large fireball come up the valley from Waltham till it seemed to come quite over our pond: it then according to his account grew on a sudden amazingly large. How large? I askt him: he said, "like a great balloon, and burst with an explosion like fifty batteries of cannon." I was so sorry not to have seen it, for it was a thing to remember; but I had just gone to my mother's room: she was grovelling on the floor in an extremity of fear when the clap came; upon which she cried out, "Oh! I will leave this house: the storms are very bad here," and F— who is here burst out weeping. Such a scene, almost ludicrous in its extremes.

I have been engaged in packing books. I have a good many. I am afraid I shall be obliged to sell them, for I really do not know where to stow them and the house at Tunbridge is too small, a mere mouse-trap.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose: nor can we pass current in a higher college, if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one.

Annihilate within yourself these two dreams of Space and Time. To me often the far-off world seems nearer than the present, for in the present is always something unreal and indistinct, but the other seems a good solid planet, rolling round its green hills and paradises to the harmony of more steadfast laws. There steam up from about me mists of weakness, or sin, or despondency, and roll between me and the far planet, but it is there still.

Dim mystic sympathies with tree and hill reaching far back into childhood. A known landskip is to me an old friend, that continually talks to me of my own youth and half-forgotten things, and indeed does more for me than many an old friend that I know. An old park is my delight, and I could tumble about it for ever.

Sculpture is particularly good for the mind: there is a height and divine stillness about it which preaches peace to our stormy passions. Methinks that, in looking upon a great statue like the Theseus (maim'd and defaced

as it is), one becomes as it were Godlike, to feel things in the Idea.

There is the glory of being loved, for so have we "laid great bases for Eternity."

Thro' darkness and storm and weariness of mind and of body is there built a passage for His created ones to the gates of light.

That world of perfect chrysolite, a pure and noble heart.

Aberystwith. I cannot say I have seen much worth the trouble of the journey, always excepting the Welsh-women's hats which look very comical to an English eye, being in truth men's hats, beavers, with the brim a little broad, and tied under the chin with a black ribband. Some faces look very pretty in them. It is remarkable how fluently the little boys and girls can speak Welsh, but I have seen no leeks yet, nor shot any cheeses. This place, the Cambrian Brighton, pleases me not, . . . a sea certainly to-day of a most lovely blue, but with scarce a ripple. Anything more unlike the old Homeric "much-sounding" sea I never saw. Yet the bay is said to be tempestuous. O for a good Mablethorpe breaker! I took up this morning an unhappy book of English verse by a Welshman, and read therein that all which lies at present swampy fathom-deep under the bay of Carnarvon was long ago in the twilight of history a lovely lowland, rich in woods, thick with cities. One wild night a drunken man,

who was a sort of clerk of the drains and sewers in his time, opened the dam-gates and let in the sea, and Heaven knows how many stately palaces have ever since been filled with polyps and sea-tangle. How many gentlemen discussing after-dinner politics of that day were surprised by the precocious entrance of lobster before supper! How many young ladies playing at their pre-historic pianos ended some warm love-song on life in a quavering swan-song of death!

I require quiet, and myself to myself, more than any man when I write.

Barmouth. Barmouth is a good deal prettier place than Aberystwith, a flat sand shore, a sea with breakers, looking Mablethorpe-like, and sand hills, and close behind them huge crags and a long estuary with cloud-capt hills running up as far as Dolgelly, with Cader Idris on one side.

The most beautiful thing I saw this time in Wales—Llanberis lakes. [“Edwin Morris” was written there.]

In *letters*, words too often prove a bar of hindrance instead of a bond of union.

London. My friends have long since ceased to write, knowing me to be so irregular a correspondent. A brief

and terse style suits the man, but the woman is well when she deals in words.

So much to do and so much to feel in parting from the house. Such a scene of sobbing and weeping was there on Monday morning among the servants at Beech Hill, and cottagers' daughters, as that cockney residence has seldom witnessed, perhaps never since its stones were cemented and trowelled. There were poor Milnes wringing her hands and howling, Ann Green swallowing her own tears with exclamations of such pathos as would have moved the heart of a whinstone, and other villagers all joining in the chorus, as if for some great public calamity. Finding we had human hearts, though we lived in a big house, they thought it all the harder that they were to lose us so soon. We drove the other day to see a Captain Pellew, who had drawn several sketches of the Himala mountains. Capt. P. said that in the early morning when all the hills were wrapt in blackness, the sharp snow-peaks shine out like rosy lamps hung high up in heaven, and apparently having no connection with this earth. A man who had just visited the Alps was with him there, and he said "the Himala was just twice as magnificent."

Warwick. 1840. I got into the third class of carriages in the train to Leicester. It is a carriage entirely open, without seats, nothing but a rail or two running across it, something like pens of cattle. . . . Tho' we did not move very quickly, yet it was liker flying than anything else . . . I learnt some curious lessons in perspec-

tive, e.g. the two rails on the road were always drawn together with the greatest rapidity. I stopt last night at Leicester, and came on here [to Warwick] this morning by a slow mail. On driving into Warwick, by great chance I happened to have my glass in my eye and perceived my friend, Edward FitzGerald, taking his walk on the pavé towards Leamington. I stopt the coach, and he got up, and we drove to the George here, and had an evening together. Kenilworth looked grand in the distance. I think of going over with Fitz to-morrow. Warwick not to be seen till Saturday as the family are there. Almost afraid I cannot stop as long, as it is very expensive being at an inn. Warwick Castle looked grand and black among its woods from the bridge this evening, a nightingale was singing, and rooks were cawing, and there was moreover the noise of a waterfall.

London. I went thro' Warwick Castle. It is certainly a noble specimen of old feudalism, and the views from the windows would be of unrivalled loveliness if the river were only clearer. I and FitzGerald also [climbed] up Guy's tower, and had "large prospect" of the surrounding country: but nothing pleased me better on the whole than two paintings I saw in the castle: one, an Admiral van Tromp by Rembrandt, the other Macchiavelli by Titian, both wonderful pictures, but the last grand beyond all words. We strayed about the gardens. . . . Afterwards we went to Stratford and saw Shakespeare's monument. I should not think it can be a good likeness. That foolish fellow painted it white all over, and served poor Johnny Combe, who lies on a monument near, in the same way. I suppose from a notion that so painted they would look

more classic, but the monuments all about were gilded and painted, and so were theirs. By which fancy of Malone we have in all probability lost the colour of Shakespeare's hair and eyes, which perhaps would do the world very little good to know, but would have been a little satisfaction to poor physiognomists like myself. We went also into the room where they say he was born. Every part of it is scribbled over with names. I was seized with a sort of enthusiasm, and wrote mine, tho' I was a little ashamed of it afterwards: yet the feeling was genuine at the time, and I did homage with the rest. I forgot Kenilworth. We tumbled about the ruins for three hours but I was rather disappointed. I had expected to find them larger and more august. [My father came from Coventry to London and wrote "Godiva." He encloses "a virgin-ballad never yet written down," "Sweet Emma Morland"—"simple enough at anyrate," he writes of it.]

After this date all correspondence between Alfred Tennyson and Emily Sellwood was forbidden; since there seemed to be no prospect of their ever being married, owing to that unfortunately

"Eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men."

Letters to and from friends, 1840—1842.

This letter to Tennant,, without date or address, I have found among the letters received from his friends at this period:

Lord Tennyson. I.

*To Reverend R. J. Tennant.**

MY DEAR ROBERT,

It is about three centuries since I heard from you. I suppose you did not calculate on my sending you any answer, had you written. I think it just possible that I might: however my regard for you has thriven as lustily as ever in the silence, and I have had, now and then, certain memorials of you from different quarters: not indeed altogether grateful, for I am told that your wife has been ill almost the whole time you have been in Italy, also that you had lost great part of your library by shipwreck, also that you hated the land of the sun, where men, according to Alfieri, come up more vigorously than in other latitudes. Often have I intended to come over and pay you a visit, and as often my empty purse has gaped in my face and broken my dream of you and the Pitti palace together. Well, I suppose we shall meet somewhere or other on this side of the grave, and that our friendship at Cambridge has not been only to cease to be. How many puns have we made together! how many walks have we taken arm in arm in the dark streets of the old University and on the Trumpington road! and how you used to scepticize till we both ran away!

My people are located at a place which is my abomina-

* Since Cambridge days Tennant had been in an unsettled frame of mind. He had been a frequenter of Coleridge's famous gatherings at Highgate, had been shaken in his belief and had hesitated, like many others then, to take orders. Subsequently he was ordained and became curate to J. C. Hare, at Hurstmonceux (a post afterwards filled by John Sterling), then he lived for several years as English chaplain at Florence, where he died.

tion, viz. Tunbridge Wells in this county; they moved thither from Essex by the advice of a London physician, who said it was the only place in England for the Tennyson constitution: the sequel is that they are half killed by the tenuity of the atmosphere and the presence of steel more or less in earth, air and water. I have sometimes tried to persuade them to live abroad but without effect, and I dare say you in your exile agree with them that there is no place like an English home.

I came over to this place about a fortnight back.

A. T.

To Edward FitzGerald.

MABLETHORPE, ALFORD, 1841.

DEAR OLD FITZ,

Not on the Western, on the Eastern coast. Mablethorpe near Alford in the fat shire of Lincoln is the place where I am. I walk about the coast, and have it all to myself, sand and sea. You bore me about my book; so does a letter just received from America, threatening, tho' in the civilest terms that, if I will not publish in England, they will do it for me in that land of freemen. I *may* curse, knowing what they will bring forth. But I don't care. I am in a great haste writing for the muffin-man, my only communication with the world, who comes once a week bringing the produce of his art, also what letters may be stagnating at the Alford post, waits five minutes and then returns.

Always yours, A. T.

To Edmund Lushington.

OTLEY, *September 19th*, 1841.

MY DEAR EDMUND,

This is to let you know that I am at present in the classic neighbourhood of Bolton Abbey whither I was led the other day by some half-remembrance of a note to one of Wordsworth's poems, which told with me (to speak the truth) more than the poem itself: said Wordsworth having stated, (as far as I recollect) that everything which the eyes of man could desire in a landskip was to be found at and about the Abbey aforesaid. I, coming with an imagination inflamed, and working upon this passage, was at first disappointed, but yesterday I took a walk of some seven or eight or, by our Lady, nine miles, to left and right of the Wharfe, and you may conjecture that no ordinary charms of nature could get nine miles of walk out of legs (*at present*) more familiar with armchair and settle than rock and greensward, so that I suppose there is something in what Wordsworth asserts, and that something will probably keep me here some time, and whether I shall see you or no before you return to Glasgow is thereby rendered uncertain. I suppose there is no chance of your coming here, is there? that would be a Godsend I have no right to expect, but Harry at High Beech was a Godsend I did not expect. Poor fellow, he was very nervous, very uncomfortable too about his Italian journey, but in that respect I found it hard to sympathise with him.

Ever yours,

A. TENNYSON.

To Edmund Lushington.

BOXLEY, *Early in 1842.*

MY DEAR EDMUND,

I was very glad to hear of the reconvalence of your "Geschwister" for I had some fancy (as I told you) that all was not right. Your lines* I liked. Some doubt I had about "πολυπίδακε" but Venables set me right: not that I believed *you* could be out in your Greek, but the "πολυπίδακος Ἰδης" ran in my head. "Νασμῶ ἐν ἀμφιρύντῳ" is a wrong translation, the rest good. I have no news. I have not yet taken my book to Moxon. Spedding's going to America has a little disheartened me, for some fop will get the start of him in the *Ed. Review* where he promised to put an article and I have had abuse enough. Moreover Spedding was just the man to do it, both as knowing me, and writing from clear conviction. However I intend to get it out shortly, but I cannot say I have been what you professors call "working" at it, that indeed is not my way. I take my pipe and the muse descends in the fume, not like your modern ladies who shriek at a pipe as if they saw a "splacknuck": do you know what a splacknuck is? ** I have been once into your grounds, the house looked very unhappy. Charles and I went together: he admired the place much, tho' everything was deep in snow.

Yours ever, A. TENNYSON.

* A translation of "Cenone" in Greek hexameters.

** "His Majesty, a Prince of much Gravity, and austere Countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the Queen after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a *Splacknuck*? for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast on her Majesty's Right hand." Swift's *Voyage to Brobdingnag*.

From John Sterling.

SOUTH PLACE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, *Oct. 26th.*

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

Your note afflicted us, and others too. I have long wished to be allowed to see something of you, and now that you would be kind enough to permit it we are both invalids, and I in London only for two or three days. For my part however I will not give the thing up and shall either call on you or write to you again in a day or two. Carlyle was here yesterday evening, growled at having missed you, and said more in your praise than in anyone's except Cromwell and an American backwoodsman who has killed thirty or forty people with a bowie knife and since run away to Texas.

I learn from Americans who were also here that a certain Wheeler (known to you I think by name) is dead: whether he has carried your dollars with him and paid them by mistake to Beelzebub or Orpheus I know not.

For the moment farewell.

Believe me truly yours,

JOHN STERLING.*

* Mr. Andrew Lang writes to me that Lockhart, repentant for the *Quarterly* article of 1833, invited Sterling to review any book he pleased for the *Quarterly*: and that, as Lockhart intended, Sterling reviewed the 1842 volumes, for which Lockhart got into great trouble with Croker. Sterling there classed my father's poems as "among the richest of our recent literature."

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON LIFE AND THE 1842 VOLUMES.

It is long since we have had so good a lyrist; it will be long before we have his superior. "Godiva" is a noble poem that will tell the legend a thousand years. . . . "Locksley Hall" and "The Two Voices" are meditative poems, which were slowly written to be slowly read. "The Talking Oak," though a little hurt by its wit and ingenuity, is beautiful, and the most poetic of the volume. "Ulysses" belongs to a high class of poetry, destined to be the highest, and to be more cultivated in the next generation. "Ænone" was a sketch of the same kind.

EMERSON.

Tunbridge Wells was not liked by my grandmother, so she and the family migrated to Boxley not far from Maidstone in order to be near the Lushingtons at Park House. And in the next year Edmund Lushington, the accomplished Greek and German scholar and Egyptologist, married Miss Cecilia Tennyson. The park round the house is described in the prologue to "The Princess." My father had a particularly high regard not only for Edmund and Franklin Lushington but also for their brother Harry, and would say, "Others may find faults in a poem, but Harry finds *the* fault and tells you how to mend it." He is one of the three* friends mentioned in the poem "In the Garden at Swainston." His memory was surprising and his criticism always of the finest.

* Arthur Hallam, Henry Lushington, Sir John Simeon.

"His taste was perhaps rendered more exquisite by his personal anxiety for the perfection and success of works which could scarce have interested him more if they had been his own composition." At Park house my father met many friends, old and new; Monckton Milnes, Venables, Chapman, Savile Morton, Lear, and William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin). With one of these friends, or more generally by himself, he would take long walks either on the Pilgrim's Road, or to some one of the picturesque villages in the neighbourhood.

From time to time he stayed in town and mingled with all sorts and conditions of men. He always delighted in the "central roar" of London. Whenever he and I went to London, one of the first things we did was to walk to the Strand and Fleet Street. "Instead of the stuccoed houses in the West End, this is the place where I should like to live," he would say. He was also fond of looking at London from the bridges over the Thames, and of going into St. Paul's, and into the Abbey. One day in 1842 FitzGerald records a visit to St. Paul's with him when he said, "Merely as an inclosed space in a huge city this is very fine," and when they got out into the open, in the midst of the "central roar," "This is the mind; that is a mood of it."

He writes, "My lodgings are the last house, Norfolk Street, Strand, at the bottom of the street on the left; the name is Edwards which you will see projecting from the door on a brass plate." Generally he would stay at the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn Fields; dining with his friends at The Cock, and other taverns.* A perfect

* Savile Morton, for some years the brilliant Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, wrote of one of these dinners: "Thackeray gave the dinner—Tennyson, Forster (the literary critic of the *Examiner*),

dinner was a beef-steak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe (never a cigar). When joked with by his friends about his liking for cold salt beef and new potatoes, he would answer humorously, "All fine-natured men know what is good to eat." Very genial evenings they were, with plenty of anecdote and wit and "thrust and parry of bright monostich." At good sayings my father would sit laughing away, "laughter often interrupted by fits of sadness." He would take off the voices and expressions of well-known public characters, protesting that "The oddities and angularities of *great* men should never be hawked about," he would dramatically give parts of Shakespeare or of Molière, or "enact with grim humour Milton's 'So started up in his foul shape the fiend,' from the crouching of the toad to the explosion.*

He used also to do the sun coming out from a cloud, and retiring into one again, with a gradual opening and shutting of the eyes, and with a great fluffing up of his hair into full wig and elevation of cravat and collar; George IV. in as comical and wonderful a way. 'The plump head-waiter of The Cock,' by Temple Bar, famous for chop and porter, was rather offended when told of the poem ['Will Waterproof']. 'Had Mr. Tennyson dined oftener there, he would not have minded it so much,' he said. I think A. T.'s chief dinner

Emerson Tennant, M.P., Crowe an author, and Maclise were the party. Lover, the ballad and Irish story man, came at the beginning, and told Alfred he was greatly delighted to meet a *brother-poet*, the cool impudence of which amused the party greatly, at Lover's expense. . . . The largeness of Alfred's proportions, both physical and poetical, were universally the theme of admiration. Maclise admired him excessively, and fell quite in love with him." (*From an unpublished letter (undated) to Mary Brotherton, author of "Rosemary for Remembrance" and "Old Acquaintance."*)

* "Depend upon it," my father said, "Milton shot up into some grim Archangel, Fitz." (1842.)

resort in these ante-laureate days was Bertolini's at the Newton's Head, close to Leicester Square. We sometimes called it Dirlolini's, but not seriously; for the place was clean as well as very cheap and the cookery good for the price. Bertolini himself, who came to take the money at the end of the feast, was a grave and polite man. He retired with a fortune I think."*

My father was a member of the Sterling Club, a literary Society of those days named in Sterling's honour, where he met many of his old fellow "Apostles." He also often saw Carlyle, Rogers, "Barry Cornwall," Thackeray, Dickens, Forster, Savage Landor, Maclise, Leigh Hunt, and Tom Campbell. I have heard that he always showed an eager interest in the events and in the great scientific discoveries and economic inventions and improvements of the time.** His talk largely touched upon politics,*** philosophy and theology, and the new speculations rife on every side. Upon the projects of reform, or the great movements of philanthropy he reflected much.

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field.

* MS. Note, Edward FitzGerald.

** Alluding to one such improvement he said: "Before the Penny Post a wretched review from the Continent followed me all over England, and I had to pay one pound eight shillings for it."

*** I have heard him speak of his feelings at that time about the Afghan campaign: he thought that we ought to stand no trifling in Afghanistan; and that the English Cabinet was neglectful of the advice of Polonius: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear't that the opposer may beware of thee." Speaking of Canadian affairs, he gloried in the work done by Lord Durham and in the form of Colonial Government initiated by him in Canada.

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The Chartist and Socialist agitations were then alarming the country. My father thought they should be met not by universal imprisonment and repression, but by a widespread National education, by more of a patriotic and less of a party spirit in the Press, by partial adoption of Free Trade principles, and by an increased energy and sympathy among those who belonged to the different forms of Christianity. He was sometimes described as advancing opposite opinions at different times. This was because from his firm sense of justice he had a dramatic way of representing an opinion adverse to his own in a favourable light, in order that he might give it the most generous interpretation possible.

These indeed were years rich in social and political movement: it may be enough to name Bright and Cobden, Carlyle, Thackeray, and Dickens, each with his exposure of abuses, or efforts for amendment. The atmosphere of the time inspired such lines as the following:

Ah, tho' the times when some new thought can bud
 Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
 Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
 Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
 And slow and sure comes up the golden year,
 When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps
 But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man
 Thro' all the season of the golden year.

* * * * *

Fly, happy happy sails, and bear the Press;
 Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;

Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward
 With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.*

Theology, always a deep interest to him, shared in this advance. The Oxford movement had been begun by a band of saintly and devoted churchmen, and the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford with the heads of houses had already censured the author of *Tract No. XC.*** Meanwhile Maurice and the Cambridge men were striving to make thought more tolerant, and to impress all men with a sense of brotherhood. Both efforts in a few years effected a mighty change in the spirit of the National Church by broadening its borders and deepening its spirituality.

The biographies of friends and acquaintances, recently published, are full of allusions to my father at this period. Perhaps the most lifelike portrait*** is that drawn by Carlyle for Emerson in America.

* "The Golden Year" was first published in 1846 in the *Poems* (4th ed.).

** Published February 1841.

*** On Sept. 5th, 1840, Carlyle had sketched another portrait of my father for his brother John: "Some weeks ago, one night, the poet Tennyson and Matthew Allen were discovered here sitting smoking in the garden. Tennyson had been here before, but was still new to Jane,—who was alone for the first hour or two of it. A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy; who swims, outwardly and inwardly, with great composure in an articulate element as of tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke; great now and then when he does emerge; a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man. Allen looked considerably older; speculative, hopeful, earnest-frothy as from the beginning." (See for Allen, p. 254.)

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Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures (a not increasing number I think) who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, "Brother!" However, I doubt he will not come [to see me]; he often skips me, in these brief visits to town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of Chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. . . . He had his breeding at Cambridge, as if for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his mother and some sisters, to live unpromoted and write Poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. I think he must be under forty, not much under it. One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusky dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe! we shall see what he will grow to.

Mrs. Carlyle also gives a characteristic portrait:

Three of the autographs which I send you to-day are first-rate. A Yankee would almost give a dollar apiece for them. Entire characteristic letters from Pickwick, Lytton Bulwer and Alfred Tennyson; the last the greatest genius of the three, though the vulgar public have not as yet recognised him as such. Get his poems if you can, and read the "Ulysses," "Dora," the "Vision of Sin," and you will find that we do not overrate him. Besides, he is a very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gypsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming. Babbie never saw him, unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, for she must have fallen in love with him on the spot, unless she be made absolutely of ice; and then men of genius have never anything to keep wives upon.

Carlyle did not, I believe, become intimate with my father until after 1842, "being naturally prejudiced against

one whom everyone was praising, and praising for a sort of poetry which he despised. But directly he saw and heard the Man, he knew there was a man to deal with and took pains to cultivate him; assiduous in exhorting him to leave Verse and Rhyme, and to apply his genius to Prose and Work.”* Indeed he told him then that he was “a life-guardsman spoilt by making poetry.”

When the 1842 volumes were published the literary world in London accepted them at once, and Milnes** and Sterling led the chorus of favourable reviews.

My father’s comprehension of human life had grown: and the new poems dealt with an extraordinarily wide range of subjects, chivalry, duty, reverence, self-control, human passion, human love, the love of country, science, philosophy, simple faith and the many complex moods of the religious nature; whilst they were free from the brooding self-absorption into which modern poetry is liable to lapse, and from what Arthur Hallam called “the habit of seeking relief in idiosyncrasies.”

It was the heart of England even more than her imagination that he made his own. It was the Humanities and the truths underlying them that he sang, and he so sang them that any deep-hearted reader was made to feel through his far-reaching thought that those Humanities are spiritual things, and that to touch them is to touch the garment of the Divine. Those who confer so deep a benefit cannot but be remembered. The Heroic is not greatly appreciated in these days; but on this occasion the challenge met with a response.***

With a selection from the early poems, some of them almost rewritten, appeared a number of English Idyls and Eclogues, pictures of English home and country life,

* MS. Note, Edward FitzGerald.

** *Westminster Review*, October, 1842.

*** Aubrey de Vere (in letter to me).

quite original in their form. Upon the sacredness of home life he would maintain that the stability and greatness of a nation largely depend; and one of the secrets of his power over mankind was his true joy in the family duties and affections. Among these new poems were "The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "Audley Court," "Walking to the Mail," "The Talking Oak," "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "Edward Gray," "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Will Waterproof," and the conclusion of "The May Queen." Then there were the more general poems, "Morte d'Arthur," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Love and Duty," "Ulysses," "The Two Voices," "The Day-Dream,"* "Amphion," "St. Agnes' Eve," "Sir Galahad," "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," "A Farewell," "The Beggar Maid," "The Vision of Sin," "Move eastward, happy Earth," "Break, Break" (made in a Lincolnshire lane at 5 o'clock in the morning between blossoming hedges) "The Poet's Song," and his three political poems.

On the other side of the Atlantic these volumes were also welcomed; Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Edgar Allan Poe were notably enthusiastic.

The popular German poet Ferdinand Freiligrath writes to Mary Howitt from Frankfort, Oct. 1842: "Tennyson is indeed a true poet, though perhaps sometimes a little too

* The Prologue and Epilogue were added after 1835, when we first heard it in Cumberland; I suppose for the same reason that caused the Prologue of the "Morte d'Arthur," giving a reason for telling an old-world tale. MS. Note, E.F.G.

In 1842 he had eight of the blank verse poems printed for his private use, because he always liked to see his poems in print some months and sometimes some years before publication, "for," as he said, "poetry looks better, more convincing, in print." This little volume was entitled *Morte d'Arthur; Dora, and other Idyls*.

trascendental. 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' and some other of his poems are superb; and breathe such a sweet and dreamy melancholy that I cannot cease to read and admire them."*

The most remarkable review of these volumes was by Spedding in the *Edinburgh* for April 1843 (reprinted in *Reviews and Discussions*), from which I subjoin extracts, as these give accurately the growth of his friend's mind.

The decade during which Mr. Tennyson has remained silent has wrought a great improvement. The handling in his later pieces is much lighter and freer; the interest deeper and purer; there is more humanity with less image and drapery; a closer adherence to truth; a greater reliance for effect upon the simplicity of Nature. Moral and spiritual traits of character are more dwelt upon, in place of external scenery and circumstance. He addresses himself more to the heart and less to the ear and eye. This change which is felt in its results throughout the second volume, may in the latter half of the first be traced in its process. The poems originally published in 1832 are many of them largely altered; generally with great judgment, and always with a view to strip off redundancies, to make the expression simpler and clearer, to substitute thought for imagery and substance for shadow. "The Lady of Shalott," for instance, is stripped of all her finery; her pearl garland, her velvet bed, her royal apparel and her "blinding diamond bright," are all gone; and certainly in the simple white robe which she now wears, her beauty shows to much greater advantage.

"The Miller's Daughter," again, is much enriched by the introduction of the mother of the lover; and the following beautiful stanzas (which many people, however, will be ill satisfied to miss) are displaced to make room for beauty of a much higher order:

Remember you the clear moonlight
That whiten'd all the eastern ridge,
When o'er the water dancing white
I stepp'd upon the old mill bridge?

* From private letter lent by Miss Howitt.

I heard you whisper from above,
 A lute-toned whisper, "I am here!"
 I murmur'd "Speak again, my love,
 The stream is loud: I cannot hear!"

I heard, as I have seem'd to hear,
 When all the under-air was still,
 The low voice of the glad New Year
 Call to the freshly-flower'd hill.
 I heard, as I have often heard,
 The nightingale in leafy woods
 Call to its mate when nothing stirr'd
 To left or right but falling floods.

These, we observe, are away; and the following graceful and tender picture, full of the spirit of English rural life, appears in their place. (The late squire's son, we should premise, is bent on marrying the daughter of the wealthy miller:)

And slowly was my mother brought
 To yield consent to my desire:

* * * * *

And rose, and, with a silent grace
 Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Vol. I. p. 109.

Mr. Spedding goes on to say that in the song of "The Lotos-Eaters," which "hardly admitted of improvement," my father had added "some touches of deeper significance, indicating the first effects of the physical disease upon the moral and intellectual nature:

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,

* * * * *

And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars."

Vol. I. p. 182.

Then at the end of the poem there is found an alteration of a like kind: where for the flow of triumphant enjoyment, in the con-

temptation of merely sensual ease and luxurious repose, with which it originally closed, a higher strain is substituted, which is meant apparently to show the effect of lotos-eating upon the religious feelings. The gods of the Lotos-eaters, it is worth knowing, are altogether Lucretian.

“The May Queen”* too was made “more deeply and tragically interesting” by the third and concluding part. But the four poems, in which “the work is at the highest level,” and from which we may gather some hints concerning “his moral theory of life and its issues and of that which constitutes a sound condition of the soul,” are “The Palace of Art,” the dramatic monologue of “St. Simeon Stylites,” “The Two Voices,” and “The Vision of Sin.”

“The Palace of Art” represents allegorically the condition of a mind which, in the love of beauty, and the triumphant consciousness of knowledge, and intellectual supremacy, in the intense enjoyment of its own power and glory, has lost sight of its relation to man and God. . . . As “The Palace of Art” represents the pride of voluptuous enjoyment in its noblest form, the “St. Simeon Stylites” represents the pride of asceticism in its basest**.

Of “The Two Voices”*** Spedding says:

* “The May Queen” is all Lincolnshire inland, as “Locksley Hall” is sea-board. MS. Note, E. F. G.

** This is one of the poems A. T. would read with grotesque grimness, especially such passages as “coughs, aches, stitches,” etc., laughing aloud at times. MS. Note, E. F. G.

*** My father told me, “When I wrote ‘The Two Voices’ I was so utterly miserable, a burden to myself and to my family, that I said, ‘Is life worth anything?’ and now that I am old, I fear that I shall only live a year or two, for I have work still to do.” The last part, E. F. G. writes, was probably made in the fields about Dulwich.

In "The Two Voices" we have a history of the agitations, the suggestions and counter-suggestions of a mind sunk in hopeless despondency, and meditating self-destruction; together with the manner of its recovery to a more healthy condition. . . . Others would have been content to give the bad voice the worst of the argument; but, unhappily, all moral reasoning must ultimately rest on the internal evidence of the moral sense; and where this is disordered, the most unquestionable logic can conclude nothing, because it is the first principles which are at issue; the *major* is not admitted. Mr. Tennyson's treatment of the case is more scientific. . . . "The Vision of Sin" touches upon a more awful subject than any of these; the end, here and hereafter, of the merely sensual man.

In conclusion Spedding adds, that these poems show that the author's art is no trick of these versifying times, born of a superficial sensibility to beauty and a turn for setting to music the current doctrines and fashionable feelings of the day; but a genuine growth of nature, having its root deep in the pensive heart, a heart accustomed to meditate earnestly and feel truly upon the prime duties and interests of man.

Some notes on the second volume have been left me by my father, the first of which is on the "Morte d'Arthur." This particular note I wrote down from what he said; but he gave it his approval, as expressing his own view correctly.

"How much of history we have in the story of Arthur is doubtful. Let not my readers press too hardly on details whether for history or for allegory. Some think that King Arthur may be taken to typify conscience. He is anyhow meant to be a man who spent himself in the cause of honour, duty and self-sacrifice, who felt and aspired with his nobler knights, though with a stronger and a clearer conscience than any of them, 'reverencing his conscience as his king.' 'There was no such perfect

man since Adam' as an old writer says. 'Major præteritis majorque futuris Regibus.'"

Edward FitzGerald writes:

The "Morte d'Arthur" when read to us from manuscript in 1835 had no introduction or epilogue; which was added to anticipate or excuse the "faint Homeric echoes," etc. (as in the "Day-Dream"), to give a reason for telling an old-world tale.

Again:

Mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, deep-chested music, this is something as A. T. reads, with a broad north country vowel, except the u in such words as "mute," "brute," which he pronounces like the thin French "u." His voice, very deep and deep-chested, but rather murmuring than mouthing, like the sound of a far sea or of a pine-wood, I remember greatly struck Carlyle when he first came to know him. There was no declamatory showing off in A. T.'s recitation of his verse; sometimes broken with a laugh, or a burlesque twist of voice, when something struck him as quaint or grim. Sometimes Spedding would read the poems to us; A. T. once told him he seemed to read too much as if bees were about his mouth, all in good humour as in sincerity. Of the Chivalry Romances he said to me, "I could not read 'Palmerin of England' nor 'Amadis,' nor any other of those Romances through. The 'Morte d'Arthur' is much the best: there are very fine things in it, but all strung together without Art."*

In "Locksley Hall" my father annotates the line "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change." "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."—Further: "'Locksley Hall' is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is

* MS. Note.

Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. Mr. Hallam said to me that the English people liked verse in Trochaics, so I wrote the poem in this metre."

In the first unpublished edition of "Locksley Hall," after "*knots of Paradise*," came the following couplet, which was omitted lest the description should be too long:

All about a summer ocean, leagues on leagues of
golden calm,
And within melodious waters rolling round the knolls
of palm.

I remember my father saying that Sir William Jones' prose translation of the *Moâllakât*, the seven Arabic poems (which are a selection from the work of pre-Mahomedan poets) hanging up in the temple of Mecca, gave him the idea of the poem.

When these volumes were published my father was often in the habit of breakfasting with Rogers, for whom he had a real affection, but who "rather bored him with attentions, very generous and amiable from the old poet." Rogers would praise "Locksley Hall," and would say "Shakespeare could not have done it better." "I should have thought," observed my father, "that such a poem as 'Dora' was more in Rogers' line: perhaps it was too much in his line. 'Dora,' being the tale of a nobly simple country girl, had to be told in the simplest possible poetical language, and therefore was one of the poems which gave most trouble." "Ulysses," my father said, "was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave

my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam.'"

My father's note on "Audley Court" runs thus:

"This poem was partially suggested by Abbey Park at Torquay. Torquay was in old days the loveliest sea village in England and now is a town. In those old days I, coming down from the hill over Torquay, saw a star of phosphorescence made by the buoy appearing and disappearing in the dark sea, and wrote these lines.

But ere the night we rose
And saunter'd home beneath a moon, that, just
In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf
Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd
The limit of the hills; and as we sank
From rock to rock upon the glooming quay,
The town was hush'd beneath us: lower down
The bay was oily calm; the harbour-buoy,
Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm,
With one green sparkle ever and anon
Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart."

However he never cared greatly for this sea on the south coast of England, "not a grand sea," he would say, "only an angry curt sea. It seems to shriek as it recoils with the pebbles along the shore; the finest seas I have ever seen are at Valencia, Mablethorpe and in (West) Cornwall. At Valencia the sea was grand, without any wind blowing and seemingly without a wave: but with the momentum of the Atlantic behind, it dashes up into foam, blue diamonds it looks like, all along the rocks, like

ghosts playing at hide and seek. When I was in Cornwall it had blown a storm of wind and rain for days, and all of a sudden fell into perfect calm; I was a little inland of the cliffs: when, after a space of perfect silence, a long roll of thunder, from some wave rushing into a cavern I suppose, came up from the distance, and died away. I *never* felt silence like that."*

The seas at Mablethorpe he would describe as "interminable waves rolling along interminable shores of sand."

In working at "The Gardener's Daughter" he said: "The centre of the poem, that passage describing the girl, must be full and rich. The poem is so, to a fault, especially the descriptions of nature, for the lover is an artist, but, this being so, the central picture must hold its place.

One arm aloft—

Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew."

* MS. Note by E. F. G.

I remember too my father's telling me that FitzGerald had said that the autumn landscape, which in the first edition was described in the lines beginning "Her beauty grew," was taken from the background of a Titian (Lord Ellesmere's *Ages of Man*); and that perhaps in consequence they had been omitted. They ran thus:

Her beauty grew: *till drawn in narrowing arcs*
The southing Autumn touch'd with sallower gleams
The granges on the fallows. At that time,
Tired of the noisy town I wander'd there;
The bell toll'd four; and by the time I reach'd
The Wicket-gate, I found her by herself.

The correction of this poem and of this volume "took place in Spedding's chambers at 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the forepart of 1842."

The poems to be printed were nearly all, I think all, written out in a foolscap folio parchment-bound blank book such as accounts are kept in (only not ruled), and which I used to call "The Butcher's Book." The poems were written in A. T.'s very fine hand (he once said, not thinking of himself, that great men generally wrote "terse" hands) toward one side of the large page; the unoccupied edges and corners being often stript down for pipe-lights, taking care to save the MS., as A. T. once seriously observed. These pages of MS. from the Butcher's Book were one by one torn out for the printer, and, when returned with the proofs, were put in the fire. I reserved two or three of the leaves; and gave them to the Library of Trinity College [Cambridge].*

I insert here an unpublished poem which was originally intended as a prologue to "The Gardener's Daughter" and was called "The Ante-Chamber." My father wished

* E. F. G., MS. notes on A. T.

it never to be printed in front of "The Gardener's Daughter" because this is already full enough. It is however too good to be lost. The portrait in "The Ante-Chamber" might be himself at the period,—so his friends say,—but that was by no means his intention.*

The Ante-Chamber. (Unpublished.)

That is his portrait painted by himself.
Look on those manly curls so glossy dark,
Those thoughtful furrows in the swarthy cheek;
Admire that stalwart shape, those ample brows,
And that large table of the breast dispread,
Between low shoulders; how demure a smile,
How full of wisest humour and of love,
With some half-consciousness of inward power,
Sleeps round those quiet lips; not quite a smile;
And look you what an arch the brain has built
Above the ear! and what a settled mind,
Mature, harbour'd from change, contemplative,
Tempers the peaceful light of hazel eyes,
Observing all things. This is he I loved,
This is the man of whom you heard me speak.

My fancy was the more luxuriant,
But his was minted in a deeper mould,
And took in more of Nature than mine own:
Nor proved I such delight as he, to mark
The humours of the polling and the wake,
The hubbub of the market and the booths:
How this one smiled, that other waved his arms,
These careful and those candid brows, how each—

* Samuel Laurence painted the earliest portrait of my father about 1838.

Down to his slightest turns and attitudes—
Was something that another could not be,
How every brake and flower spread and rose,
A various world! which he compell'd once more
Thro' his own nature, with well mingled hues,
Into another shape, born of the first,
As beautiful, but yet another world.

All this so stirr'd him in his hour of joy,
Mix'd with the phantom of his coming fame,
That once he spake: "I lift the eyes of thought,
I look thro' all my glimmering life, I see
At the end, as 'twere athwart a colour'd cloud,
O'er the bow'd shoulder of a bland old Age,
The face of placid Death." Long, Eustace, long
May my strong wish, transgressing the low bound
Of mortal hope, act on Eternity
To keep thee here amongst us! Yet he lives;
His and my friendship have not suffer'd loss,
His fame is equal to his years: his praise
Is neither overdealt, nor idly won.

Step thro' these doors, and I will show to you
Another countenance, one yet more dear,
More dear, for what is lost is made more dear;
"More dear" I will not say, but rather bless
The All-perfect Framer, Him, who made the heart,
Forethinking its twifold necessity,
Thro' one whole life an overflowing urn,
Capacious both of Friendship and of Love.

CHAPTER IX.

REMINISCENCES OF TENNYSON (ABOUT 1842).

[At this time there seems to have been an almost total cessation of correspondence between my father and his intimate friends; and I accordingly asked Edmund Lushington, the present Dean of Westminster, and Aubrey de Vere to give me some reminiscences of those days.]

Edmund Lushington writes:

During my first two years at Cambridge I had no acquaintance with A. T.; the first occasion that I can remember of knowing him by sight was when Arthur Hallam read in the College Chapel his essay which gained the first declamation prize. The place where the reader stood was slightly raised above the aisle of the chapel; A. T. sat on the bench just below, listening intently to the spoken words.

At this time, and indeed for several years later, copies of numerous poems of his were widely circulated about Cambridge in MS., and I remember one debate in a Society called the "Fifty," on the rank to which his poetry was entitled, in the course of which numerous passages were quoted from poems as yet not publicly known—"The Gardener's Daughter" in particular.

I believe the first time he visited me in my own house was in the summer of 1840 when he came to stay a few days. He was then habitually residing with his mother and sisters at Tunbridge Wells, where, beautiful as the neighbourhood was, the site was found not healthy for all of the family, and they were wishing to meet with some other place to settle in. A day or two later I went over with him to pay a short visit to his mother's house at Tunbridge Wells, where among other notabilities we saw an old lady famous for cherishing memories of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose likeness graced

an expansive medallion which she wore about her neck, Miss L.* Not long after this visit he came over with his mother and two younger sisters to stay some days at Park House, which they partly spent in looking round the neighbouring country at any such houses as might appear to be suitable for a settled residence in preference to Tunbridge Wells.

They eventually settled before long upon engaging a house belonging to Colonel Best in Boxley Parish, to which they removed before the winter of 1841-42. The house was nearly two miles by the road, rather less by the fields, from our residence at Park House, which is nearer Maidstone. Early in October we drove up in an open phaeton to London by the old coach-road which knew no railways in that time. Whether A. T. went up with us I am not sure: at anyrate the next day he was in London and came to take leave of us at the station where we left by train for the north. I remember how someone out of a crowd of lookers on, just before the train was starting, after a long gaze at his dark features uttered an emphatic "foreign."

At Xmas 1841 I went for a few days' holiday from Glasgow to Kent and spent the time mostly at Boxley, where A. T. was now settled with his mother and sisters. We had sometimes dance and song in the evening, where, tho' no one spoke of it, assuredly many a heart was filled "with an awful sense of one mute Shadow watching all," as his own undying words record of an earlier occasion. In the meantime the number of the memorial poems had rapidly increased since I had seen the poet, his book containing many that were new to me. Some I heard him repeat before I had seen them in writing, others I learnt to know first from the book itself which he kindly allowed me to look through without stint. I remember one particular night when we were sitting up together late in his bedroom. He began to recite the poem that stands sixth in "In Memoriam," "One writes, that 'Other friends remain,' " and I do not know that the deep melodious thunder of his voice with all its overwhelming pathos, often and often as I have heard it, ever imprest me more profoundly. On one other occasion he came and showed me a poem

* She observed that Dr. Johnson "often stirred his lemonade with his finger and that often dirty." My father was very angry with her for relating such a story about a great man, and said, "The dirt is in her own heart."

he had just composed, saying he liked it better than most he had done lately, this was No. LI., "Do we indeed desire the dead."

He was present on July 6th, 1842, at a festival of the Maidstone Mechanics' Institute held in our Park, of which he has introduced a lively description in the beginning of "The Princess."

In the course of that summer appeared the collection of his poems published in two vols.; the first contains, with some exceptions, the poems published under the title *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, in 1830, and as a second division, with various changes, those which first appeared in 1832. The second volume had all new poems, already known to many in private circulation, but not as yet openly given to the world.

He went with me once or twice to London to make arrangements such as are required by the law with reference to the marriage of his youngest sister Cecilia. The marriage ceremony was performed by his elder brother, the Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner, who had come to spend some time with his mother and with whom I then first became acquainted.

* * * * *

In the hottest part of the summer (1845) A. T. had gone down to Eastbourne, and was lodging in one of two or three cottages prettily grouped together, bearing the well-deserved name of Mount Pleasant. A little garden lay in front of the cottages, beyond that a cornfield extended some way till it was stopt by a path on the edge of the cliff, which overlooked the sea, and continued its course on to Holywell. Mount Pleasant and all in front of it has now vanished through the encroachment of the sea. Its last vestige I saw many years since as a brick fragment in the yard of a grand new hotel built just above the parade to which the present sea-line reaches. I went down there to see him and remained a few days. He had then completed many of the cantos in "In Memoriam" and was engaged on "The Princess," of which I had heard nothing before. He read or showed me the first part, beyond which it had then hardly advanced. He said to me, "I have brought in your marriage at the end of 'In Memoriam,'" and then showed me those poems of "In Memoriam" which were finished and which were a perfectly novel surprise to me.

The Dean of Westminster writes:

In 1841 and 1842 I paid two visits in the month of August to Park House near Maidstone, the property of your father's brother-in-

law Edmund Lushington, who in those days made it his southern residence during the many months of the long vacation that set him free from his laborious work in Scotland. I found there not only a bright, charming and happy group of his brothers and sisters, four sisters and two brothers, the Henry Lushington who died at Malta in the year 1855, and my own friend and contemporary Franklin, but one or two visitors, Mr. George Venables, and Mr. Chapman, a Fellow I think then of Jesus College, Cambridge. I shall never forget the impression made on me by coming in contact with men so striking at once in character and ability, and yet a circle so wholly, so widely, different from that which had gathered round Arnold at Rugby, or with which I was familiar, so far as was possible for one so young, at my own University. The questions that stirred so deeply our seniors and ourselves at Oxford, the position of J. H. Newman and his friends, the course of the "Oxford movement," the whole Tractarian Controversy, were scarcely mentioned, or, if mentioned, were spoken of as matters of secondary or remote interest: while on the other hand the Lushington brothers, especially the Professor, "uncle Edmund" as I have always heard you term him, seemed as much at home in the language of the Greek dramatists as if it was their native tongue, while of Henry I remember his friend Chapman saying that it was difficult to quote or read a line of Shakespeare, to which he could not at once give the reference and the context. Of Mr. Venables and the position which he had long held among his Cambridge friends and which he was already gaining in London literary society, I need not speak. How many of that group, whose wide and varied attainments, unstudied but suggestive conversation, so impressed the young Oxford undergraduate, fresh from so different an atmosphere, have passed beyond the veil!

It was in the midst of these, all his warm friends and associates, that I first saw your father. I feel sure that I saw him during my first visit; on the second occasion he and his mother and sisters had been living for some months in Boxley Hall, the parish in which Park House is situated. The Professor was already engaged to your aunt Cecilia Tennyson, and the wedding followed soon after my return home. Your father was I need hardly say constantly at Park House, and there were few days on which I did not see him. The year was marked by the recent publication of the two-volume edition of his poems. The first volume, a copy of which during my visit was given me by Frank Lushington, is still a treasured possession. The second alas! is lost. I try to look back through the mist of

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years and see your father as I saw him then; I remember watching him as he sat on a garden seat on the grass, in a brown suit, looking somewhat grave and silent, and wondering whether my friends at Oxford would feel as I did the poems which I had already read, "Mariana," "The Gardener's Daughter," "CEnone," "Locksley Hall," and "The Two Voices." Of his conversation I can only recall one or two fragments. We, the younger members of the party, as well as the older guests and your father, were in the garden employed, some of the party in gathering, some in eating wall-fruit, peaches and apricots. Someone made a remark about the fruit being liable to disagree with himself or others, to which another (it was Chapman) replied with a jocular remark about "the disturbed districts," alluding of course to some disorders apprehended or existing in the centres of industry. I remember being startled by your father's voice and accent, "I can't joke about so grave a question," and thinking to myself that it was exactly what one so different as Dr. Arnold, who had died some two months earlier, might have said under similar circumstances.

Again, I was greatly struck by his describing to us on one singularly still starlit evening, how he and his friends had once sat out far into the night having tea at a table on the lawn beneath the stars, and that the candles had burned with steady upright flame, disturbed from time to time by the inrush of a moth or cockchafer, as tho' in a closed room. I do not know whether he had already written, or was perhaps even then shaping, the lines in "In Memoriam," which so many years afterwards brought back to me the incident.

As one looks back to the years previous to 1842 it is curious to notice the immense change caused by the publication of those two volumes. On my return to Oxford in October 1842 his name was on everyone's lips, his poems discussed, criticised, interpreted; portions of them repeatedly set for translation into Latin or Greek verse at schools and colleges; read and re-read so habitually that there were many of us who could repeat page after page from memory. At one of the earliest meetings which I remember at a small debating Society, "The Decade," well known at Oxford in those days, I think it was in 1844, was a discussion as to the relative merits of Wordsworth and Tennyson, in which I especially recall the speeches of J. C. Shairp, A. H. Clough, and I think I may add of the future Chief Justice John Coleridge.

It was a great change; though no doubt a small, I should think

a very small, circle of Oxford residents may have been more or less acquainted with his published poems at an earlier date. In a letter from Arthur Stanley, written from Hurstmonceux Rectory in the September of 1834, he says to his friend W. C. Lake (afterwards Dean of Durham), still at Rugby, that Julius Hare, with whom he was staying, "often reads to us in the evening things quite new to me, for instance (tell it not in Gath) A. Tennyson's *Poems*," and he goes on to name some which had greatly pleased him, and to advise his friend to get the volume and read it. The expression "tell it not," etc. is no doubt a reference to the acrid and contemptuous article in the *Quarterly* of 1833.

The readings at Hurstmonceux were not forgotten by the young scholar of Balliol. In Stanley's very striking prize poem "The Gipsies," written in 1837, he adapted to the heroic measure a line from the introduction in blank verse to "The Palace of Art," and quoted the words without the author's name in a note.

In a paper on John Keble he tells us how as the Professor of Poetry went thro' the poem before recitation with him, he noticed the quotation and passed on, saying "Shakespeare I suppose."

In the three or four terms which I had spent at Oxford I remember also myself translating into Latin Elegiacs in February 1841, from a printed copy, the last three stanzas of the lines to J. S. beginning with "Words weaker than your grief," etc. They were in the possession of my private tutor E. Massey of Wadham, a distinguished Shrewsbury scholar, whose Cambridge friends may possibly have suggested their use for such a purpose. Otherwise I cannot recall anyone at Oxford before the publication of the two volumes ever mentioning your father's poems. We talked much of Keble on the one hand, Shelley and Byron on the other, and some of us I need not say were strong Wordsworthians and were half-amused, half-indignant at the tendency of some of our undergraduate friends to depreciate Milton as a Puritan poet; but the intense interest called out by the two volumes seems to me, on looking back, to have taken my young contemporaries at Oxford as well as the outside world of readers as it were by storm. I seem still to hear voices that have long since been silent repeating line after line, which I can hardly read even now without recalling the very accent and the faces of friends of "days that are no more."

Aubrey de Vere writes:

It was in 1841 or 1842 that I first met the Poet* on whom and on whose works my imagination had rested so often during the preceding ten years; and I lost nothing when the living man stood before me. The large dark eyes, generally dreamy but with an occasional gleam of imaginative alertness, the dusky, almost Spanish complexion, the high-built head and the massive abundance of curling hair like the finest and blackest silk, are still before me, and no less the stalwart form, strong "with the certain step of man," though some years earlier it might have moved

Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the stream.

Whenever we were both in London, I met him as often as I could, sometimes at the rooms of James Spedding, or at some late smoking-party consisting of young men, their intimates at the University, the well-known Cambridge "Apostles." That was a society untroubled by formalities; and I do not remember that my new friend and I ever called each other otherwise than by our Christian names. He was thus always called by many of his intimates beside; for their affection for him partook largely of domestic affection in its character. He was pre-eminently a *man*, as well as a genius, but not the least the man of the world. He was essentially refined; but convention fled before his face. At none of those reunions did I meet any of his brothers, though in later years I knew Frederick, many of whose poems were much admired by Henry Taylor as well as by myself. Unfortunately I never met his brother Charles, who early published a slender volume of Sonnets warmly praised by Coleridge. My father had greatly admired one on the sea—

"The lightest murmur of its seething foam," etc.

The entire simplicity and unconventionality of Alfred Tennyson was part of the charm which bound his friends to him. No acquaintance, however inferior to him in intellect, could be afraid of him. He felt that he was not in the presence of a critic, but of one who respected human nature wherever he found it free from unworthiness, who would think his own thoughts whether in the

* See Appendix, p. 286, for "The Reception of the Early Poems," by Aubrey de Vere.

society of ordinary or extraordinary men, and who could not but express them plainly if he spoke at all. That perfect transparency of mind, like the clearness of air in the finest climates, when it is nearness not distance that "lends enchantment to the view," I have seen only in three men beside him, Wordsworth, Sir William Rowan Hamilton and one other. His unguardedness, in combination with his unworldliness, made his friends all the more zealous to help him; and perhaps their emulous aid was more useful to him than self-help could have been. His friends' appreciation of his poetry too was an enthusiasm ardent enough to carry with it a healthful infection. It forced others to give his works an earlier attention than would otherwise have been their lot, and consequently an earlier recognition; but it was the genuine merit of his poetry which produced that enthusiasm and prevented it from cooling while the wise were forming their judgments, and the wiseacres were depreciating minor poets and confounding him with them. Friends could but raise the sail high enough to catch what breeze might be stirring. The rest depended on the boat. It seems strange however that his larger fame made way so slowly. For many a year, we, his zealots, were but zealots of a sect. Seventeen years after the publication of his first volume, and five more after that of his third, "The Princess," came out, I wrote a critique in one of our chief *Quarterlies*, and called him a "great poet." The then Editor struck out "great" and substituted "true." He considered that the public would not tolerate so strong an eulogium.

Alfred Tennyson's largeness of mind and of heart was touchingly illustrated by his reverence for Wordsworth's poetry, notwithstanding that the immense merits which he recognised in it were not, in his opinion, supplemented by a proportionate amount of artistic skill. He was always glad to show reverence to the "Old Poet," not then within ten years of the age at which the then younger one died. "Wordsworth," he said to me one day, "is staying at Hampstead in the house of his friend Mr. Hoare; I must go and see him; and you must come with me; mind you do not tell Rogers, or he will be displeased at my being in London and not going to see him." We drove up to Hampstead, and knocked at the door; and the next minute it was opened by the Poet of the World, at whose side stood the Poet of the Mountains. Rogers' old face, which had encountered nearly ninety years, seemed to double the number of its wrinkles as he said, not angrily but very drily: "Ah, you did not

come up the hill to see me!" During the visit it was with Tennyson that the Bard of Rydal held discourse, while the recluse of St. James' Place, whom "that angle" especially delighted, conversed with me. As we walked back to London through grassy fields not then built over, Tennyson complained of the old Poet's coldness. He had endeavoured to stimulate some latent ardours by telling him of a tropical island where the trees, when they first came into leaf, were a vivid scarlet;—"Every one of them, I told him, one flush all over the island, the colour of blood! It would not do. I could not inflame his imagination in the least!" During the preceding year I had had the great honour of passing several days at Rydal Mount with Wordsworth, walking on his mountains and listening to him at his fireside. I told him that a young poet had lately risen up. Wordsworth answered that he feared from the little he had heard that if Crabbe was the driest of poets, the young aspirant must have the opposite fault. I replied that he should judge for himself, and without leave given, recited to him two poems by Tennyson: viz. "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease," and "Of old sat Freedom on the heights." Wordsworth listened with a gradually deepening attention. After a pause he answered, "I must acknowledge that these two poems are very solid and noble in thought. Their diction also seems singularly stately.*

There was another occasion on which the Poet whose great work was all but finished, and the youthful compeer whose chief labours were yet to come, met in my presence. It was at a dinner given by Mr. Moxon. The ladies had withdrawn, and Wordsworth soon followed them. Several times Tennyson said to me in a low voice, "I must go: I cannot wait any longer." At last the cause of his disquiet revealed itself. It was painful to him to leave the house without expressing to the old Bard his sense of the obligation which all Englishmen owed to him, and yet he was averse to speak his thanks

* Some of the critics state that before these poems appeared, no modern poet had undertaken the hard task of setting forth with poetic fire and glow the golden mean of politics. Tennyson's view was that a poet ought to love his own country, but that he should found his political poems on what was noble and great in the history of all countries, and that his utterances should be outspoken, yet statesmanlike, without any colour of partisanship.

before a large company. Our host brought Wordsworth back to the dining-room; and Tennyson moved up to him. He spoke in a low voice, and with a perceptible emotion. I must not cite his words lest I should mar them; but they were few, simple and touching. The old man looked very much pleased, more so indeed than I ever saw him look on any other occasion; shook hands with him heartily, and thanked him affectionately. Wordsworth thus records the incident in a letter to his accomplished American friend, Professor Reed: "I saw Tennyson when I was in London several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent."*

Our many conversations, in those pleasant years, turned chiefly on Poetry, a subject on which Tennyson could say nothing that was not original. It was easy to see that to discern the Beautiful in all around us, and to reveal that beauty to others, was his special poetic vocation. In these conversations he never uttered a word that was disparaging, or tainted with the spirit of rivalry. One of the Poets least like himself, Crabbe, was among those whose merits he affirmed most unequivocally, especially his gift of a *hard* pathos. The only poet I heard him criticise roughly or unfairly was himself. "Compare," he once said to me, "compare the heavy handling of my workmanship with the exquisite lightness of touch in Keats!" Another time he read aloud a song by one of the chivalrous Poets of Charles the First's time, perhaps Lovelace's "Althea," which Wordsworth also used to *croon* in the woods, and said, "There! I would give all my poetry to have made one song like that!" Not less ardent was his enthusiasm for Burns. And here an incident with no small significance recurs to me. "Read the exquisite songs of Burns," he exclaimed. "In shape, each of them has the perfection of the berry; in light the radiance of the dewdrop: you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces!" The same day I met Wordsworth, and named Burns to him. Wordsworth praised him, even more vehemently than Tennyson had done, as the great genius who had brought Poetry back to Nature; but ended, "Of course I

* *Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, Vol. III., p. 391.
Dr. Grosart.

refer to his serious efforts, such as the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'; those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget." I told the tale to Henry Taylor that evening; and his answer was: "Burns' exquisite songs and Burns' serious efforts are to me alike tedious, and disagreeable reading!" So much for the infallibility of Poets in their own art!

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS.

1842—1845.

*From Samuel Rogers.*ST. JAMES' PLACE, *August 17th*, 1842.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

Every day have I resolved to write and tell you with what delight I have read and read again your two beautiful volumes; but it was my wish to tell you so *face to face*. That wish however remains unfulfilled and write I must, for very few things, if any, have ever thrilled me so much.

Yours ever,
S. ROGERS.

*To Edmund Lushington.**Sept. 8th*, 1842.

MY DEAR EDMUND,

* * * * *

I called on Moxon, not at home, gone to the Pyrenees with W. Wordsworth's two sons. 500 of my books are sold: according to Moxon's brother I have made a sensation! I wish the wood-works* would make a sensation! I expect they will. I came here this morning by the

* This was Dr. Allen's manufactory for carving wood, in which my father had invested all his little money. Full details of this are given on p. 254.

Liverpool packet. I go to Limerick to-night. I hope you are all blooming. What with ruin in the distance and hypochondriacs in the foreground God help all. Pray write to me at P. O.

Love to all yours and mine.

Yours ever, A. T.

From Thomas Carlyle.

CHEYNE ROAD, CHELSEA.

7th Dec. 1842.

DEAR TENNYSON,

Wherever this find you, may it find you well, may it come as a friendly greeting to you. I have just been reading your Poems; I have read certain of them over again, and mean to read them over and over till they become my poems: this fact, with the inferences that lie in it, is of such emphasis in *me*, I cannot keep it to myself, but must needs acquaint you too with it. If you knew what my relation has been to the thing call'd English "Poetry" for many years back, you would think such fact almost surprising! Truly it is long since in any English Book, Poetry or Prose, I have felt the pulse of a real man's heart as I do in this same. A right valiant, true fighting, victorious heart; strong as a lion's, yet gentle, loving and full of music: what I call a genuine singer's heart! there are tones as of the nightingale; low murmurs as of wood-doves at summer noon; everywhere a noble sound as of the free winds and leafy woods. The sunniest glow of Life dwells in that soul, chequered duly with dark streaks from night and Hades: everywhere one feels as if all were fill'd with yellow glowing sunlight, some glorious golden Vapour; from which form after form bodies itself; naturally, *golden* forms. In one word, there seems to be a note of "The Eternal Melodies" in this man; for which let all other men be thankful and joyful! Your "Dora" reminds me of the *Book of Ruth*; in the "Two Voices," which I am told some Reviewer calls "trivial morality," I think of passages in *Job*. For truth is quite *true* in Job's time and Ruth's as now. I know you cannot read German: the more interesting is it to trace in your "Summer Oak" a beautiful kindred to something that is best in Goethe; I mean his "Müllerin" (Miller's daughter) chiefly, with whom the very Mill-dam gets in love;

tho' she proves a flirt after all and the thing ends in satirical lines! very strangely too in the "Vision of Sin" I am reminded of my friend Jean Paul. This is not babble, it is speech; true deposition of a volunteer witness. And so I say let us all rejoice somewhat. And so let us all smite rhythmically, all in concert, "the sounding furrows"; and sail forward with new cheer, "beyond the sunset," whither we are bound—

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the happy Isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew!

These lines do not make me weep, but there is in me what would fill whole Lachrymatories as I read. But do you, when you return to London, come down to me and let us smoke a pipe together. With few words, with many, or with none, it need not be an ineloquent Pipe!

Farewell, dear Tennyson; may the gods be good to you. With very great sincerity (and in great haste) I subscribe myself

Yours, T. CARLYLE.

My father tells his sister Emily to copy this letter and enclose it to my mother. Emily writes as follows:

I like this letter, dost not thou? I asked Alfred what Carlyle meant by saying he could not read German, and he said, when the poems he (i.e. Carlyle) alluded to were written he knew little or nothing of German. He must have told Carlyle this who has made a jumble. Moreover Alfred says, "Carlyle is mistaken about the satirical lines, concluding the 'Müllerin.' They are in another poem."

Thy very affectionate EMILY.

From Sara Coleridge to Edward Moxon (enclosed
to my father in a letter from Moxon).*

1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

My husband and I have very often had to thank you for additions to our library most kindly made. Your last gift is a most acceptable

* The only and highly-gifted daughter of S. T. Coleridge.

* * * * *

* * * * *

one and supplies me with a rich treat for days to come, and one which I need not devour too greedily, but can recur to from time to time with fresh pleasure. It is a compliment (as far as admiration of mine can be complimentary) to Mr. Tennyson, that having laid hold of the first volume, containing poems which I had read over and over again a few years ago, I could not part with it for the new productions, much as my curiosity had been excited about them, but fell to reading my old favourites with even greater admiration than ever.

What I have read of the second volume will sustain the author's reputation, which is much to say. The Epic is what might have been expected, not epical at all but very beautiful, in Tennyson's old manner.

"The Gardener's Daughter" is most highly wrought and still more to be admired I think than the "Morte d'Arthur."

Accept best thanks both from Mr. Coleridge and myself and believe me

Very sincerely yours,
SARA COLERIDGE.

To the Rev. T. H. Rawnsley.

1842.

MY DEAR RAWNSLEY,

Your note dated the 5th only reached me last night (eleven days after date) at this place, Torquay, Devon. Dr. Allen did not forward it immediately as he ought to have done, in fact in the multiplicity of his businesses and his 40 letters a day I believe he had quite forgotten my direction, until I refresht his memory by sending it. How the wood-scheme goes on you ask. Why, very well, only we are not a company yet. . . There are as many orders as can be executed by our old presses; we have been modelling presses all this time. They sent one from Brummagem, wretched thing! split as soon as put into action (I hear that all Brummagem machinery is of the worst description: let Brummagem look to it or she will ruin her reputation), but Wood has succeeded in making

really quite a beautiful press which will do as much work in the same time as two of the old ones. And now (as we have it on the pattern) we are going to have one made a week, till we have enough. We shall go on swimmingly. The presses have been modelling, and the men educating up till now, for after all (simple as it seems) it is a very delicate process to manage properly, and we want a great many workmen.

I have written in great haste, and I know not whether your queries are answer'd; if not, write again and ask me what you wish to know. We have dropt the name "Pyroglyph" as too full of *meaning* (a singular reason for rejecting a word!), and call ourselves "The Patent Decorative Carving and Sculpture Company!" Be *careful!* I told you all about it on the score of ancient friendship and auld lang syne. Poor Sophy! I am deeply grieved to hear of her illness.

Drummond's affair* is no secret to me for I accused him of it in your little study and the sort of denial he made was as good as a confession, and I have since heard of it from other quarters: these things never are secrets in the country.

You never heard the word "ivy-tod"; but you have heard of "tods of wool," and I take it they are the same words originally, a certain weight or mass of something.

kindest love to all your party,

Ever yours in great haste, A. T.

TORQUAY, DEVON.

I shall most likely leave this place for town in a few days. You had better, therefore, if you write again write

* Drummond Rawnsley's engagement to Catherine Franklin, daughter of Sir Willingham Franklin, and niece of Sir John Franklin.

to London. Farewell. I have had so little time, I am afraid I have written a very confused letter.

To Aubrey de Vere.

EASTBOURNE.

Saturday, July 30th, 1842.

MY DEAR AUBREY,

As for dining with your uncle, that, you see, is out of the question, as your note has just been delivered to me at this place, Eastbourne, on the Sussex coast. I shall account myself *highly honoured* in receiving a copy of "Edwin the Fair" from Henry Taylor; these are not empty words: therefore I underscore them: likewise your edited book will, I have no doubt, yield me much pleasure. I shall be about a week longer at this place, and if you send the parcel hither directed 22 Sea-houses, Eastbourne, it will go far to relieve the tedium of a watering-place.

Ever yours, A. T.

To Aubrey de Vere.

VICTORIA HOTEL, KILLARNEY.

September, 1842.

MY DEAR AUBREY,

I am sorry you had the fruitless trouble of calling at the Temple*. I tried hard to find you out in London but did not succeed. Partly from indisposition and partly from business and that of a nature the most unpleasant**, I was kept at Boxley far longer than I wished or expected, so long indeed that I have hardly any time left for Ire-

* 2 Mitre Court Buildings: F. Lushington's rooms where he often lodged.

** When the wood-carving company had begun to fail.

land, as in a day or two I must again set out for Boxley. I have only just got your letter to me out of the Killarney Post Office. Christie, the member, found it in L.'s rooms, and brought it to Chapman, who sent it to Edmund Lushington, who sent it to my people who sent it to me. Now if that sentence has not taken away your breath, make my apologies to your cousin and beg her not to hate me because I never seem to accept an invitation of hers. I suppose you are yet in Blandford Square, to which accordingly I send this note. I do not know that, if you were here, I should have time to come.

I have been to your Ballybunion caves but could not get into the finest on account of the weather. I was obliged to give Dingle up from want of time, tho' I much wished to see it, and I am afraid I must forgo Glengarry likewise.

A. T.

I can find no further account of this visit to Ireland, except that my father then made the following lines, which occur in "Merlin and Vivien," within one of the caves of Ballybunion:

So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence.

To James Spedding.

January 25th, 1843.

DEAR JAMES,

I send you a sketch of Mablethorpe. I was wrong about the muffin-man, he comes o' Saturdays and I can

likewise get letters on Tuesdays, those being market-days at Alford and churls going. Don't forget the *Athenæum*. I send the sketch to melt your heart. Impart what book-sellers' news there may be and remember me to Fitz, if in town.

Ever yours, A. T.

He also writes to Moxon from Mablethorpe: "There is nothing here but myself and two starfish; therefore, if you have any stray papers which you do not know what to do with, as you once told me, they would be manna in the wilderness to me."

*From Charles Dickens, sent with a copy of
his "Works."*

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
March 10th, 1843.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

For the love I bear you as a man whose writings enlist my whole heart and nature in admiration of their Truth and Beauty, set these books upon your shelves; believing that you have no more earnest and sincere homage than mine.

Faithfully and Gratefully your Friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To Aubrey de Vere.

ST. LEONARD'S, Sept. 17th, 1843.

MY DEAR AUBREY,

I received your letter, but not in time to answer by return of post, and as you purposed setting out next day, I do not know whether it were worth while writing to you at all: perhaps you may get my note somewhere in Italy; as it contains nothing, you will be hurt at sight of an English postmark on a pithless scrawl. I am sorry to

hear of Henry Taylor's ill-health, but I have good faith in warm suns and leisure. You are quite unforgiveable in your perpetual assumption of my nonchalance as to whatever you write. Why you do always so assume, and what reason I can have given you for such an error on your part, is to me hidden in black cloud. You should have sent your proofs. It is quite true that you have heard me say that I was sometimes bored by Mr. E—— and others; but why you should be so ultra-humble as to mass yourself along with these, and dream you range no higher in my andrometer, is beyond my following. Peace be with such fancies, that is, I hope they are dead and over them the "hic jacent" of all futurity. Thank you however for the book.

I am down here at St. Leonard's with the Lushingtons; there are smooth seas and hot weather, and I wish you were with me. Good-bye, and don't be angry at this scrapling.

Ever yours, A. TENNYSON.

On July 13th, 1844, Moxon wrote that Tom Campbell had died at Boulogne. My father missed him, for he was a kind-hearted man and a brilliant talker in a *tête-à-tête*; and very good-natured whenever they met, as not unfrequently chanced, at the different clubs.

That the following letter should be understood, it is necessary to explain why my father had fallen ill. Dr. Allen, who has been already mentioned, was a physician near Beech Hill, with whom the Tennyson family had become acquainted, and who had either conceived, or had adopted, the idea of wood-carving by machinery. At all events he inspired the Tennysons with so great an en-

thusiasm for it, that by degrees he persuaded my father to give him the money for which, wearied by a careless agent, he had sold his little estate in Grasby, Lincolnshire, and even the £500 left him as a legacy by Arthur Hallam's aunt. Not merely this however,—since, but for my father's intervention apparently, all the property of such of the family as were at Beech Hill would have been merged in this philanthropic undertaking; so fascinating was the prospect of oak panels and oak furniture carved by machinery, thus brought by its cheapness within the reach of the multitude.

The confidence my father had placed in the “earnest-frothy” Dr. Allen proved to be misplaced. The entire project collapsed: my father's worldly goods were all gone, and a portion of the property of his brothers and sisters. Then followed a season of real hardship, and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever. So severe a hypochondria set in upon him that his friends despaired of his life. “I have,” he writes, “drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they move in.” My uncle Edmund Lushington in 1844 generously insured Dr. Allen's life for part of the debt due to my father; the Doctor died in January 1845.

To Edmund Lushington.

CHELTENHAM, *July 29th*, 1844.

MY DEAR EDMUND,

I ought certainly to have written before, but I don't know how it is, I cannot abide letter writing. Many letters have I conceived to you tho' brought forth none. In the first stages of Hydropathy [under Dr. Jephson] I found it

quite impossible to write, I could not turn my hand to anything and now I am not much better. I shall have to go into the system again and carry it out to the end. It is true I had ten crises but I am not cured, tho' I do not doubt of the efficiency of the treatment in most cases, having *seen* most marvellous cures performed. I am going to town to-morrow for two or three days. I want among other things to see the exhibition and this is its last week. I have seen no Art, and my soul thirsts for it, for a year. I fear it would be too expensive to come on to Eastbourne, and you are not at Park House, and will not be perhaps for a fortnight or three weeks. At anyrate I shall hope to see you at Cheltenham. Perhaps with Harry's leave I shall try to get Geraldine to give me a bed in his rooms. I have walked thrice up Snowdon which I found much easier to accomplish than walking on level ground.

London. I arrived last night at the old Hummums at 11 o'clock: called on Spedding, to my great disappointment he had left town; called on Chapman, door sported, no answer to repeated applications at his no-knocked portal.

Love to Cissy and the rest.

Ever yours, A. T.

During this visit to London Savile Morton wrote to Mrs. Brotherton that he had "come across Alfred Tennyson." "We looked out some Latin translations of his poems by Cambridge men, and read some poems of Leigh Hunt's, and some of Theocritus and Virgil. It is delightful to have a passage picked out for one to admire by him. Seeing through his eyes much enlarges one's view. He has the power of impressing you with the

greatness of what he admires and bringing out its meaning. I had no idea Virgil could ever sound so fine as it did by his reading. . . . Yesterday I went to see him again. After some chat we sat down in two separate rooms to read *Ellen Middleton*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton—very highly spoken of.” In another letter he says: “Seeing Alfred has been a diversion to me. . . . I never met a heart so large and full of love.”

In November my father was again at Cheltenham, and wrote to Edward Moxon:

I want you to get me a book which I see advertised in the *Examiner*: it seems to contain many speculations with which I have been familiar for years, and on which I have written more than one poem. The book is called *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation**, and published by J. Churchill, Princes St. Soho; the price 7s. 6d., but you can get it cheaper.

Another book I long very much to see is that on the superiority of the modern painters to the old ones, and the greatness of Turner as an artist, by an Oxford undergraduate I think.** I do not much wish to buy it, it may be dear; perhaps you could borrow it for me out of the London Library, or from Rogers. I saw it lying on his table. I would promise to take care of it, and send it back in due time. At anyrate let me have the other. Kind remembrances to Mrs. and Miss Moxon and the little one to boot.

* The sections of “In Memoriam” about Evolution had been read by his friends some years before the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation* in 1844. Of natural selection Romanes writes “In ‘In Memoriam’ Tennyson noted the fact, and a few years later Darwin supplied the explanation.” *Darwin and after Darwin*, Romanes.

** Ruskin’s first volume of *Modern Painters*.

To Edward FitzGerald.

Tuesday Night.

10 ST. JAMES' SQUARE, CHELTENHAM.

Jan. 14th, 1845.

MY DEAR FITZ,

I *had* heard the news.* No gladness crossed my heart but sorrow and pity: that's not theatrical but the truth; wherefore bear with me, tho' perhaps it may seem a little out of the tide of things. Now will you be at 19 C. S. to-morrow or the day after? I am coming up to see you, and shall arrive most probably between 9 and 10 p.m., when I trust I shall find you well and thriving.

Ever yours, A. T.

From Henry Hallam (enclosing Sir Robert Peel's letter).

WRAXALL LODGE, near BRISTOL.

Sept. 24th, 1845.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

You will believe that it is with the greatest pleasure I enclose to you the letter I have this day received from Sir R. Peel.

I think you will have no hesitation about answering it to *him*, nothing can be more flattering or delicate.

We want to learn more about Emily *herself*. Can she not ever *write* herself? The last we heard was that she had left Cheltenham, yet this can hardly be.

We have been for some months here and shall continue till the beginning of December; if you ever wander this way, we shall be very glad to give you a dinner and bed; and I have both glades and distant views to show you.

Believe me yours very truly,

H. HALLAM.

* The reference in this letter is to the death of Dr. Allen.

*From the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel to
Alfred Tennyson.*

I rejoice that you have enabled me to fulfil the intentions of Parliament by advising the Crown to confer a mark of Royal Favour* on one who has devoted to worthy purposes great intellectual powers.

The Queen has cordially approved of the recommendation which on the receipt of your letter I humbly offered to Her Majesty.

I have more than once heard Lord Houghton and my father talk together of Peel as a man and a statesman; and on those occasions Lord Houghton would invariably relate the story of his interview with Carlyle about the pension, given in Wemyss Reid's *Life* and here reprinted.

"Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?"

"My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get the pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response. "Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned."

The question arose whether Sheridan Knowles or my father should be placed on the pension list. Peel knew nothing of either of them. Houghton said that he then made Peel read "Ulysses," "whereupon the pension was granted to Tennyson."

* Pension of £200 annually.

My father wrote then to his old friend, Rawnsley:

CHELTENHAM, 1845.

MY DEAR RAWNSLEY,

I was delighted to see your handwriting again. I thought you had given me up as a bad job, for I remember that I once very flagitiously did not answer a very kind letter of yours long long ago: and truly my love for my friends must not be measured by the quantity of black and white into which I put it: for, however appearances are against me, I *have* a love for old Lincolnshire faces and things which will stick by me as long as I live. As to visiting you I wish I could, but I am engaged to Hallam, who has a country house in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and it is an engagement of some standing, and thither am I going as soon as ever I recover from the worst cold I ever caught since I was a Somersby suckling. It has kept me half-deaf for a month. I got it one wet night at Chelsea, when I went to see Mr. Carlyle. The better half of *the* Carlyle was then in Scotland. He, by the bye, is about to publish a book which you had better get in your book club—all the letters of Oliver Cromwell that can be got at, connected with short narration or commentary of his own. Oliver is Carlyle's* God, the greatest of great men, and he intends if he can to sweep off all the royalist cobwebs that have hitherto obscured his fair fame.

I am glad to hear of your quadrilling at Horncastle. There is something pleasant in the notion of your figuring in L'Été with all your brood fluttering about you, and I respect a man who can keep his heart green when the

* My father would rally Carlyle on his "might is right" and "one man" theories.

snows of Time begin to whiten his head: not that I mean to say your head is white, but the silver hair *may* intrude "obiter," tho' as far as I recollect you had a very stout black crop when I saw you last. I should like to have been amongst you as in old times but

"The days are awa that we hae seen,"

and I begin to feel an old man myself. I have gone thro' a vast deal of suffering [as to money difficulties in the family etc.] since I saw you last, and would not have it over again for quadruple the pension Peel has given me and on which you congratulate me. Well, I suppose I ought in a measure to be grateful. I have done nothing slavish to get it: I never even solicited for it either by myself or thro' others. It was all done for me without word or hint from me, and Peel tells me I need not by it be fettered in the public expression of any opinion I choose to take up; so, if I take a pique against the Queen, or the Court, or Peel himself, I may, if I will, bully them with as much freedom, tho' not perhaps quite so gracefully, as if I were still unpensioned. Something in that word "pension" sticks in my gizzard; it is only the name, and perhaps would "smell sweeter" by some other. I feel the least bit possible Miss-Martineauish about it. You know she refused one, saying she "should be robbing the people who did not make laws for themselves": however that is nonsense: her non-acceptance of the pension did not save the people a stiver, and meantime (what one would have thought must have been more offensive to her feelings) her friends subscribed for her and kept her from want. If the people *did* make laws for themselves, if these things went by universal suffrage, what literary man ever would get a lift, it being notorious that the mass of

Englishmen have as much notion of poetry as I of fox-hunting? Meantime there is some meaning in having a gentleman and a classic at the head of affairs, who may now and then direct the stream of public bounty to us, poor devils, whom the *οἱ πολλοὶ* would not only not remunerate, but kick out of society as barely *respectable*; for Calliope herself, as I have heard, never kept a *gig* but walks barefoot about the sacred hill, no better than an Irishwoman . . .

For the causelessly bitter against me and mine . . . I wish them no worse punishment than that they could read the very flattering letter Peel wrote me; let us leave them in their limbo

“Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.”

Peel's letter I would send you if I had it, but I sent it to Hallam, and told him to keep it till I saw him. I wrote to Rogers thanking him for his kindness. I thought he must have been mentioning me to Peel. He wrote me back a very pretty answer which I send Sophy for an autograph of the old Bard; would anyone think that pretty little hand was written by a man somewhere between eighty and ninety?

Now, Sophy, if as a matron you do not care for autographs, or intend to lose it or to give it away, why let me have it back again for I have some value for it; particularly as the old man and I fell out one wet day in Pall Mall about half a year ago, when I said something that offended him, and his face flushed and he plucked his arm out of mine and told me I was “affecting the smart,” and since then I haven't seen him. How is “Mamma,” you do not say a word about her health and I want to know, for she was always like a mother to me?

I wonder whether she recollects my playing the drunken son at Bristol. Many a pleasant talk have I had with her, and I much regret that I cannot come and see you now. Tell Mundy I retain a lively recollection of his puns; and remember me to Coltman (George I mean), who always seemed to me a real good fellow. I recollect his sending me, when I lived at Boxley, a book of poems by a friend. I forget now what my answer was, but I hope I said nothing to hurt his or his friend's feelings. If you knew what a nuisance these volumes of verse are! Rascals send me their's per post from America, and I have more than once been knocked up out of bed to pay three or four shillings for books of which I can't get thro' one page, for of all books the most insipid reading is second-rate verse. Blue books, red books, almanacks, peerages, anything is better. See! how I keep chattering, just as if I were sitting by your fireside, in the little book-room, pipe in hand.

I shall not be in London in November, for I have only just returned from thence, but do you never by any chance mean to come and visit us? Are we in these days, who live East and West, to be as badly off as if we lived one at each Ind, or in the heart of the eighteenth century? Come and see us, you can do it some time, going to or from the Hallidays, and we shall be at least as glad to see you as they. Why don't you clip a few days from them and let us have the advantage? Here is a handsome town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, a polka-parson-worshipping place, of which the Rev. Francis Close is Pope, besides pumps and pumphooms, chalybeates, quadrilles (as you have taken to them again), and one of the prettiest countries in Great Britain. My mother would be delighted to see you, and the girls would coax

you, and make so much of you, you would feel yourself in a new planet. Edmund Lushington and Cissy have been with us and have just gone on to Glasgow. Their little one looks like a young Jupiter with his head full of Greek: but she, poor thing, was out of health, and dreaded the winter in Glasgow, which does not agree with her.

Tell Edward and Drummond that I expected them to have called on me the day after I met them at Moxon's, and I was very savage that they did not come. Remember me to them with all kindness and to "Mamma" and Sophy; and not *me* only but all of us here to all of you there (if that's sense).

Now dinner's ready and I must say Good-bye.

Ever yours affectionately,

A. TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XI.

SWITZERLAND 1846, AND LETTERS 1846—47.

Journal kept in Manuscript-book of "Princess."

("Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height" was written during this tour among the Alps.)

1846. Went on a tour to the Isle of Wight and in August to Switzerland with Edward Moxon.

August 2nd. Up at 4 to go by "Princess Maude." Picturesque sunrise from the pier. Bruges. Englishman with moustache told us of festival at Bruges. I go down into fore-cabin and get the very worst breakfast I ever had in my life. Arrival at Ostend. Order from Belgian king that no passports need be shown. Inhuman conduct and supererogatory fury of porters. We lose our presence of mind and run for it, but there is plenty of time. Arrive at Bruges, walk to Hôtel de Blé, recommended by moustached Englishman, missing the conveyance thitherward, which, marked with gilt letters Fleur de Blé, rolls by us as we near our hotel. Great rejoicings of the people and hero-worship of Simon Stevin,* S on the banners, and names, busts and statues of all the Flanders great men, statesmen, sculptors, poets, etc. in an inner square within the great square. Horsemen riding in a circle for prize.

* Born in the sixteenth century at Bruges, and a great mathematician and mechanic.

High tower and clock in great square, picturesque groups in Cathedral, motioned from the seats we had taken opposite pulpit, depart to F. de Blé, dinner in salle—affected Englishwoman whom I took for Belge or German opposite, hot nervous night with me. Man “hemmed” overhead enough to shake the walls of Jericho.

August 3rd. Off to Grand Hôtel de Flandre, monkey, pleasant folk, commissionaire, pharmacien and opticien. J. Arteveld’s house, town-hall very fine, *musée* not good, go to Louvain, Hôtel de Suède, new town-hall, old *café*, row of poplars, nervous night.

August 4th. Off to Liège, two sons of Sir Robert Peel, Hôtel d’Angleterre good, money changed, too soon for rail which came very late, pretty scenery, Chaudefontaine, old man and little boy, railway bordered with young acacias. Cologne, Hôtel de Cologne, rooms overlooking moonlit Rhine, hotel full of light and festival, pillaring its lights in the quiet water, bridge of boats, three steamers lying quietly below windows, not quite four hours’ sleep.

August 5th. Woke at 5 or earlier, clash and clang of steamboat departure under me, walk on the quay, Cathedral splendid but to my mind too narrow for its length.

“Gaspar and Melchior and Balthazar
Came to Cologne on the broad-breasted Rhine,
And founded there a temple which is yet
A fragment, but the wonder of the world.”

Embark, the bore of the Rhine, three Hyde Park drawling snobs, deck very hot, Nonnenwerth and Drachenfels, sad recollections; Coblentz, horrid row, king of Hol-

land, shuffled off to the Rheinischer Hof, stupid hotel. Coblenz as hateful as it was long years before, over the bridge to the Cheval Blanc, coffee there, back again, the bridge opening islanded us in the river.

August 6th. Off again by boat, three drawlers departed at Mainz, talk about language with Germans, sad old city of Worms among poplars, reach Mannheim, Hôtel de l'Europe, take a dark walk among shrubberies with M.

August 7th. Early next morning off by rail to Kehl, confusion about the two railways, douane, stop and see Cathedral, nave magnificent, rail to Basle, Three Kings, green swift Rhine roaring against the piers, Swiss fountain.

August 8th. *Café* in room, off by diligence to Lucerne, vines, agreeable Swiss young lady to whom I quoted Goethe and she spouted *William Tell*, sorry to lose her, see Righi and Pilatus in the distance, walk before diligence but get in again, pass bridge over swift green stream, bureau, go to Schweizerhof, room at top of house, look out in the night and see the lake marbled with clouds, gabble of servants, bad night.

August 9th. Walk up the hill above the town, churchyard, innumerable gilt crosses, go to a villa, lie on the grass, return a different way from M., cross a part of the lake, walk back.

August 10th. Strolled about the painted bridges, M. met his friend, we bought Keller's map, off by 2 o'clock steamer to Weggis, hired a horse up the Righi, looked over and saw the little coves and wooded shores and villages under vast red ribs of rock, very fine, dismissed my horse at the Bains where we entered with an Englishman and found peasants waltzing, gave two francs

to boy who had ordered beds, summit, crowd of people, very feeble sunset, tea, infernal chatter as of innumerable apes.

August 11th. Sunrise, strange look of clouds packed on the lake of Egeri, far off Jungfrau looking as if delicately pencilled. Rossberg, Küssnacht, breakfast, began to descend at 9, strange aspect of hill, cloud, and snow, as if the mountains were on fire, watch the clouds opening and shutting as we go down, and making framed pictures of the lake, etc., long hot descent, dined at Weggis, landlady takes me out to select live fish for dinner, I am too tender-hearted so we go without fish, boat touches, off to Fluelen, very sleepy, carriage road to Italy, Tell's chapel, go in to church, return to Schweizerhof.

August 12th. Lake, guide and boat to Alpnach, hire voiture up the vale of Sarnen, walk a little before, get in, nothing very remarkable, arrive at Lungern, pretty green Alpine "thal" shut in with steep cliffs, one long waterfall, jolly old Radical who abused Dr. Arnold, over the hills to Meyringen, home (after having seen Lauterbrunnen and the Bernese Alps, the best things in the tour).

To Edward FitzGerald.

CHELTENHAM, *Nov. 12th*, 1846.

Well, Moxon went to Switzerland; saw Blanc, he was very sulky, kept his nightcap on, doff'd it one morning when I was knocked up out of bed to look at him at four o'clock, the glance I gave did not by any means repay me for the toil of travelling to see him. Two other things I *did* see in Switzerland, the stateliest bits of landskip I ever saw, one was a look down on the valley of Lauter-

brunnen while we were descending from the Wengern Alp, the other a view of the Bernese Alps: don't think that I am going to describe them. Let it suffice that I was so satisfied with the size of crags that (Moxon being gone on before in vertigo and leaning on the arm of the guide) I *laughed* by myself. I was satisfied with the size of crags, but mountains, great mountains disappointed me. * * * * I called on Dickens at Lausanne who was very hospitable, and gave us biscuits (a rare luxury on the Continent, not such as are sweet and soft, but hard and unsweet) and a flask of Liebfraumilch, which is being interpreted "Virginis lac," as I dare say you know.

I have just got *Festus*; order it and read. You will most likely find it a great bore, but there are really *very grand* things in *Festus*.

Ever thine, A. T.

Letters to Mrs. Burton (the wife of the patron of Dr. Tennyson's living of Somersby).

TUESDAY, Nov. 24th (1846).

MY DEAR MRS. BURTON,

Nothing could be sweeter than Cathy's Somersby violets, and doubt not but that I shall keep them as a sacred treasure. The violets of one's native place gathered by the hands of a pure innocent child must needs be precious to me, and indeed I would have acknowledged the receipt of them and sent her a thousand loves and kisses before now, but there were several reasons why I did not write which it is of no use troubling you with; only I pray you kiss her for me very sweetly on lip and cheek and forehead, and assure her of my gratitude. I love all children, but I loved little Cathy

par excellence by a kind of instinct when I saw her first. Do as you choose about the miniatures, but I am told that you have had illness in your house and it would make me uncomfortable to cause you any kind of trouble. I am here in London on a visit to a friend of mine at 6 Michael's Grove, Brompton. People fête and dine me every day but I am somewhat unwell and out of spirits: meanwhile I trust that your own health is improved, and that you are prosperous and happy. Farewell and believe me

Ever yours truly, A TENNYSON.

10 ST. JAMES' SQUARE, *Jan. 4th*, 1847.

MY DEAR MRS. BURTON,

The miniatures which you have sent we will treasure as precious memorials of our shortlived acquaintance: not that they do either you or the child full justice. Nature, without doubt, has been much more bountiful to you both than the artist: however the portraits are not unlike and moreover well-painted. I am sorry to learn from some fragments of your letter to Emily, which she read to me, that you are not altogether satisfied with the world about you. Pray keep up your spirits in the wilderness of Lincolnshire. I trust that we shall meet again, and meanwhile may your New Year be happy. Truly do I wish it may be so. You know wise men say that our happiness lies in our own hands: and therefore do you make the best of things about you, not only for the sake of husband and children, but of your friends here, who live in the hope of re-seeing you, among whom count upon myself as ever yours,

A. TENNYSON.

MY DEAR MRS. BURTON.

I am very much grieved that your letter reached me so late. I had left Umberslade and was visiting at two or three places in Warwickshire, and as I had given orders for any letter that came to be forwarded to Cheltenham, I have only just now on arriving received yours. I shall be very happy to be godfather to your little one, and so I am sure will Charles; he is not here but in town, but he shall be written to to-day, and there is no doubt of his compliance with your kind and flattering proposal: only you must take his consent for granted, as it is impossible for us or you to receive an answer before the time specified: nor for many reasons can either he or I attend in person: I am sorry that all this has so happened. Call your child Alfred if you will: he was born in the same house, perhaps the same chamber, as myself, and I trust he is destined to a far happier life than mine has been, poor little fellow! Give him a kiss for his godfather, and one to Cathy for her violets which I received and cherished: or if one do not seem enough, give them by the dozen. I am glad that you like the miniature. The papers spoke the truth about Umberslade but they fibbed when they said that I was about to publish. What would be the use of that in a general election? I am writing in great hurry to save the Northern post, so I bid you good-bye,

A. TENNYSON.

2 JAMES ST., BUCKINGHAM GATE.

WEDNESDAY, *May 17th* [1846?]

MY DEAR MRS. BURTON,

I have sent a silver cup for my little godson. I had intended to have sent it many a long month ago, but

somehow or other I let the days slip on without doing so; for this I beg his pardon, which he must grant me as soon as he can babble. I trust that you will receive the cup at the same time with this letter. I hope that you are well and happy during this fine weather which makes me wish myself far away out of smoky London. Best love to my dear little violet-girl, and believe me always, dear Mrs. Burton,

Yours truly, A. TENNYSON.

Letters to Mrs. Howitt.

[1846.]

MY DEAR MRS. HOWITT,

The day you mention was at least as pleasant to myself as to you; one, indeed, not easily to be forgotten. Clapton is henceforth to be remembered with higher and other than cockney associations, it is no longer the London suburb but the home of Mary Howitt. As for the morning dresses, did I notice them? if I did, what matter? they were a compliment to myself.

Your book from Longman has not yet arrived; but when it does, since (however you may please to depreciate beforehand) it must have something of you about it, I will give it a hearty welcome and my best attention.

I got your letter yesterday, and I have had so much to do in the interim that I have merely glanced over the extracts. They seem to me to be very clever and full of a noble 19th-century-ism (if you will admit such a word), but whether not too fantastic, if considered as an explanation of the Mosaic text, may I think admit of doubt. Meanwhile I hail all such attempts as heralding a grander and more liberal state of opinion, and consequently sweeter

and nobler modes of living. There was no more *sea*, says St. John in Revelation. I wonder your friend did not quote that: perhaps he does in some other part of his book. I remember reading that when a child, and not being able to reconcile myself to a future when there should be no more sea.

I am going up to Cambridge to-morrow to be present at the commemoration of the founding of Trinity College 300 years ago. There is to be a great dinner in Hall, and as I have got a special invitation from my old Tutor, now the Master, I am going; the 22nd is the dinner-day. I have just left myself time to get there; think of me to-morrow night as passing within two or three miles of you on the Eastern C. R., perhaps not so far, and again sweeping back a day or two after on my return yet not able to stop, divers duties calling me home with voices of undeniable authority. I ought not to go at all but old recollections drag me. However some time betwixt the death of Spring and the birth of Summer I do hope to see you once more.

I partly guess your mysterious request. Mr. Howitt's surprise at the hyacinths is a very pretty household picture. I wish that we Englishers dealt more in such symbols, that we drest our affections up in a little more poetical costume; real warmth of heart would lose nothing, rather gain by it. As it is, our manners are as cold as the walls of our churches. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Howitt, say everything kind for me to husband and daughter and trust me

Yours ever,

A. TENNYSON.

10 ST. JAMES' SQUARE, CHELTENHAM.

Nov. 19th.

DEAR MRS. HOWITT,

Your kind letter gave me very sincere pleasure, and I shall be most happy to meet Mr. Dempster under your roof when I come to town. I did not hear the Hutchinsons* when they were in England and I regret it. I am sure Abby must have sung divinely for everyone says she did. I can scarce help fancying that the female voice is more suited by nature to the singing of such poems than any man's, but I am wrong, for you tell me that Mr. Dempster sings quite as exquisitely as Abby. I should have been in town before now but several little matters have occurred to hinder me. Among other things I sent an invitation to the German poet, Freiligrath: he has translated some of my poems and he sent me his book thro' my publisher: the letter to Moxon was dated from Mrs. Leigh's, Clapton Pond; do you know such a person? I have got no answer and I am puzzled by his silence. Perhaps he may not be in England, after all, but every time the postman knocks I expect to hear from him and that he is coming. I will send you word of my arrival in town.

A. T.

* The Hutchinson family consisted of three brothers and one sister. They came from New Hampshire, and were vigorous advocates of the Emancipation of the Slaves. Most of their songs were on this theme.

*Letters to Edward Moxon.**(After the tour in Switzerland.)*

1846.

MY DEAR MOXON,

I got your parcel and bluebell this morning and a letter from a man who seems deserving and in difficulties; he has asked me to lend him four pounds, which I have promised to *give* him, and referred him to you. So let him have that sum if he calls with my letter: his name is R. C. W.

Ever yours, A. TENNYSON*.

Second visit to Dr. Gully's watercure.

UMBERSLADE HALL, BIRMINGHAM, 1847.

Tuesday afternoon.

MY DEAR MOXON,

I wish you would make up your mind to come down on Saturday and see me here. You could come down by the express as I did in three hours to Birmingham, and any of the cabs at the station would bring you on: here is a Hall in a pleasant park, and you would be all the better for a Sunday's mouthful of fresh air. We can give you a bed here and you should do just as you like. I want to talk with you. I find it very difficult to correct proofs under the treatment**, but you shall have them

* Whenever any literary man "deserving and in difficulties" applied to him for money, he always endeavoured to help him. To the day of his death he continued this practice.

** From Umberslade my father writes to Mrs. Russell: "They tell me not to read, not to think; but they might as well tell me not to live. I lack something of the woman's long-enduring patience in these matters. It is a terribly long process, but then what price is

all back with you on Monday; don't show them to people. I have not at all settled whether I shall publish them now or in the Autumn, yet an Edinburgh paper mentions that I have a poem in the press. Confound the publicities and gabblements of the 19th century! Now, I hope you will come. If you do, bring two copies of my poems with you, two persons in this house want them; if you don't come (but I hope you will) send two. The printers are awful zanies, they print erasures and corrections too, and other sins they commit of the utmost inhumanity. Come! Send a line first.

Yours ever,
A. TENNYSON.

To Rev. T. H. Rawnsley.

PARK HOUSE, MAIDSTONE.

April 16th, 1847.

MY DEAR RAWNSLEY,

Many thanks for your very kind letter, which was grateful to me as showing that I am not forgotten amongst you; not that I wanted any proof of that, but still it is

too high for health, and health of mind is so involved with health of body. . . . I wish you could find time in the course of the summer to come over and see us. We should be so happy to see you. We expect my mother from Scotland in a few days' time. She comes as far as Birmingham with Cecilia and the Professor [Lushington]. The two latter go on to Park House, Lushington's seat near Maidstone; and Charles goes to bring my mother here. Of *her* kindness and true-heartedness I am sure you never had any doubt, and therefore I need not say anything of the joyful welcome she would give you. She has been much grieved just now with the loss of her cousin, Mr. Wheeldon of Market Street near St. Albans. A purer Christian, a better man, never lived. He was like her, for he had not a touch of gall in his whole nature. Peace be with him."

pleasant to have assurance doubly sure. You would have been answered before had I not been away from home, lying sick of more than one ailment at a friend's chamber in the Temple, from whence the other day I came on here partly for change of air and partly because I had promised to pay a farewell visit to my brother-in-law's brother, Harry Lushington. He is going out to Malta as secretary to the Maltese government, a post of (I believe) about £1500 a year and one which he is quite clever enough to occupy with credit to himself; but being a man of feeble stamina he is afraid of the climate and altogether down in the mouth about it, so I came to see the last of him before he went, and do my best to set him up. I am much grieved to hear of your rheumatism. I fear this bitter April is very unfavourable and the east wind which comes sweeping from the sea over your marshes to Halton. H. L. goes some time next week, and till then I must be here, so that I fear that what with this and my illness a journey into Lincolnshire so as to catch all your "clan" in full conclave is quite impossible. Well, I can't help it, I love my old friends as much as ever; recent friendships may be broken thro' but old ones early-made are a part of one's blood and bones. I say my old friendships are as dear as ever, but that you must accept this protestation in lieu of my personal presence and not be hard of faith but believing.

Give my kindest love to each and all of the "old familiar faces," and

Believe me always yours truly,

A. TENNYSON.

To Mrs. Russell.

10 ST. JAMES' SQUARE, CHELTENHAM.
Saturday evening. [Undated.]

MY DEAREST AUNT,

I have received your welcome note and cheque and had hoped to have a better account of your eyes. Those "animals"* you mention are very distressing and mine increase weekly: in fact I almost look forward with certainty to being blind some of these days. I have however no sort of inflammation to complain of, it is all failing nerve. I have no great opinion of the salubrity of Leamington, and as for this place it is often as muggy and turbid as London itself. "Much company" and after-dinner "talk of roads," etc. are not much in your favour, but why do all English country gentlemen talk of dogs, horses, roads, crops etc.? It is better after all than affecting Art and Feeling: they would make a poor hand of that, though *you* tried to help them out. I wish they would be a little kinder to the poor. I would honour them then and they might talk what they would. But I am rambling and moreover getting personal on the squires, which perhaps I have no business to do, for, as Hamlet says, "use every man after his deserts and who shall scape whipping?" With respect to the non-publication of those poems** which you mention, it is partly occasioned by the considerations you speak of, and partly by my sense of their present imperfectness; perhaps they will not see the light till I have ceased to be. I cannot tell but I have no wish to send them out yet. Emily wished us to remember her kindly to you when she was here. She has been visiting the

* *Muscae volitantes.*

** Probably "In Memoriam."

Lushingtons in Kent, and is now with the Hallams at Clifton. I wonder whether you can read this scrawl, my pen is an old steel one in a state of hopeless splittance and divarication. You must forgive me for not answering you before*. I have no excuse to offer and I fling myself on your mercy. Do you know, I don't write even a note once in three months. I never can get myself set down to write, and I am in arrears of correspondence with all the world. Good-bye, dearest Aunt. Mother, sisters etc. send lots of love to you and Emma.

Always affectionately yours,

A. TENNYSON.

P.S. Have you read Miss Martineau on Mesmerism in the *Athenæum* (two of them)? I have got them and if you like I will send them to you. They are very *wonderful*.

In 1846 the fourth edition of the Poems was published: and, having been bitterly attacked by Lytton Bulwer because Peel had placed him on the Pension list, my father contributed to *Punch* the only personal satire he ever wrote, "The New Timon and the Poets," February 28th; followed by an "After-thought**," March 7th. About these poems he left a note:

"I never wrote a line against anyone but Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. His lines did not move me to do so. But at the very time he was writing or had written these he was visiting my cousins, the d'Eyncourts, and said to

* He said he could not devote himself to his work and write letters also, so he gave up writing to friends and relations.

** Published afterwards under the title of "Literary Squabbles."

them, 'How much I should like to know your cousin Alfred'; and I, going into a book-club in the town where I was then living, found a newspaper turned up and folded so that I could not miss, 'See how Sir Edward tickles up the poetasters and their patrons.' The stupid insignificant paper, and the purpose with which it had been set before me, provoked me. I saw afterwards a letter which he wrote to my friend John Forster. Moreover, he stated in a note that I belonged to a very rich family. The younger son, his friend, who had inherited was rich enough, but the elder branch was shut out in the cold, and at that time I had scarce anything. Moreover, I remembered that he had said 'If a man be attacked, let him attack.'

Wretched work. Odium literarium."

My father added: "I never sent my lines to *Punch*. John Forster did. They were too bitter. I do not think that I should ever have published them."

APPENDIX.

(P. 7.) *Professor Hales' account of Louth School.*

They (the masters) were not cruel-hearted men; to make ears tingle, bones ache, life generally a burden and a misery, was no extreme pleasure to them. Small specimens of humanity leaping and dancing, and wringing their hands, and shrieking as if engaged in the worship of some Baal who perchance slept, and must needs be awakened, could scarcely have been agreeable objects of contemplation; but they knew not of any other method in which instruction might possibly be imparted. . . . To shew how completely we lay at the mercy of the headmaster, I perhaps ought to state that we generally sat when "up" to him upon one long form, opposite to which stood a chair, on which was seated the particular boy who was "going on." Our master adopted for himself the peripatetic, or, more strictly perhaps, the ana- or katapatetic method; his beat was immediately in front of the form on which we sat, so that he could get at the centre class as he paced up and down. He very frequently availed himself of his opportunities; and with the masterly dexterity and quickness which distinguished him, often succeeded in "touching up" each one of us in the course of a single promenade. But most pitiable was the position of the poor boy on the chair on the other side of the master's line of walk. That chair was a sort of altar on which boy-sacrifices were offered. There the youth sat, exposed on every side to the blast of blows and boxes that might descend on him at any moment, which were sure to descend upon him sooner or later in a hideous hurricane.

(P. 72.) *Ghosts. (Prologue of my father's paper written for the "Apostles.")*

He who has the power of speaking of the spiritual world, speaks in a simple manner of a high matter. He speaks of life and death,

and the things after death. He lifts the veil, but the form behind it is shrouded in deeper obscurity. He raises the cloud, but he darkens the prospect. He unlocks with a golden key the iron-grated gates of the charnel house, he throws them wide open. And forth issue from the inmost gloom the colossal Presences of the Past, majores humano; some as they lived, seemingly pale, and faintly smiling; some as they died, still suddenly frozen by the chill of death; and some as they were buried, with dropped eyelids, in their cerements and their winding sheets.

The listeners creep closer to each other, they are afraid of the drawing of their own breaths, the beating of their own hearts. The voice of *him* who speaks alone like a mountain stream on a still night fills up and occupies the silence. He stands as it were on a vantage ground. He becomes the minister and expounder of human sympathies. His words *find* the heart like the arrows of truth. Those who laughed long before, have long ago become solemn, and those who were solemn before, feel the awful sense of unutterable mystery. The speaker pauses:

"Wherefore," says one, "granting the intensity of the feeling, wherefore this fever and fret about a baseless vision?" "Do not assume," says another, "that any vision is baseless."

(P. 139.) LETTERS ABOUT ARTHUR HALLAM (AFTER HIS DEATH).

From R. J. Tennant to my father.

Nov. 26th, 1833.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

I wish I were gifted with a far sight to reach over hills and towns even as far as Somersby and thro' the windows of the house, that I might see you, how you look when you come down to breakfast, and after breakfast whether you sit reading, writing or musing, whether you are gloomy or cheerful; I hope the latter; and that you can look back upon the mournful past without that bitterness of spirit which you felt when I saw you. I would rather not allude to this; but I wish to talk to you of what has been much in my thoughts since you were in town, and on which I have spoken to many of our friends. It appears to be a universal wish among them, that what-

ever writings Arthur has left should be collected and published; that there may be some memorial of him among us, which, tho' it will fall very far short of what was hoped and expected of him, will yet be highly gratifying to his friends, and as we think will not be without interest and value to many others. A great number of his poems are such as everyone will delight in, and there are several essays that will do honour to his powers of original thought and expression. It seemed the most proper way to cause this to be done if you were to intimate it to Mr. Hallam as the general wish of his friends. His desire that you would suggest to him whatever you think that Arthur would have wished to be done, gives you ample opportunity to do this without being in the least obtrusive. I asked Spedding's opinion and he entirely agreed with me; and he is one whose opinion on such a matter is of great weight. It is possible that Mr. Hallam may himself intend to do this; but even if it be so, it will probably be a great satisfaction to him to learn that this feeling and wish prevails so generally among us, and that such a wide circle of men are unanimous in seeking to pay honour to one who by his nearer friends was so deeply loved. You are not perhaps aware how widely his loss is felt; one circumstance will show it; *many* of his *less intimate* acquaintance have been exerting themselves to cause a tablet to be placed in Trinity Chapel to his memory: the intention failed only because he was in fact not on the foundation. I hope you will not think it ill-timed in me to recall your memory to what I fear you already dwell too much upon. To me the remembrance of Arthur is full of delight, looking back upon the days when he gave light and life to my spirit; it is only when I need his counsels and know that I cannot any more receive them, or when I think upon you and your sorrow, that regret is mixed with bitterness. God bless you all. You are all in my thoughts night and day.

Ever your affectionate

R. J. TENNANT.

From Robert Monteith to my father.

1833.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

I assure you I have never been quite easy without having had some communication between us since the news of the loss sustained by you. I say *you* because, though it was and still is to myself one of those dreadful things which at moments one cannot bring oneself

to believe, yet the sorrow of all others combined cannot be supposed equal to that of you and your family. I assure you all with whom I have spoken about it have been full of sympathy with you, and all wish, as I do, for still stricter friendship with you, if it might be (which is all but impossible) that together we might help to fill up the gap. One feeling that remains with me is a longing to preserve all those friends whom I know Hallam loved and whom I learnt to love through him. He was so much a centre round which we moved that now there seems a possibility of many connections being all but dissolved. Since Hallam's death I almost feel like an old man looking back on many friendships as something bygone. I beseech you, do not let us permit this, you may even dislike the interference of common friendship for a time, but you will be glad at length to gather together all the different means by which you may feel not entirely in a different world from that in which you knew and loved Hallam. I will write you a long letter some day which I daresay will trouble you: if it does I shall be sorry, but it will rather prove the propriety of our not leaving you alone. I wish you were abroad with us and am revolving some schemes for seeing the south together. All Mr. Garden's family desire to be most kindly remembered to you.

Believe me your very sincere friend,

R. MONTEITH.

(P. 148.) MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

Arthur H. Hallam to W. B. Donne.*

TRINITY,
Sunday. [1831.]

MY DEAR DONNE,

I rejoice exceedingly at the admiration you express for Alfred Tennyson in general, and the Indian ditty** in particular.

I expect you to be properly grateful to me for sending you by these presents another poem, of which to say that I love it would be only saying that it is his. It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind of pendant to his former poem of "Mariana," the idea of both being

* Afterwards "Examiner of plays." This hitherto unpublished letter has been kindly given to me by his son Mr. Mowbray Donne.

** "Anacaona," p. 85.

the expression of desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive variety in the second, that it paints the forlorn feeling as it would exist under the influence of different impressions of sense. When we were journeying together this summer through the South of France we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness, so as in the South, and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful. You will, I think, agree with me that the essential and distinguishing character of the conception requires in the "Southern Mariana" a greater lingering on the outward circumstances, and a less palpable transition of the poet into Mariana's feelings, than was the case in the former poem. Were this not implied in the subject it would be a fault: "an artist," as Alfred is wont to say, "ought to be lord of the five senses," but if he lacks the inward sense which reveals to him what is inward in the heart, he has left out the part of Hamlet in the play. In this meaning I think the objection sometimes made to a poem, that it is too picturesque, is a just objection; but according to a more strict use of words, poetry cannot be too pictorial, for it cannot represent too truly, and when the object of the poetic power happens to be an object of sensuous perception it is the business of the poetic language to paint.

It is observable in the mighty models of art, left for the worship of ages by the Greeks and those too rare specimens of Roman production which breathe a Greek spirit, that their way of imaging a mood of the human heart in a group of circumstances, each of which reciprocally affects and is affected by the unity of that mood, resembles much Alfred's manner of delineation, and should therefore give additional sanction to the confidence of our praise.

I believe you will find instances in all the Greek poems of the highest order,—at present I can only call into distinct recollection the divine passage about the sacrifice of Iphigenia in Lucretius and the desolation of Ariadne in Catullus, and the fragments of Sappho, in which I see much congeniality to Alfred's peculiar power. I beg pardon for this prose, here comes something better.

[Here the "Southern Mariana" is copied at length.]

Your very sincere friend,

A. H. HALLAM.

(P. 241.) THE RECEPTION OF THE EARLY POEMS, BY
AUBREY DE VERE.

1832-1845.

There are moments when the day on which I first made acquaintance with Alfred Tennyson's poetry seems to me less remote than those days upon which events comparatively recent took place. It is more clearly marked in my memory than the day on which I first met the poet himself. My acquaintance with him as a poet had been so long and familiar, that to have made acquaintance with him as a man would have been to me something remarkable only if the man and the poet had been in striking contrast. On the contrary they were very like each other.

The mode in which I first made acquaintance with Alfred Tennyson's poetry is recorded in a letter which was written by me after the death of the late Lord Houghton and published in his recent biography by Mr. Wemyss Reid. Lord Houghton, then Richard Monckton Milnes, a Cambridge friend of my eldest brother's, drove up to the door of our house at Curragh Chase one night in 1832, and in a few days had quite won our hearts by his pleasant ways, his wit, and his astonishing acquaintance with all the modern European Literatures. He had brought with him the first number of a new magazine entitled *The Englishman* containing Arthur Hallam's essay on Tennyson's *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. The day on which I first took the slender volume into my hands was with me a memorable one. Arthur Hallam's essay had contrasted two different schools of modern poetry, calling one of these classes Poets of Reflection, and the other class Poets of Sensation, the latter represented by Shelley and Keats. Of Keats I knew nothing, and of Shelley very little; but the new poet seemed to me, while he had about him a touch of both the classes thus characterised, to have yet little in common with either. He was eminently original, and about that originality there was for me a wild, inexplicable magic and a deep pathos, though hardly as simple as Wordsworth's pathos, and with nothing of its homeliness; and the character of its language was nearly the opposite of that which Wordsworth had, at least in his youth, asserted to be the true poetic diction, viz. the language of common life among the educated. The diction of the new poet was elaborate in accordance with a certain artificiality

belonging to the time, that is, whenever strange combinations of words were needed in order to produce a corresponding exactitude of significance. The youthful poet very soon afterwards discarded that elaborateness, perceiving that the loss of simplicity caused by it could not be compensated for by any degree of expressiveness, and adopted a style especially marked by its purity. But the subtle exquisiteness of his imagination remained unchanged and had never required any such artificial aid. It had ever "fed among the lilies" of a "Fairy Land," which to it had ever been a native land. With the bleating of the lamb or the lowing of the herd there mingled from afar "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." I remember my dear friend, Sara Coleridge, daughter of the poet, once remarking to me that, however inferior the bulk of a young man's poetry may be to that of the poet when mature, it generally possesses some passages with a special freshness of their own, and an inexplicable charm to be found in them alone. Such was the charm with which many of those early poems captivated me, a charm which they have never lost. Still, as in that old time, the old oak-tree, "thick-leaved, ambrosial," sighs over the grave of "Claribel." The new interpretation of Nature given to me then remains, and the beauty mingled with the pathos, when the scene described is one of Nature's forlornest, as in "The Dying Swan," or in the weird line

Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in
the gloaming—

never cease to possess me as they did the day that I read them first. The sea beside which the minstrel lover chanted the ballad of "Oriana" seemed to me to uplift a clamour of woe such as no sea had ever uttered before, and reminded me of the "sad prophet's" cry, "Magnum sicut mare lamentatio mea." Another image of grief, if in a form less terrible, yet more drearily desolate, was presented to me by "Mariana in the Moated Grange," with the blackened pool close by, and the poplar that "shook alway" above it. The "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" seemed all the more wonderful because the picture presented with such truthfulness was one taken less from Nature's page than that of art, because its very excess of magnificence precluded that effect of tawdriness which commonly characterises descriptions of Oriental splendours; and also because the harmony of the poem's metre so fully sustained the brilliancy of its imagery. It was

“A world of bright vision set floating in sound.” *

Many of the other poems impressed me not less vividly, and I remember most of them by heart still. Day after day my sister and I used to read them as we drove up and down the “close green ways” of our woods. Our pony soon detected our abstracted mood. Several times he nearly upset us down a bank; and often choosing his path according to his private judgment, stood still with his head hanging over a gate. We sometimes sketched an imaginary likeness of the unknown poet. We determined that he must be singularly unlike Shelley; that his step must be not rapid but vague, that there would be on his face less of light, but more of dream; that his eye would be that of one who saw little where the many see much, and saw much where the many see little. Wholly unlike the young poet we thought must be the countenance of him who had long been the chief object of our poetic veneration, the great contemplative Bard who had forsaken “the fortunate Isles of the Muses” for his “Tower of Speculation on the mountain top,” Coleridge.

In two years more Alfred Tennyson met us again in the gift of a new volume: it had been eagerly waited for and it was eagerly read. The second volume was in several particulars a decided advance upon the earlier; yet we enjoyed it less at first. Though its subjects were more important and were also treated with more skill, a something seemed to be wanting. That something was probably the spontaneity and unconsciousness which belongs to very youthful poetry in its most felicitous specimens; for its failures are more numerous than its successes. A third and maturer period comes, in which the best qualities that mark the first and the second period are found united. A few poems in the later volume touched us nearly in the same way as those in the earlier. One of these was “The Lady of Shalott,” destined to reappear at the interval of many years in a nobler, ampler and richer form, but not one which challenged more vividly the youthful imagination. Another was “Margaret,” to which might be added “The Death of the Old Year,” and “The Miller’s Daughter”; but most of them were remoter themes, characteristic of memorable epochs, or involving some metaphysical problems. Those poems were written with very great power and skill: they were unlike each other; they showed that the author’s genius possessed an extraordinary versatility, and that besides what was most characteristic in that genius he pos-

* Leigh Hunt.

sessed an exquisite taste and a high art. "Mariana in the South" breathes the air of Southern France; and its sadness is touched by an amenity which never mitigates the wintry dreariness of "Mariana in the Moated Grange." "Ænone" is thoroughly Greek in spirit, though far richer in detail than the Greek art, a severe thing, as this commonly is. "The May Queen" is an enchanting Idyl of English Rural Life, not rendered dull by its moral but ennobled by it. The "Dream of Fair Women" does not illustrate any particular country or period; but it is a marvellous specimen of one especial class of poetry, that of Vision, which reached its perfection in Dante, whose verse the young aspirant may have been reading with a grateful desire to note by this poem the spot on which his feet had rested for a time. There is however nothing of plagiarism in it. "The Lotos-Eaters" is not more admirable for its beauty than for its unity; everywhere the luxuriously lovely scenery corresponds with the voluptuous sentiment; though voluptuous only in the way of enervate thought, not of passion. I remember the poet's pointing out to me the improvement effected later by the introduction of the last paragraph setting forth the Lucretian Philosophy respecting the Gods, their aloofness from all human interests and elevated action, an Epicurean and therefore hard-hearted repose, sweetened not troubled by the endless wail from the earth. The sudden change of metre in the last paragraph has a highly artistic effect, that of throwing the bulk of the poem as it were into a remote distance. This poem should be contrasted with another and later one, "Ulysses," which illustrates the same lesson in a converse form. It shows us what Heroism may be even in old age, though sustained by little except the love of knowledge, and the scorn of sloth. Carlyle said that it was "Ulysses" which first convinced him that "Tennyson was a true poet." I remember hearing that Bishop Thirlwall made the same statement respecting "St. Simeon Stylites."

Another poem in the second volume, which, if it has not the spontaneousness of many in the first, at least illustrates a great theme with a great and manifold mastery, is "The Palace of Art." In its extreme subjectivity it reminds us of German genius; but though its scope is a philosophical and spiritual one, its handling is as strikingly objective; and it consists almost wholly of images which though subordinated to moral, not material ends, yet possess a vividness and a concentrated power rarely found elsewhere, and reminds us of Matthew Arnold's assertion that German Literature, however profound it may be in thought, is cumbrous and clumsy in style compared with English. Its theme is the danger resulting from that "Art Heresy" of

modern times, which substitutes the worship of Art for its own sake in place of that reverence which man should feel for it, only when it knows its place, and is content to minister at the altars of Powers greater than itself, viz. Nature and Religion. In this poem nearly every stanza is a picture condensed within four lines. It describes a Palace not a Temple, one created by the imagination exclusively for its own delight, an imagination so great that it refuses all human sympathy, "O God-like isolation which art mine," and yet so small that it can dream of nothing greater than itself.

I sit as God, holding no form of Creed,
But contemplating all.

The root of the evil, as the poet clearly intimates, is to be found not in the Sense, but in Pride, a greater crime, the sole expiation of which is Humility.

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
"Where I may mourn and pray."

This poem is far greater in thought and in power than any of those in the earlier volume, though less attractive to some, perhaps on account of an apparently didactic purpose. I remember a legend about it, whether authentic or not. Alfred Tennyson and Richard Chenevix Trench had been friends at Cambridge, and had a common love of poetry. Soon after his ordination the future Archbishop paid a visit to the future Laureate. He spoke about the new heresy which substituted Art for Faith and Beauty for Sanctity. His brother-poet, it is said, contested nothing, but simply listened, occasionally replenishing his pipe. When Trench had taken his departure the auditor took up his pen, and the single thought became a poem. Later the same thought was illustrated by Trench in two poems, viz. "The Prize of Song," one of the stateliest lyrics of modern times, and a noble representative of Hellenic Song: and, secondly, in a sonnet, beginning, "What good soever in thy heart or mind."

Two short poems of an extraordinary strength and majesty were written at this time: one would have thought that they had been written at a maturer period; but, if I remember right, they were suggested by some popular demonstrations connected with the Reform Bill of 1832, and its rejection by the House of Lords. Their political teaching shows that when but twenty-three years of age Tennyson's love of Liberty, which at all periods so strongly characterised his poetry, was accompanied by an equally strong conviction that Liberty

must ever be a Moral Power beginning upon the spiritual "heights" of wisdom, mutual respect and self-control; and that no despotism could be more fatal than that *tyranny of a majority* in which alone a material omnipotence is united with a legal one. These two poems begin respectively with the lines, "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease," and "Of old sat Freedom on the heights." Their massive grandeur results mainly from their brevity, and the austere simplicity of their diction, which belongs to what has sometimes been called the "lapidary" style. Each might indeed have been carved upon the entablature of a temple; and I remember hearing an aged statesman exclaim that they reminded him of what he had felt when, driving across the lonely plain of Paestum, he found himself confronted by its two temples. Their power consists largely in that perfection of poetic form with which each of them is invested. In this respect they may be profitably contrasted with a third poem which begins "Love thou thy land, with love far-brought." In thought and imagination that poem is equal to the former two; yet it bears no comparison with them as regards weight and effectiveness, because the same perfection of form was forbidden to it by the extent and complexity of its theme. It could not have been caused by want of pains on the part of the poet. An anecdote will illustrate his solicitude on the subject of poetic form, the importance of which was perhaps not as much appreciated by any other writer since the days of Greek poetry. One night, after he had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me and said, "What is the matter with that poem?" I read it and answered, "I see nothing to complain of." He laid his fingers on two stanzas of it, the third and fifth, and said, "Read it again." After doing so I said, "It has now more completeness and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best. "No matter," he rejoined, "they make the poem too longbacked; and they must go, at any sacrifice." "Every short poem," he remarked, "should have a definite shape, like the curve, sometimes a single, sometimes a double one, assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor."

In 1842, twelve years after the publication of Alfred Tennyson's first volume, a new edition of his poems appeared in two volumes, the earlier of which included his poems previously published, with a few exceptions, while the second was wholly new. It was this edition which carried his poetry beyond a narrower circle and fixed it in the heart of the nation: but in winning the many the poet did not cease

to delight the "fit and few." They gladly recognised the progress which his art had made, a progress the result of well-directed pains, as well as of the poet's moral characteristics and peculiarities.

Genius is often frittered away by the social popularity which greets its earlier achievements, one among the worst forms of adulation. Henry Taylor amusingly describes his own immunity from such perils. He was, he tells us,

"From social snares with ease
Saved by that gracious gift, inaptitude to please."

The younger poet was as little open to such snares. He was proof against them through the absence of vanity, even more than through shyness, indolence, or any other peculiarity. He was born a poet; and had no ambition except the single one of first meriting and then receiving the poet's crown, an ambition the unselfish character of which is so asserted by Shelley in the expression "Fame is Love disguised." No matter how much courted he might be, no attraction, whether of wit, beauty or fashion, could prevail on him to frequent any society except that of those whom he cordially liked; and in none did he ever talk for effect. Neither did he allow himself, as so many of our best modern poets have done, to be diverted from poetry by inferior forms of labour; though the loss very frequently sustained by poetry is doubtless much compensated by the signal aptitude which the poetic faculty sometimes shows for tasks not properly its own, whether literary or practical. He delighted in all forms of knowledge, but he was faithful to his own gift, and drew all things beside into the service of poetry, as their Suzerain. For this task the largeness of his sympathies specially qualified him, though it might have produced the opposite effect if he had not possessed a great unity of purpose as well as a great imaginative versatility.

Another gift contributed to make these twelve years fruitful to him, that of a singular common-sense. This gift, often regarded as but an humble one, is in reality nothing less than a form of inspiration, for, like the loftier inspiration, it works it knows not how, and spontaneously. It is often, as obviously in the case of Shakespeare, united with the highest genius; and it is as often signally defective in men of high abilities, but men who in genius have no part. The gift of common-sense united with that of imagination attracted Alfred Tennyson to the humorous side of things as well as to the pathetic, and thus made him learned in Life, the Life of the Humanities. All

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those things in them which others see but in their accidents, the mind thus dowered with a twofold inspiration sees in their essence.

Those English Idyls* were a gift such as no other writer of Idyls had ever given to his countrymen. No Englishman can read them in far lands without the memory coming back to him of the days when he sat on an English stile, and watched English lambs at play, or walked beneath hedgerow trees in "a land of ancient peace" listening to the last note of the last bird-song as the twilight deepened into night. He will see an English Ruth adorning with flowers the hat of the child that is not hers, in the hope of winning his grandfather's heart, or sitting on the popped ground amid the wheat, while

The reapers reap'd
And the sun fell and all the land was dark.

He will see "The Gardener's Daughter" and her garden described, to quote Henry Taylor's words, "as only Tennyson could describe it," that Garden bordered by

A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream
That stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster towers.

It would be hard to find two Idyls more perfect than "Dora" and "The Gardener's Daughter," or more unlike each other—the former so Hebraic in its stern and unadorned simplicity; the latter so pure in its richness, sweetness and pathos, a pathos not of sorrow, but of joy, one that delights, not wounds. I remember an incident connected with "The Gardener's Daughter." The poet had corrected it as carefully as he had originally composed it in his head, where he was in the habit of keeping more than one poem at a time before he wrote down any of them. I found him one day in James Spedding's rooms. He shewed me the MS. and said, "The corrections jostled each other, and the poem seemed out of gear. Spedding has just now remarked that it wants nothing but that this passage, forty lines, should be omitted. He is right." It was omitted.

* My father used to spell Idyls then with one "l" for these shorter Idyls, and Idylls with two "l's" for the epic "Idylls of the King."

Few of these Idyls are more perfect than "Audley Court," short as it is. What can be more vigorous than these lines illustrative of simple aversion, as distinguished from hatred or resentment?

Oh! who would love? I woo'd a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turned from her, *as a thorn*
Turns from the sea; but let me live my life.

Those descriptions of nature owe half their charm to the circumstance that the illustrations of men and manners are in entire harmony with them. In them material nature and human life are mirrors that mutually reflect each other. There exist pictures in which the landscape is by one artist and the figures by another. Compared with these poems they are failures.

Among the Idyls none are more delightful than those which illustrate the life of young Englishmen and Englishwomen. Such are "Edwin Morris," "Locksley Hall," "The Day-Dream," and "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue." To me the most delightful of these is "The Talking Oak." It is more difficult to make the Manor House poetical than the Cottage; but here as in "The Princess" and elsewhere that arduous problem is solved. In it the poet's gift of expressive, harmonious and richly coloured language reaches its highest:

O rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells.

Very remarkable is the skill with which "The Talking Oak," while depicting the country life of England, connects with it a series of sketches illustrating, each in but a few happy touches, many of her past historical periods. Its author told me that this poem was an experiment meant to test the degree in which it is within the power of poetry to *humanize* external nature. The *subtlety* of his own sympathies with Nature probably rendered it easier for him than for any other poet to invest tree or stream with human affections and

sympathies. He mentioned that he had written, as a companion to this poem, another one, dealing in similar fashion with a rivulet, but that it was lost: and he repeated a line the syllables of which imitated the sound of a stream running over a stony bed, "I babble with my pebbles." The lost poem seems to survive in "The Brook," the most artistic, I think, of that kind of Idyl. To this Idyl series many were added in later volumes, such as "The First Quarrel," "The Sisters," "The Village Wife," "The Spinster's Sweet-arts," "The Children's Hospital," and "Rizpah," among the strongest of the series.

In this series Idyllic Poetry was raised to a height after which it had never before aspired. In most of the old Idyls, and the modern imitations of them, a couple of shepherds piped their loves in rivalry. One of them gained his prize, and thanked Faunus; another lost it, as he had already lost the treacherous object of his affections, and went home seriously distressed but not without hope of "better luck the next time." There was in them no attempt at descriptive poetry: the trees and the pastures were generally as like each other as sheep is like sheep. It was otherwise with these new Idyls. In them there was room for the whole range of human affections, passions and interests; and their descriptive passages delineated nature in all her moods and aspects, the humblest as well as the greatest. Had those poems included nothing but their descriptive portions they would hence still have possessed a great charm; but they were yet more remarkable for the dramatic skill with which the characters were discriminated, whether they belonged to the cultured or the humbler classes of society. How unlike are the self-satisfied and harmless babbler of "Philip's Farm," and the sturdy yeoman who starves his son because he will not marry Dora, and who later weeps over that son's orphan child! How different from both is that Northern farmer of "the old style," with a heart hard as a stone, and a mind that seems but animated matter, and yet with a single spot of tenderness in him, one for the soil itself, from which he seems to have risen full-grown, on which he has laboured so long, and over which he cannot bear that the new-fangled steam-plough and the hiss of the "kettle" should ever pass! Many a year before Tennyson wrote drama, his Idyls had proved that in his poetic gift there lived a latent but admirable dramatic insight.

The volume of 1842 was welcomed not only with gratitude for all that it bestowed, but as an augury of gifts greater yet sure to follow whenever a genius so potent and so various measured itself with a

theme worthy of it, and capable of testing all its powers. That augury was fulfilled by the publication of "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls of the King." "In Memoriam" showed how great a thing man's love is, by revealing the greatness of that love, that grief and that deliverance from grief, of which it is capable. "The Idylls of the King," more of a complete great Epic than any of the great Epics, showed how high is that aim which every commonwealth of men is bound to propose to itself; and it showed not less that that high aim, political at once and spiritual, when frustrated, owes its doom not to mischance, or external violence chiefly, but to moral evil that saps the State's foundations.

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